Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_Y0-BTL-094

10/91

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS ROOM

GLENDALE CALIF. PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9010 00973341 5

NO LONGER PROPERTY OF
GLENDALE LIBRARY
ARTS & CULTURE DEPT.

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS ROOM

GLENDALE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

REFERENCE INV. '76 v.1
R c.1
973.73 Penna. Gettysburg
P Battle-field Comm.
1904 Pennsylvania at
Gettysburg

Not to be taken from
the Library

U-53

Pennsylvania. Gettysburg Battle-Field Commission

PENNSYLVANIA AT GETTYSBURG

CEREMONIES

AT THE

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENTS

ERECTED BY THE

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

TO

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE
MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK
MAJOR GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS

AND TO

MARK THE POSITIONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMANDS ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE

"There is a heritage of heroic example and noble obligation, not reckoned in the Wealth of Nations, but essential to a Nation's life; the contempt of which, in any people may not slowly mean even its commercial fall."

VOLUME I

1904

R
973.73
P
V.1

Entered according to the Act of Congress, 1904
by the Editor and Compiler Bvt. Lt. Col. John P. Nicholson
Secretary Board of Commissioners

HARRISBURG, PENNA.
WM. STANLEY RAY, STATE PRINTER.
1904.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

NOVEMBER 19, 1863

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

Under the Act approved June 15, 1887

For the erection of Monuments to mark the position of the Pennsylvania Commands engaged in the Battle of Gettysburg.

Brevet Brig.-General JOHN P. TAYLOR *President*

Brig.-General J. P. S. GOBIN

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel JOHN P. NICHOLSON *Secretary*

Colonel R. BRUCE RICKETTS

Brevet Brig.-General WM. ROSS HARTSHORNE
May, 1891

Lieut. SAMUEL HARPER *Secretary*
(Died May 16, 1899)

PREFACE.

THE General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania at the session of 1887, passed the following:

1. "*Be it enacted, &c.*, That the sum of one hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and is hereby specifically appropriated out of any funds of the State Treasury for the purpose of perpetuating the participation in, and marking, by suitable memorial tablets of bronze or granite, the position of each of the commands of Pennsylvania volunteers engaged in the battle of Gettysburg.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

3. "That immediately after the passage of this act the Governor shall appoint five Commissioners, whose duty it shall be to select and decide upon the design and material for monuments of granite or bronze to mark the position of each Pennsylvania command upon the battlefield of Gettysburg, and the said Commissioners shall serve without compensation, and they shall co-operate with five persons representing the survivors of the several regimental organizations or commands of this State engaged in the said battle, in the location of the said monuments and the selection thereof, and when such monuments shall be completed and properly erected the Auditor-General shall, upon proper voucher to be presented by the said Commissioners, draw his warrant upon the State Treasurer for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, which sum is hereby appropriated for the payment of the monument of each Pennsylvania command or organization participating in said battle; and should the survivors of any of the said commands fail, for a period of twelve months after the passage of this act, to agree upon the location or to co-operate with the said Commissioners as provided herein, then the said Commissioners shall have a suitable monument erected, of the material aforesaid, to mark the position of such Pennsylvania command on the said battlefield, and a warrant for the cost thereof shall be drawn by the Auditor-General in the manner hereinbefore provided."

On the 15th day of June, 1887, the Governor, Hon. James A. Beaver, approved the act, and on the 27th of June, 1887, issued commissions to Brevet Brigadier-General John P. Taylor, Brevet Brigadier-General J. P. S. Gobin, Brevet Lieuten-

ant-Colonel John P. Nicholson, Colonel R. Bruce Ricketts and Lieutenant Samuel Harper as the Commissioners.

The Board was organized by the selection of Brevet Brigadier-General John P. Taylor, president, and Lieutenant Samuel Harper, secretary.

Monuments were dedicated under the appropriation during 1887-1888.

At a meeting of the Board, in November, 1888, Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholson submitted a resolution providing for a committee to confer with Governor Beaver, having in view the setting apart a day for the dedication of the monuments in 1889, under the auspices of the State and with appropriate ceremonies, to be styled "Pennsylvania Day." The Governor entered heartily into the suggestion and, at a conference with the Commissioners, May 11-12, 1889, was agreed upon.

The Legislature at the session of 1889, in furtherance of the celebration, patriotically passed the following:

WHEREAS, That the act of the Legislature of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, provided for the erection of suitable monuments on the battlefield of Gettysburg, to mark the positions held by Pennsylvania organizations in said battle, which monuments are to be dedicated at such time during the present year as may be designated by the Governor of this Commonwealth, at which dedication the presence of all Pennsylvania soldiers who participated in the battle of Gettysburg is greatly desired;

And whereas, The people of this Commonwealth have always venerated the patriotic and heroic deeds of her soldiers and now desire not only to commemorate the sacrifices of the fallen heroes of the Republic, but also to honor the surviving veterans and make their remaining days comfortable and happy; therefore,

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.,* That at the time of the dedication of the monuments of the Pennsylvania organizations on the battlefield of Gettysburg, there shall be provided and furnished, at the expense of the Commonwealth, transportation to all the surviving honorably discharged soldiers now residing in Pennsylvania whose names were borne upon the rolls of such organizations previously to, and at the date, of the battle of Gettysburg, on July first, second and third, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, such transportation to cover distance from the stations at which such soldiers live or from the railroad stations nearest to their places of residence, by the shortest or most convenient route, to Gettysburg and return, and shall be so arranged as to terms of passage that the said veterans shall have the privilege of remaining at Gettysburg not less than one week and shall have the privilege of stopping off at any station en route.

SECTION 4. That the sum of fifty thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury

not otherwise appropriated, to defray the expense of transportation provided for in this act and expenses of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission incurred in making arrangements for dedication of said monuments; the money to be paid on requisition of the Adjutant-General and warrant of Auditor-General, drawn in the usual manner, providing that duly verified vouchers, showing the detailed disbursements under this act, shall be made and filed in the Auditor-General's office.

The act was approved by the Governor, May 8, 1889.

The Commissioners at once proceeded with the details of the programme, but the serious illness of the secretary of the Commission, Lieutenant Samuel Harper, and the impracticability of the distribution of the transportation by the Adjutant-General in the short period of time elapsing between the passage of the law and the date of the ceremonies agreed upon, induced the Commissioners in conference with the Governor, to postpone the dedication to September 11-12, 1889.

Lieutenant Harper died May 16, 1889, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholson was elected secretary.

The details of the ceremonies were at once arranged and the programme for September was announced.

The orders for transportation under the law were distributed by Brigadier-General D. H. Hastings, Adjutant-General, and the Board expresses its hearty thanks for the faithful performance of this duty, which, to a great extent, made the occasion a success.

On the 5th of June, 1890, a conference with the representatives of the Pennsylvania Reserves was held at Harrisburg, having in view a "Pennsylvania Reserve Day" at Gettysburg, upon the occasion of the dedication of the monuments of the Reserve regiments. At this meeting, Tuesday, September 2, 1890, was agreed upon and a committee appointed to act in conjunction with the Commissioners. On the day designated a large representation of this gallant corps assembled at Gettysburg and participated in the ceremonies in the National Cemetery. The success of the reunion was largely due to the active co-operation of Colonel John H. Taggart, Eleventh Reserves; Captain John Taylor, Second Reserves; the President of the Pennsylvania Reserve Association, ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, and the secretary of the Association, Sergt. James McCormick.

Governor James A. Beaver, in his annual message, January 6, 1891, to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, said:

The dedication of those memorials upon Pennsylvania Day and Pennsylvania Reserve Day has resulted in a large amount of regimental history, covering principally the part taken by the several organizations in the battle of Gettysburg. This mass of material should be systematized, edited and carefully preserved. If published in a single volume, with lithograph cuts of the several monuments erected by Pennsylvania to her military organizations which participated in the battle of Gettysburg, it would of itself constitute the most striking monument illustrative of and perpetuating the memory of the part taken by the representatives of our Commonwealth upon her own soil in the greatest struggle of the War of Secession. I recommend a liberal appropriation for this purpose, to be expended under the direction of the Commission heretofore organized for the erection of monuments, the members of which, in their study of the subject, have qualified themselves for the intelligent and efficient discharge of such a duty.

On January 26, 1891, Hon. J. P. S. Gobin, Senator from Lebanon county, introduced the following in the State Senate:

AN ACT to provide for the publishing of the report of the proceedings of the dedication of the Pennsylvania monuments upon the battlefield of Gettysburg, providing for the distribution thereof and making an appropriation for the same.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That there shall be published under the direction of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission heretofore organized for the erection of monuments, nineteen thousand copies of its report of the proceedings of the dedication ceremonies of the Pennsylvania monuments upon the battlefield of Gettysburg. To be published in one volume not to exceed one thousand pages, to be bound in half morocco, and to contain lithographs or other cuts of the several monuments, and such regimental history as may be necessary to properly perpetuate the memory of the part taken by the several Pennsylvania organizations.

SECTION 2. The distribution of the aforesaid edition shall be as follows: Five hundred copies for the use of the Governor, one hundred and fifty copies for the use of the Lieutenant-Governor, one hundred and fifty copies for the use of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, three hundred copies for the use of the State Librarian; fifty copies each for use of Attorney-General, Auditor-General, State Treasurer, Secretary of Internal Affairs, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Adjutant-General, Commissioner of Insurance, and Superintendent of Public Printing and Binding; one thousand copies for the use of the School Department for distribution to school superintendents, normal schools and school libraries in the Commonwealth, six hundred copies for use of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the State of Pennsylvania, six hundred and fifty copies for use of the Grand Army of the Republic for distribution among the Posts of the Department of Pennsylvania, fifty copies for the use of the encampments of the Union Veteran Legion of the State of Pennsylvania, two hundred

copies for the use of the members of the Battlefield Monumental Commission, five thousand copies for the use of the Senate, and ten thousand copies for the use of the House to be delivered to the members of the present Legislature.

Governor Robert E. Pattison appreciatively approved the act, May 7, 1891.

The General Assembly, May 31, 1901, passed the following:

AN ACT making an appropriation for the erection of monuments to Major General Meade, Major-General Reynolds and Major-General Hancock on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and is hereby specifically appropriated out of any funds in the State Treasury for the purpose of erecting equestrian statues in bronze of Major-General Meade, Major-General Reynolds and Major-General Hancock upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

SECTION 2. That immediately after the passage of this act the Pennsylvania Gettysburg Monument Commission shall select and decide upon designs for monuments of bronze or granite to Generals Meade, Reynolds and Hancock upon the battlefield of Gettysburg, locate and have the same placed upon proper and substantial foundations, the locations to be in the vicinities made famous by the presence of the aforesaid officers respectively during the battle. The Commissioners shall serve without compensation and make a report of their action to the Governor. When such equestrian statues shall be completed and properly erected the Auditor-General shall upon proper voucher to be presented by the said Commissioners draw his warrant upon the State Treasurer for the amount due thereon not to exceed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Governor Daniel H. Hastings approved this law and contracts were made for the erection of the equestrian statues at a cost of $30,000 for the statue of General Meade, $22,000 for the statue of General Hancock and $20,000 for the statue of General Reynolds and the three pedestals $23,000, leaving a balance in the State Treasury of $5,000.

The ceremonies of the dedication are detailed in the report.

The General Assembly in session in 1901, made an appropriation for the erection of a monument to John Burns as follows:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That the sum of one thousand five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby specifically appropriated to the Board of Commissioners on Gettysburg Monuments for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of John Burns, at some appropriate place upon the Gettysburg battlefield to be chosen by said Commissioners.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Governor Wm. A. Stone approved this act July 18, 1901, and the monument was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies July 1, 1903, forty years after the date of his services to the Commonwealth.

At the 36th Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania, held at Gettysburg, Pa., June 4-5, 1902, Comrade John M. Vanderslice submitted the following Preambles and Resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The first publication of "Pennsylvania at Gettysburg" was not sufficient to even supply those who had participated in that important engagement in 1863,

And whereas, In that battle the regiments from Pennsylvania bore an important part, and there is a general demand throughout the State for a reprint in order that many of the survivors may be enabled to secure copies; therefore be it

Resolved, That the forthcoming Legislature be and they are hereby earnestly requested to enact a law ordering fifteen thousand (15,000) copies of "Pennsylvania at Gettysburg."

Resolved, That the incoming Department Commander is hereby directed to have these preambles and resolutions presented to the Legislature, and to urge their passage.

In furtherance of the resolutions Department Commander, Comrade R. P. Scott, submitted the request to the Legislature and the General Assembly passed the following:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.,* That there shall be published under the direction of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission heretofore organized for the erection of monuments nineteen thousand copies of its report of the proceedings of the dedicatory ceremonies of the Pennsylvania monuments upon the Battlefield of Gettysburg and the ceremonies at the dedication of the Equestrian Statues of Generals Meade, Hancock and Reynolds. To be published in two volumes not to exceed fifteen hundred pages and to contain illustrations of the several monuments and statues and such regimental history as may be necessary to properly perpetuate the memory of the part taken by the several Pennsylvania organizations.

SECTION 2. The distribution of the aforesaid edition shall be as follows: Five hundred copies for the use of the Governor, one hundred and fifty copies for the use of the Lieutenant Governor, one hundred and fifty copies for the use of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, three hundred copies for the use of the State Librarian, fifty copies each for the use of Attorney-General, Auditor-General, Adjutant-General, State Treasurer, Secretary of Internal Affairs, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Commissioner of Insurance and Superintendent of Public Printing and Binding, one thousand copies for the use of the School Department for distribution to school superintendents, normal schools and school libraries in the

Commonwealth, six hundred and fifty copies for the use of the Grand Army of the Republic for distribution among the several posts of the Department of Pennsylvania, six hundred copies for the use of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, fifty copies for the use of the encampments of the Union Veteran Legion of the State of Pennsylvania, two hundred copies for the use of the members of the Battlefield Monument Commission, five thousand copies for the use of the Senate and ten thousand copies for the use of the House of Representatives to be delivered to the members of the present Legislature.

Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker whose services to the Commonwealth commenced on the field of Gettysburg, approved the act May 15, 1903.

In this abstract of the Commission's work they express their thanks to Brevet Major-General David McM. Gregg, chief marshal, and his chief-of-staff, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Sylvester Bonnaffon, Jr., for the important part they took in making "Pennsylvania Day" memorable.

To Brevet Brigadier-General James A. Beaver, as Governor of the Commonwealth, Pennsylvania owes a debt of gratitude, for to him it is due in a great measure that the battlefield of Gettysburg is marked with memorials of Pennsylvania's sacrifices and the services of her sons recited.

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,
Brevet Lieut.-Colonel U. S. V.,
Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA COMMANDS ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG OR PRESENT ON THE FIELD

Eleventh Regiment Infantry.
Twenty-third Regiment Infantry.
Twenty-sixth Regiment Infantry.
Twenty-seventh Regiment Infantry.
Twenty-eighth Regiment Infantry.
Twenty-ninth Regiment Infantry.
Thirtieth Regiment Infantry (First Reserve).
Thirty-first Regiment Infantry (Second Reserve).
Thirty-fourth Regiment Infantry (Fifth Reserve).
Thirty-fifth Regiment Infantry (Sixth Reserve).
Thirty-eighth Regiment Infantry (Ninth Reserve).
Thirty-ninth Regiment Infantry (Tenth Reserve).
Fortieth Regiment Infantry (Eleventh Reserve).
Forty-first Regiment Infantry (Twelfth Reserve).
Forty-second Regiment Infantry (Thirteenth Reserve, First Rifles).
Forty-sixth Regiment Infantry.
Forty-ninth Regiment Infantry.
Fifty-third Regiment Infantry.
Fifty-sixth Regiment Infantry.
Fifty-seventh Regiment Infantry.
Sixty-first Regiment Infantry.
Sixty-second Regiment Infantry.
Sixty-third Regiment Infantry.
Sixty-eighth Regiment Infantry.
Sixty-ninth Regiment Infantry.
Seventy-first Regiment Infantry.
Seventy-second Regiment Infantry.
Seventy-third Regiment Infantry.
Seventy-fourth Regiment Infantry.
Seventy-fifth Regiment Infantry.
Eighty-first Regiment Infantry.
Eighty-second Regiment Infantry.
Eighty-third Regiment Infantry.
Eighty-fourth Regiment Infantry.
Eighty-eighth Regiment Infantry.
Ninetieth Regiment Infantry.
Ninety-first Regiment Infantry.

Ninety-third Regiment Infantry.
Ninety-fifth Regiment Infantry.
Ninety-sixth Regiment Infantry.
Ninety-eighth Regiment Infantry.
Ninety-ninth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Second Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Fifth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Sixth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Seventh Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Ninth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Tenth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Eleventh Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Eighteenth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Nineteenth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Twenty-first Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Forty-first Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Forty-second Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Forty-third Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Forty-fifth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Forty-seventh Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Forty-eighth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Fifty-first Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment Infantry.
One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Regiment Infantry.
Twenty-sixth Emergency Regiment Infantry.
First Regiment Cavalry.
Second Regiment Cavalry.
Third Regiment Cavalry.
Fourth Regiment Cavalry.
Sixth Regiment Cavalry.
Eighth Regiment Cavalry.
Sixteenth Regiment Cavalry.
Seventeenth Regiment Cavalry.
Eighteenth Regiment Cavalry.
Twenty-first Regiment Cavalry.
Battery B, First Artillery.
Battery F, First Artillery.
Battery G, First Artillery.
Battery C, Independent Artillery.
Battery E, Independent Artillery.
Battery F, Independent Artillery.
Battery H, Third Heavy Artillery.

GETTYSBURG

PENNSYLVANIA DAY

SEPTEMBER 11-12

1889

PENNSYLVANIA DAY

GETTYSBURG, SEPTEMBER 11-12, 1889

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH

Dedication of the Monuments
of the Pennsylvania Commands engaged in the Battle
By the Survivors' Associations.

CEREMONIES IN NATIONAL CEMETERY

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1 30 P. M.

PRESIDING

Brevet Lieut. Colonel George Meade
Staff of Major-General George G. Meade, commanding Army of the Potomac

---

MUSIC

The Star-spangled Banner
The "Arion Singing Society"
Prof. J. C. Frank, Leader

PRAYER

Reverend John R. Paxton, D. D.
Second Lieutenant 140th Penna. Infantry

ANTHEM

"Praise the Lord"
The "Arion Singing Society"

TRANSFER OF THE MONUMENTS TO THE GOVERNOR

Honorable J. P. S. Gobin
Brevet Brigadier-General: Colonel 47th Penna. Infantry

ACCEPTANCE ON BEHALF OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Governor James A. Beaver
Brevet Brigadier-General; Colonel 148th Penna. Infantry.

POEM, "Gettysburg"

Isaac R. Pennypacker, Esq.

THE FIRST DAY, July 1, 1863

Brevet Captain Joseph G. Rosengarten
First Lieutenant 121st Penna. Infantry:
Aide-de-Camp Staff of Major-General John F. Reynolds

THE SECOND AND THIRD DAYS, July 2-3, 1863

Brevet Brigadier-General Henry H. Bingham
Major and Judge-Advocate Staff of Major-General Winfield S. Hancock

MUSIC

Dedication Quartette

TRANSFER TO BATTLE-FIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Governor James A. Beaver

ACCEPTANCE ON BEHALF OF THE ASSOCIATION

Edward McPherson, Esq.

MUSIC

Dedication Quartette and Perseverance Band

BENEDICTION

Reverend David Craft, D. D.
Chaplain 141st Penna. Infantry

PRAYER.

Rev. John R. Paxton, D. D.

ALMIGHTY God, Great Ordainer of all things, Mighty Sustainer of all Thy creatures, we are Thy people, preserved by Thy power, cared for by Thy love and redeemed by Thy grace. And whatsoever we do, whether we eat or drink, whether we cultivate the art of peace, or hasten unto battle, whether we celebrate a birth or commemorate the dead, whatsoever we do, we sincerely desire to do all in Thy fear and to Thy glory, thou Omnipotent God without whose blessing we can do nothing *well* and *against* whom we can do nothing long.

We bless Thee as the God of Righteousness and Truth, whose presence can be discerned on battle-fields, enforcing just judgment by the sword and bayonet as well as in the houses of mourning inspiring hope, and soothing sorrow, or by the beds of dying men offering pardon and eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We bless Thee as the God of Nations as well as of personal destiny. We see Thy hand moving amongst the affairs of the world, overturning dogmas of false worship, inflicting defeat upon wrong and wicked causes, and visiting with retributive punishment all unholy enterprises that offend Thy justice and truth.

In times past we see Thy hand moving amongst our affairs as a nation. Friends and allies of Thine assisted at our birth as a nation, and by Thy care and favor we have prospered as a people and grown great and powerful in the eyes of all the world, because we have, in the main, loved righteousness and truth and hated injustice, oppressions and lies.

Almighty God, continue to us, we pray Thee, as a nation, through all future generations, Thy favor and Thy care, then with God on our side we shall not fear the wrath of men nor

the gates of hell, and the Great Republic, the land we love, shall abide forever.

And now, O God, our father's God, our country's God, for the occasion before us, and upon these memorial services, we confidently invoke Thy presence and Thy blessing, firmly believing that this day, and the dead around us, deserve Thy approbation, and are worthy of Thy consenting presence and Thy loving smile. Almighty and most Holy God, the Eternal Father, the Sovereign Ruler in Heaven, and on Earth, Lord of Lords, Great and Supreme God against whom no star ever rebelled, nor any sea ever mutinied, daring to overleap its prescribed boundaries, to Thee we boldly and confidently appeal; and on this memorial, this historic, this sacred field where our dead comrades sleep we fear not to claim Thy presence and Thy blessing.

Hide not, O God, Thy face from us, nor keep back Thy smile and benediction, while we, survivors of this tremendous and terrific battle-field, on which treason and rebellion were fatally wounded, and the Union and the right assured of their final triumph, in grateful memory of our comrades who fell here, on the soil of our own state, and from our own homes, dedicate these monuments to their everlasting remembrance. O be with us in all these solemn and tender services, for in Thy power we begin them, and under Thy smile have to conclude them. The battle was fought and won by our comrades who sleep sweet beneath Thy smile, under the sod, and by us who survived to mourn their death, and pay them loving tribute to their memory. May these marble and bronze monuments, erected in loving memory of our fallen comrades, stand while the Republic endures, and preach patriotism to unborn generations on this eventful and sacred field.

We thank thee, O God, for the faithfulness unto death of the heroic dead whose bones repose in this hallowed ground. May their memory be green in our hearts while life lasts. May the country for which they voluntarily and gladly shed their blood prosper, and survive the vicissitudes of time, and the calamities of fortune, great, united, enduring. May we be as loyal and patriotic in peace as we were in war, by the side of our comrades at rest under our feet. May the children cherish and perpetuate the institution, the constitution, the liberty and love, and equality our comrades died to maintain.

And now Thy holy, helpful blessing we claim and crave on the day, on our dead, on our country, north and south, on our President, our Governor and the dear old State, which we and our common brothers who sleep in well-earned graves on this sacred battle-field, are proud to call *our own*, we ask in Christ's name. Amen.

ANTHEM: "Praise the Lord."

The Arion Singing Society.

THE TRANSFER OF THE MONUMENTS TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

Hon. J. P. S. Gobin.

GOVERNOR BEAVER: The Commission appointed by yourself under the provision of the act of assembly approved June 15, 1887, desire to present to the State of Pennsylvania, through you, as its executive, the result of their labor. They were directed to "select and decide upon the design and the material for monuments of granite and bronze to mark the position of each Pennsylvania command upon the battle-field of Gettysburg," and the object of the erection of these monuments was declared to be "for the purpose of perpetuating the participation in and marking by suitable memorial tablets of granite or bronze the position of each of the commands of Pennsylvania volunteers engaged" in that battle.

From the earliest era of which we have historical data, nations and individuals have delighted to honor heroic deeds, and enduringly mark the spot upon which the fate of governments was involved in the shock of battle. Even though the result, in many instances, impeded the onward march of progressive thought and shackled the limbs of advancing freedom, the natural pride with which was beheld the prowess of her soldierly upon that field, demanded of the nation suitable

commemoration of the event, and a definite location of the scene. In the memories and traditions of past centuries, the legends of the middle ages, the histories of the ancient rulers, or the struggles of nations for a better civilization, the one place made sacred is that upon which their armies fought and conquered. Every nationality has insisted upon tributes of this character, and many have learned important lessons from them. We remember the story of one of the old conquerors of Greece, who, when he had traveled in his boyhood over the battle-fields where Miltiades had won victories and set up trophies, upon his return, said, "These trophies of Miltiades will never let me sleep." Each feature of the chiseled granite was an inspiration to him as a soldier, and, doubtless, had an inspiring effect upon his subsequent career.

The Romans who placed the busts of their successful leaders upon their coin, the Swiss who employed the genius of Thorwaldsen to boldly hew from the granite face of the Alps a lion to perpetuate the courage of their countrymen in a foreign land, the nations embodying their patriotism or skill at arms by triumphal arch or memorial column, were all actuated by the same motive. Even beyond these, upon the banks of the Nile, as remote as the days when the Pharaohs ruled, and amid the sands of old Assyria, can we find the remains of magnificent specimens of memorial architecture.

In how many instances, however, were these but the work of hands which had been held aloft with glee as the conqueror passed in triumphal procession through the capital, with his enslaved prisoners bound to his chariot wheels; or, at best, were but the tribute to the ambition of kings, or, still more to be regretted, the result of the superior prowess of disciplined forces over hastily-gathered levies defending their homes from ruthless invaders? Happily, upon this field every tablet represents loyalty to country and flag—a sublime devotion to duty never excelled in the world's history. They have been erected in response to the sentiment of the nation, demanding that which should be a patriotic remembrance for all time. Where the men of their state fought and died with the nation's life in deadly peril—where rebellion against it reached the noon-tide of its progress, and from thence went reeling out to meet its inevitable sunset at Appomattox—should the granite and bronze arise. They represent a united country

cemented by the ordeal of battle—refined, clarified and strengthened in the furnace of war, and the circle of fire in which armies fought and navies sailed. Each block stands for a unity of interest in every part of the land, and a national future one and indivisible. Whatever may have been the opinion of the individual as to the primal cause of the rebellion, they rest in the graves of the fallen, with the memorial tablets of the various states keeping watch over the places in which they lie buried forever. Thus the lives of those we represent on this occasion were not lost to their country or their kindred—they are eloquent even in their nameless graves. They crowd about us with all the incentives of honor and patriotism. They survive in our admiration of their deeds, in our respect for their sacrifices, in love for their patriotism and devotion to country. As the representatives of principles which are eternal, so will their memories remain. Through the efforts of the dead and living but one flag floats, or dare float, in this, our common country. To do justice to them, if should be so planted as to wave above all error, sectionalism injustice or division of sentiment as to the righteousness of the cause for which those we represent yielded up their lives.

In this, however, we by no means desire to confine our allusions to this immediate vicinity. It is but part of such a line or series of lines of battle as the world never beheld. The right resting at Donelson, it encircles a vast extent of country until the left is reached here in this quiet valley of the Keystone State, in the vast circle that sweeps down the Mississippi to the gulf, diverges to the Rio Grande, and eastward through to the Atlantic, coursing along its coast, and, by the familiar Potomac, leaping the wide rivers and high mountains—lines of natural defense—to where we at present stand. Its entire length is marked by honored graves—veteran sentinels of liberty—whose challenges will be heard forever and aye by all disturbers of the nation's unity, or conspirators against its honor. They will speak with the authority of the embattled hosts who fell in that line resisting the advance of error, and with the result that all now sit in peace and comfort.

But with reverent respect for all, we are, to-day, desirous of doing honor to the soldier of our own state. These are their monuments. Those graves contain the dead of the state who

fell upon this field. Men of Pennsylvania, they were of your flesh and blood, they went out from your homes, they battled for the preservation of your firesides, and the vacant chairs remain within your households. Their comrades claim them in memory and friendship, and it is a claim as far-reaching as the warm-throbbing heart of the old soldier can make it. With tear-dimmed eyes they range over this field as over no other spot in all the land, and would say to the trespasser, "put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

This being Pennsylvania's battle-field, what more fitting than to properly commemorate the deeds of Pennsylvania's soldier sons upon her soil? Here, as everywhere, at the call of duty, during the entire period of the rebellion were the men of Pennsylvania conspicuous. It has been contended that the battle of Gettysburg is of much greater scope than that which the hills around us encompass, vast as that is. Some would even include the entire extent of territory lying between the battle grounds and the fords of the Rappahannock in Virginia. Full of interest and importance as the days preceding were, it culminated in the struggle which began on the 1st and ended on the 3d of July, 1863, and to this history will confine it.

Take a view of whatever portion of the field within the range of your vision, and you behold Pennsylvania's memorial tablets. Upon the cavalry skirmish-line with Buford, in the column which Reynolds led to its position, and in the line which formed as his prostrate form was carried to the rear—upon the extreme right and left flank of the First Corps were regiments from the Keystone State, and the first infantry fire poured into the advancing enemy was from another of them. In that corps death reaped a rich harvest of gallant Pennsylvanians. When the Eleventh Corps was hastily thrown into action they were in the advanced line, and the losses recorded attest the manner in which they fought. One of her batteries took possession of east Cemetery Hill, and the first day's fighting sullenly ended amid the shotted salutes with which the enemy were greeted from these guns.

Upon the second day, amid all the fighting on every part of the field, their record was well maintained. In the volume of battle which began on the left of our line and surged along the

Third Corps, involving it and parts of others, no more heroic deeds were witnessed than those which Pennsylvania soldiers performed. Clinging to the lines at the peach orchard, surging back and forth through the wheat field, changing front under terrific fire, amid the rocky sides of the Round Tops, were heard the crack of their rifles and their shouts of defiance. And at this point the sun of battle went down as the Pennsylvania Reserves charged down the slope and over the valley of death, driving before them the last line of the enemy attacking this position. As they planted the Maltese cross of the Fifth Corps, the men of the Sixth displayed their Greek cross in support, and the left was safe. Away on the right was the Twelfth Corps, and its star waved over Culp's and Wolf's Hills. Here the battle raged fiercely, and there, too, were Pennsylvanians, and not an inch of ground was yielded, until, under orders, they vacated it to aid another part of the line. As if to fittingly close the second day, it remained for her sons to meet the charge of the enemy upon east Cemetery Hill, and over the guns of her batteries men fought with a courage and desperation never exceeded, and using weapons unheard of in such warfare. Here, also, nightfall beheld the enemy defeated and discomfited, and the position of regiments and batteries which had fought upon every part of the field could have been marked at that time by the dead, who lay as they had fallen, with their faces to the foe.

The morning of the third day was ushered in by the determined effort of the Twelfth Corps to re-occupy their vacated lines. Aided by detachments of the Sixth they obscured the sun with their smoke of battle, and after five hours of incessant fighting they were back in the entrenchments, and the right of the line was secure.

You cannot fail to recognize the Pennsylvanians, who, at this part of the field, represented their state and nation. And now, in the quiet which prevailed until after the mid-day hour, batteries, cavalry and infantry gird their loins for the final contest all knew to be impending. When, from Seminary Ridge, the cannonading of over one hundred guns shook the earth, quickly and effectively was it responded to. When the enemy sought to move troops from their right to strengthen and reinforce their center they found cavalry there to prevent it, and they did prevent it. Away off to the right the mounted

legions seek to turn that flank and reach the rear of our line. There, also, were our cavalry, and the Rummel Farm became the scene of one of the most determined and sanguinary conflicts of man and horse; and the several lines of infantry, with which this attack co-operated, as they emerged from the woods and swung across the plain, headed directly for the troops of the same old state over whose head floated the well-known trefoil of the Second Corps. In brigade line they awaited the attack. It came, and with their comrades of the east and west they rent the clouds with their shouts of victory as the decimated lines disappeared in the smoke of the conflict, and the battle of Gettysburg was over.

At the headquarters of the army—of corps, division and brigade—were the men born on the soil of our state. In every grade, as well as at every point, Pennsylvania soldiers were in the forefront, and when we have completed the work in hand, and the memory of men in the ranks have been rendered immortal to the full extent of our ability, can we not, will we not, all unite in efforts to place

> "Under the dome of the Union sky
> The American soldiers' temple of fame

in a most prominent place upon this field a just tribute to the valor, ability and devotion to duty of that glorious son of Pennsylvania whose name is so indelibly associated with Gettysburg and with the Army of the Potomac wherever it fought? Until George Gordon Meade has a fitting monument upon this battle ground Pennsylvania will not have entirely performed her duty.

Pardon this digression. I have not attempted to picture or describe the battle of Gettysburg. I disclaim any such intention. My object has been to present with the monuments which rise at every point of the field brief reasons for their being, and to assure you that each one occupies the position it is entitled to through the valor of the men who followed the flag. Wherever may be seen the bronze coat-of-arms of the state, there stood and fought at one period or another in the desperate struggle the command represented by the memorial, and the soil has been rendered sacred by the patriotic blood there expended. In honor of the service rendered have these enduring tablets been erected. It is a fit and just tribute.

The armies have long since struck their tents and silently merged with the masses in every part of the nation. The fields upon which they struggled gleam to-day with the glory of peace, and death no longer gathers the rich harvest which springs from their fruitful soil. Many have ended life's battle since then, and the lines are fading away swiftly before the ravages of time and disease. They stand but in anticipation of a speedy reunion with those file-leaders who have crossed the dark river, and with whom we hope to again fall into ranks in the great hereafter. Let the gratitude of the nation continue to go out toward these men. It should be proportioned to the benefit received, as well as the purity of intention which imparted the benefits.

Predicted as an inevitable conflict, the war came, and was fought to the bitter end. The logic of events clearly proves it to have been an epoch in the nation's life, which, under Divine Providence, was to result in either liberty to all or death to the nation. The result could not have been otherwise. It was a tribute to the splendid civilization of the American people, which, by the efforts of a century, had developed the country, educated the masses, created a vast internal commerce, all culminating in placing the nation upon a plane of greatness never before reached by any government. Through the future gleam the possibilities, which, may we not claim, will mantle the earth with such achievements as will make this the undisputed, the eternal hope of liberty.

We have learned the true value of nationality. Like our own mountain ranges, we will recognize the different peaks as they rise in various altitudes and claim specific names, the whole forming an indivisible body conspicuous in its greatness as a whole. These monuments represent this great nationality, and will stand forever as testimonials of a state and nation's gratitude to the valor of its citizen soldiers.

Let the morning and evening sun, which shall greet, gild and linger on their sides, and play upon them from base to capstone, symbolize the showering benedictions of their countrymen, which will stream from age to age in honor of the fame and memory of the dead and living they represent.

The duties of your Commission have almost ended. I dare claim for it a single purpose to perform them fairly, honestly and impartially. One of its members, Major Samuel Harper,

passed away ere the work was completed. He was a true soldier, a firm patriot, earnest in his devotion to his work, which, upon this field, must ever be recognized.

To the people of this great state we now present the result of our labors in these memorial tablets. Each one tells its own truthful story, and will to future generations. It is a record as complete as it is accurate. As they stand here overlooking these scenes, telling of the silent battalions represented, with yonder green mounds, the perpetual reminder of heroic immolation, may we not hope that in all the land, everywhere, loyal devotion to country and flag shall prevail with a new-born intensity, capable of any sacrifice, and all may realize fully as was said of old, "It is the high reward of those who have risked their lives in a just and necessary war, that their names are sweet in the mouths of men, and every age shall know their actions."

ACCEPTANCE ON BEHALF OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

GOVERNOR JAMES A. BEAVER.

COMRADES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: No official duty which has devolved upon the present executive of Pennsylvania is more significant, and at the same time more pleasant, than the one which he now performs on behalf of our goodly Commonwealth. Granite and bronze are not necessary, nor can they, in a large sense, perpetuate the memory of the men dead and the heroism of those living, who stood for the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws, upon this field. They have a significance and value, however, as showing the appreciation of a grateful Commonwealth for the service of her sons in defending her soil and in aiding to perpetuate the unity of the government of which she is a constituent part. On every portion of this historic battle-field Pennsylvania acted a prominent part. Her sons, as was meet,

were the heroes of the field. Meade commanded the army, Reynolds fell in the fore-front of battle in the first day's fight, and Hancock directed the details of preparations for the heroic and stubborn resistance which was made to the determined assaults of the enemy, upon the second and third days. Pennsylvanians were prominent in the First Corps at the opening of the battle on the first day; Pennsylvania regiments played a prominent part in Sickles' gallant forward movement; Pennsylvanians predominated in the First Division of the Second Corps and constituted the Third Division of the Fifth Corps, which made the impetuous assault through the "wheatfield" and the "devil's den" upon Hood's Division, in its determined and well-directed efforts to turn Sickles' left flank, on the second day, and Pennsylvania received the shock of Pickett's heroic, but ill-fated and foolish, charge on the third day. Pennsylvania batteries occupied vital points in our defensive line, and Pennsylvania cavalry was conspicuous under a gallant Pennsylvanian in their brilliant operations upon our right flank and rear. In every offensive movement made by the Army of the Potomac during the Gettysburg campaign; in every defensive position taken by it; in brilliant skirmish, in gallant assault, in heroic fighting or in stubborn resistance, Pennsylvania was found everywhere doing her duty and bearing her full share of the heat and burdens of the day. We do not claim that she did more than her duty or that she performed more than her share of the work to be done. Without the assistance and co-operation of her sister states she would have been utterly powerless to repel the invasion of her soil. We make no invidious distinctions in emphasizing Pennsylvania's share in the campaign which found its climax within her borders. This is Pennsylvania Day, and we simply emphasize her part in the work here done without in any way detracting from or minimizing the part taken by others or the credit due to them therefor. The description of the details of Pennsylvania's share in the glory of this field belongs to the historians of the occasion and I shall not trespass upon their theme or sphere in this direction. The Commonwealth does well in recognizing the devotion of her sons. She has been none too liberal in her gifts for such a purpose.

In accepting the results of the work of the Commission ap-

pointed to supervise the erection of the memorials of the patriotism of Pennsylvania's sons, it may be well to say a word as to the manner in which the work has been done and of its characteristic features. Charged with a delicate, a difficult and responsible duty, it is not too much to say that the Pennsylvania Gettysburg Memorial Commissioners, so far as the results of their work are apparent upon this field, have discharged their duty in a manner alike creditable to them and acceptable to the people of the Commonwealth. Few who have not given thought to the subject can realize the difficulties under which they labored, or appreciate the value of the work which they have done. This work was characterized, first, by a broad intelligence. The position occupied by each of the eighty-six Pennsylvania organizations participating in the battle of Gettysburg was to be carefully studied and definitely ascertained in order to determine the location of their several monuments. The part taken by each organization must be thoroughly understood in order that the truth of history, and nothing but the truth, should be displayed upon these memorials. The materials to be used; the design to be adopted; the details of construction and the perpetuity of results, were all to be considered and right conclusions in regard thereto reached. Those who have carefully and critically followed the work of the Commission will, I am sure, join with me in commending the rare intelligence which has marked its labors in all these respects.

The work of the Commission has been characterized, moreover, by unquestioned fidelity. Charged with the execution of a law, with the framing and passage of which its members had little to do; with the expenditure of a sum exceeding an eighth of a million dollars, in such a way as to secure full and satisfactory returns to each regimental organization, and to the Commonwealth which placed her funds in their hands; with the preservation of the truth of history, and, at the same time, with the vindication of the honor and reputation of Pennsylvania organizations, where history had failed to do them justice; with determining the truth as to conflicting claims for position, and antagonistic interests on the part of contractors and committees representing the various organizations who contracted with them, it will be seen that the work of the Commission required rare discretion and ability. In all these re-

spects, and others which cannot be mentioned for want of time, the Commission has, in all its work, fully met the demands made upon it, and can confidently point to the results which confront us on every hand for the evidence of the fidelity with which these demands have been met.

The Commonwealth has in every instance had a full return for the money which was appropriated for these memorials, and in most of them has received a large percentage of increase from the voluntary contributions of the organizations themselves. So it is safe to say that no state, when the work of the Commission shall be finished, will present more substantial, more enduring and more tasteful memorials of the devotion of her sons, than Pennsylvania.

The zeal manifested by each and every member of the Commission is also a characteristic of its work. Voluntarily accepting a position to which no pecuniary compensation of any kind was attached, the gentlemen who composed the Commission gave themselves unreservedly to the work before them. They have spared no effort; have stopped at no sacrifice of time or convenience; have assisted in the organization of regimental committees; have furnished designs for the adoption of such representatives, and have stimulated their efforts to secure better and more enduring results than could have been obtained through the expenditure of the appropriation made by legislative authority alone. Such energy and zeal are worthy of commendation, and should be here and now recorded and acknowledged. There has been much patient forbearance with, and sometimes a judicious yielding to, the demands of zealous and enthusiastic regimental organizations. Such demands were the evidence of a proper interest in the truth of history and in the faithful acknowledment of the contributions which have been made by those who were thus represented and the results which history records. They were found, on careful examination, in many instances, to be correct, and official records have been thereby corrected through the careful and persistent efforts of the Commissioners.

Without dwelling upon other characteristics of the work of the Commission, which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful observer, it is safe to say, finally, that success has crowned its work in an eminent degree. The organizations for whose

benefit provision was made by the legislature have not, in all instances, availed themselves of it. Some memorials have not yet been erected. Designs for others have not yet been adopted, and to this extent the work of the Commission is not finished; but so far as the memorials which surround us are the evidence of the work of the Commission, we join to-day, as the survivors of those whose memory is thereby enshrined, in pronouncing their work an unqualified success. As already intimated, the work is not finished. The distinctively Pennsylvania organization in which all Pennsylvania, whether connected with it or not, takes pride, and which played such a distinguished part upon this field—the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps—has not yet erected its memorial. It is the desire of the various regimental organizations composing that corps to erect a common memorial. In this desire I personally cordially sympathize, and will be glad to co-operate. The original provisions made for the erection of our memorials did not seem to authorize such a use of the funds appropriated, and an unfortunate misunderstanding as to the bill passed by the last legislature in relation thereto, which gave rise to certain constitutional and other difficulties, made necessary its disapproval. I wish, however, here and now, as a Pennsylvanian, proud of the forethought which organized the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, and of the record which it made for Pennsylvania, to say that, so far as I am able to do so, officially or personally, I wish to co-operate with the survivors of that distinguished body of Pennsylvania soldiers in carrying out their wishes. The Vermont Brigade has its magnificent Corinthian column, to be surmounted finally by a statue of Stannard; New York's Excelsior Brigade has its distinctive monument; the New Jersey Brigade, distinguished alike for its brave deeds and the bravery of its great commander, perpetuates its memory and that of Kearny at the same time by a monument which combines the memorials of its several regiments; so I would say, speaking for myself, let the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps perpetuate the memory of the part which it took upon this field and elsewhere throughout our great struggle for the preservation of the Union, in a memorial building which shall be distinctive and appropriate. Consultation and cordial co-operation can bring this about without difficulty, and in harmony with the requirements of our state constitution and the

work of the Commission appointed in accordance with the provisions of the act of assembly relating thereto.

It only remains for me, gentlemen of the Commission, to accept at your hands, as the representative of the Commonwealth, the work which you have here and now transferred to me. Pennsylvania is satisfied with what you have done! Pennsylvania congratulates herself upon the success of your efforts. I accept on her behalf these memorials erected under your supervision and control, and in doing so I beg to thank you in her name for the intelligence, the fidelity, the zeal and the patience which have crowned your work.

POEM.

GETTYSBURG.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER, ESQ.

'Twas on the time when Lee,
  Below Potomac's swollen ford,
  Had beaten down the broken sword
Of his baffled enemy.

His long line lengthened faster
  Than the days of June,
O'er valleys varied, mountains vaster,
  By forced marches night and noon;
Any morn might bring him down
Captor of the proudest town;
Any one of cities three
At noon or night might prostrate be.

Then to Meade was the sword of the north
Held hiltward for proof of its worth;
O'er the vastness of masses of men
  All the glorious banners of war,
All the battle-flags floated again;
  All the bugles blew blithely once more,
Sounding the stately advance;
  Village doorways framed faces of awe
  At the trains of artillery pressed
  On earth's reverberant breast,
  And the sun sought the zenith, and saw
  All the splendors of war at a glance.

  How soon the first fierce rain of death
  In big drops dancing on the trees
Withers the foliage! At a breath,
  Hot as the blasts that dried old seas
The clover falls like drops of blood
From mortal hurts, and stains the sod;
The wheat is clipped, but the ripe grain
Here long ungarnered shall remain.
And many who at the drum's long roll
  Sprang to the charge and swelled the cheer,
And set their flags high on the knoll,
  Ne'er knew how went the fight fought here;

For them a knell tumultuous shells
Shook from the consecrated bells,
As here they formed that silent rank,
Whose glorious star at twilight sank.

And night, which lulls all discords—night,
  Which stills the folds and vocal wood,
And, with the touch of finger light,
  Quiets the pink-lipped brook's wild mood,
Which sends the wind to seek the latch,
And seals young eyes while mothers watch—
Night stays the battle, but with day
Their lives, themselves, foes hurl away.
Where the thousands fell, but did not yield,
Shall be to-morrow's battle-field.
E'er dying died or dead were cold
New hosts pressed on the lines to hold,
And held them—hold them now in sleep
  While stars and sentinels go round,
And war-worn chargers shrink like sheep
  Beside their riders on the ground.
All through the night—all through the north
Speed doubtful tidings back and forth,
Through north and south, from dusk till day,
A sundered people diverse pray.

So gradual sink the deliberate stars,
  The sun doth run the laggards down,
As sleep's still meadows bursts the bars,
  And floods with light the steepled town.
Blow! bugles of the cavalry, blow!
Forward the infantry, row on row!
While every battery leaps with life,
And swells with tongueless throats the strife!

Where grappled foes, one flushed with joy
From triumphs fresh, and come to destroy,
And one by blows but tempered fit
To keep the torch of freedom lit,
The battle-dust from heroes' feet,
Brief hiding rally and last retreat,
By the free sunlight touched became
A golden pillar of lambent flame.
  Glorified was this field, its white
Faces of victors and of slain,
  And these and Round Top's luminous height
That glory flashed afar again
  Around the world for all to see
  One nation and one wholly free,

And branded deep with flaming sword
Its primal compact's binding word.
'Neath Freedom's dome that light divine,
Borne here from dark defiles of Time,
From here upblazed a beacon sign
To all the oppressed of every clime;
And dulled eyes glistened; hope upsprung
Where'er ills old when man was young
Against awaking thought were set,
Where power its tribute wrongly wrung,
Or moved on pathways rank even yet
With martyr's blood, where'er a tongue
Hath words to show, as serf, slave, thrall,
How great man's power! how deep man's fall.

Long will be felt, though hurled in vain,
The shock that shook the northern gate,
Long heard the shots that dashed amain,
But flattened on the rock of fate,
Where Lee still strove, but failed to break
The barrier down, or fissure make,
And never grasped by force the prize
Deferred by years of compromise.
Long will men keep the memory bright
Of deeds done here; how flashed the blade
Of Hancock from South Mountain's shade
To the sheer heights of unfading light!
That martial morn o'er yonder ridge
Reynolds last rode face towards the foe,
And onward rides through history so;
For Meade, even as for Joshua, suns
The unmindful gulf of Time abridge,
While still its depths fling back his guns'
Victorious echoes. The same wise power
Which starts the currents from ocean's heart,
And hurls the tides at their due hour,
Or holds them with a force unspent,
Made him like master, in each part,
O'er all his mighty instrument.
Chief leaders of the battle great!
Three sons of one proud mother state!
These epoch stones she sets stand fast,
As on her field her regiments stood;
Their volleys rang the first and last;
They kept with Webb the target-wood,
And there for all turned on its track
The wild gulf stream of treason back;
Or on the stubborn hill-sides trod
Out harvests sown not on the clod;

Hearts shall beat high in days grown tame,
At thoughts of them and their proud fame,
  And watching Pickett's gallant band
Melt like lost snow-flakes in the deep,
  Pity shall grow throughout the land,
And near apace with joy shall keep.

Baffled, beaten, back to the ford,
His own, at the last the broken sword,
Rode the invader. On his breast
His head with sorrow low was pressed;
On his horse's tangled mane
Loosely hung the bridle rein.
At Gettysburg his valiant host
The last hope of their cause had lost;
In vain their daring and endeavor,
It was buried there forever;
Right well he knew the way he fled
Straight to the last surrender led.

So ended Lee's anabasis,
And all he hoped had come to this;—
As well for master as the driven
That not by him was victory given.
So Right emboldened and made known
Hurled the whole troop of Error down,
And here held fast an heritage;
  So on that course may all hold fast
'Till no man takes an hundred wage,
  And each one has his own at last,
'Till the last caravan of the bound,
  Driven towards some Bornuese market place,
Happily shall feel their bonds unwound,
  And steps of woe in joy retrace.

In the cities of the north
The brazen cannon belched forth
  For the defeat of Lee;
When the smoke from this field
Unfolded, Lo! fixed on the shield
Each wandering star was revealed.
And the steeple bells pealed
  Inland to the further sea;
In the villages flags waved
  For Meade's victory,—
A thousand, thousand flags waved
  For the souls to be free,
For the Union saved,
  For the Union still to be.

THE FIRST DAY—JULY 1, 1863.

Brevet Captain Joseph G. Rosengarten.

PENNSYLVANIA DAY marks the completion of the official relations of the State of Pennsylvania with the battle-field of Gettysburg. Every position occupied by Pennsylvania soldiers through the scenes and events of that great battle is now marked by a memorial of the regiment or battery that took part in it. Thanks to the generosity of the State, the wise choice of its Governor, the industry and care of the Commissioners appointed by him, the task is done, and well done. Now, in final conclusion of all this labor, of the years spent in securing the ground, in preserving its natural features, in making a lasting record on the spot of the force that occupied each part of the long line of battle, we are gathered here to renew the memories that made Gettysburg dear to every soldier who fought here. The field of Gettysburg is within sight; the vantage ground gained by the first day's battle was the position on which the battles of the succeeding days were fought, and the victory finally won. The campaign of Gettysburg covered the whole territory over which her great contending armies moved. From the fords of the Rappahannock and the passes of the Blue mountains, through Virginia, across the Potomac, through Maryland, into Pennsylvania, up the Cumberland valley, and as far east almost as the Susquehanna river, the strategic operations of the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, and of the Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker and General Meade, will deserve careful study. The Union cavalry won especial distinction as it masked the movements of the Union army, and forced the Confederate leader to disclose his well-conceived and well-matured plans. When Meade took command he unfolded his army like a fan, keeping it always between the invading enemy and the great cities threatened by Lee.*

*Newhall's address before the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

First then let us pay tribute to the memory of General Meade, the commander on whom rested the responsibility, made the weightier by the unexpected order which put him at the head of the Army of the Potomac, only three days before the great battle which practically was the crisis of the war. His generalship was of the highest order, and his strategic and practical operations the best, yet one other element of his success has been too little regarded. His great moral and personal excellence was universally felt and recognized throughout the army, and when he was put at its head, that great body was at once lifted on a higher plane and became thoroughly inspired with a lofty purpose, and an earnest will to do all that should be asked. All joined in a silent thanksgiving that General Meade was their commander, for by that mental revelation which permeates great masses of disciplined men, his fitness as a leader was universally recognized, and Gettysburg yet needs a final memorial of General Meade to mark his great victory.

Next in our retrospect let us pay tribute to General Reynolds. The advance, the left wing of the army, was given to General Reynolds, Meade's closest friend. Unlike as were the two in mental and moral qualities, in physical appearance and military bent, each perfectly supplemented the other. When he fell his place was given to General Hancock, again totally unlike either Meade or Reynolds, a soldier of the highest excellence, who on this as in so many other trying positions, did his part in winning the victory. One other name must always be honored in speaking of the First Day at Gettysburg.—John Buford, gallant soldier, typical cavalry leader, fearless fighter, for with him rests the special distinction of first clearly forseeing that Gettysburg was to be the scene of a great battle; prepared for the Confederate onset, he shortly resisted an overwhelming force, called confidently on Reynolds, his immediate commander, for the support that promptly came to his help, notified Meade of Reynolds' death, advised him of the need of some one to command, and in every way helped to save the field and win the victory, even at the price of the First Day's Battle.

Standing here, no words are needed to show the strategic importance of Gettysburg, the reasons for the tactical movements, and the limits which the nature of the country imposed

on Meade and his army, alike in coming to Getysburg as they did in holding and defending their line, and in gathering the fruits of the victory. The hills and mountains that hid the advancing enemy as he debouched from the gaps beyond, also sheltered his shattered forces as they withdrew to the Potomac, and found safety in retreat across its waters to Virginia. The vigor with which General Meade concentrated his army at Gettysburg, the ability with which he won the victory, show that it is not for want of will that his pursuit was not swift enough to turn the defeat into a rout. The central facts and the figures of the first days' battle, however, are all that can now be briefly told. Assigned (for the second time) on the morning of June 30, to the command of the left wing, General Reynolds led his own Corps, the First, followed by the Eleventh, close after Buford's Cavalry Division, to the front. He sent Buford through Gettysburg to find the enemy. The old rule had been for the cavalry to keep near the infantry, but Buford went boldly forward, knowing that wherever Reynolds sent him he was sure to be supported, and that in falling back, if he must do so, he would meet the infantry on its way out. It was Buford who first called attention to the concentration of roads at Gettysburg that gave it such strategic importance. It was his energy in pushing forward, his foresight in thrusting his force out, that invited, that almost compelled the Confederate army to come to Gettysburg, and thus brought the battle on there. At daylight on the morning of July 1 his advance picket saw the enemy approaching on the Chambersburg road, and at 5.30 the first fire came from our side, as the dismounted cavalrymen took refuge behind the abutments of the bridge over Willoughby run. Falling back to higher ground, the advance of the leading division, Heth's, of Hill's Corps, was seriously disputed. Devin's Brigade, holding the line from the Chambersburg road to the right, Gamble's that to the left, Buford maintaining a firm front with his few guns and his thin line of cavalry, General Reynolds came promptly to the front, had a brief, but significant, interview with Buford, saw that the time had come to put in his infantry, promptly accepted the responsibility of engaging the enemy, returned to meet the leading division, Wadsworth's, led it to the front, relieved Buford's hard-pressed lines, ordered up the rest of his command, hurried up the troops, by brigades, and

even by single regiments, put them into his lengthening lines, placed the batteries in position as they arrived, and put Buford in support of his horse batteries in reserve and on the flanks. Thus rapidly developing his line, the enemy, advancing in largely superior numbers, was held at bay, while the First Corps was put in position. The Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, under Colonel Hofmann, opened the infantry fire at 9:30 a. m. The Iron Brigade was put forward by Reynolds himself, and then, returning to meet his advancing division, Reynolds fell by the hands of a sharpshooter on the spot now marked by a memorial shaft. Almost at the same time two Confederate regiments, the bulk of Archer's Brigade, with General Archer himself, were captured and marched to the rear, and as the dead body of General Reynolds was carried off the field, the captured Confederates manifested their marked respect for the fallen Union general. At the outset, Wadsworth's Division, with Hall's battery, were all the infantry between Gettysburg and two strong Confederate divisions, with large reinforcements coming in on the Carlisle road. Robinson's Division arrived in time to support the hard-pressed little force on the right. Doubleday's Division came in on the left, Stone's Brigade going into position beyond Seminary Ridge, Biddle's Brigade on the extreme left. There it maintained its position, and from 11 a. m. until 4 p. m. fought and manœuvred until it, too, was forced to retire. About 1 p. m. the leading division of the Eleventh Corps took up its place on the right, followed by a second division, with the batteries on their right and left, another division and a battery being placed in reserve on Cemetery Hill.

Heth's Division of Hill's Corps was the advance of the Confederate force, and it was promptly followed by Pender, while Rodes' and Early's Divisions of Ewell's Corps came on our extreme right, Rodes, about 2 p. m., Early, about 3 p. m., meeting at the time and place above designated, after long marches from different points, with wonderful accuracy. The First and the Eleventh Corps of our army each numbered little more than some of the Confederate Divisions. General Doubleday points out that the Confederate army had but three corps, while the Union army had seven, so that each of their corps represented about a third, each of ours a seventh of the whole force, and the same proportion extended to divisions,

brigades, and even regiments. General Doubleday, who succeeded Reynolds in command of the First Corps, says it took 8,200 men into action. General Heth says his division numbered some 7,000 muskets. The Compte de Paris says the Union forces numbered about 11,500 against more than 30,000 Confederate troops. Colonel Chapman Biddle, in his exhaustive study of the first day's battle, puts the Confederate force at over 30,000; the Union force was about 14,000, 8,200 in the First Corps, barely 1,000 in the Eleventh engaged. In spite of such odds and such inequality, the first day's battle was a succession of well-contested struggles at each point. Buford's cavalry held their position against Heth's Division from 8 to 10 a. m., relieved by the First Corps, that in turn held its own against Heth and Pender until nearly 1 p. m. About that hour the Eleventh Corps on the right fought Rodes' and Early's Divisions, and even after it fell back, the First Corps still stoutly resisted until past 4 o'clock, when, outflanked by the heavy force of the Confederate army, it was obliged to retreat to Cemetery Hill. What might have been the issue if Reynolds had been spared can only be matter of conjecture, yet it must be borne in mind that on more than one hardly-contested field his presence had converted apparent defeat into victory. Of him it might well be said, he never can be deathless till he die. It is the dead win battles. Be that as it may, his place was finally taken by Hancock, who arrived on Cemetery Hill between 3 and 4 p. m., and promptly put the forces in hand into position—sent Wadsworth's Division and a battery to Culp's Hill, on the right, with fresh troops, and extended the lines to the left at Round Top.

The divisions of the Twelfth Corps, under Geary and Williams, took positions on the extreme left and right respectively, and Buford made a strong cavalry demonstration on both flanks. The timely arrival of Stannard's Vermont Brigade added fresh strength to the troops. Leaving Washington on the 25th at noon, after an exhausting march of seven days, rain falling every day, under orders to report to General Reynolds, it reached Gettysburg late on the afternoon of the 1st of July, and the tired troops were placed in position in column by regiments, connecting with the divisions of the Third Corps just hurried to the front, and in rear of the line of battle of the First and Eleventh Corps on Cemetery Hill. Thus the Con-

federate army, in spite of its successes, saw the Union army strong in its new position, and while General Lee conditionally ordered an advance, his corps and division generals were content to prepare for it for the next day. By midnight of the 1st the bulk of the Army of the Potomac was in its place, and General Meade himself followed soon after, and at once surveyed the field and prepared to hold it. Buford had sent word that here was the place to fight a battle, Reynolds had confirmed it, Hancock seconded it, Warren, too, found that they were right, and General Meade promptly gave orders for the concentration of his army there. The first day's battle had secured the position on which the succeeding day's battles were to be fought and won. It was thus on Pennsylvania soil that the great and decisive battle was fought, with a Pennsylvanian, Meade, at the head of the army, with another Pennsylvanian, Reynolds, leading the advance, and falling at the very fore-front at the outset. It was another Pennsylvanian, Hancock, who took his place and secured the line on which he himself fell desperately wounded later on; it was a Pennsylvania regiment, the Fifty-sixth, that opened the infantry fight on the 1st of July. In the First Corps there were twelve Pennsylvania organizations; in the Eleventh Corps there were five, and eighteen more were in the Twelfth and Third Corps, whose timely presence counted for so much in the closing scenes of that eventful day at Gettysburg.

Pennsylvania Day, by its very name, recalls their presence and their services. But the forces that took part in the first day's battle included men of New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Connecticut, New Jersey, and the regular army, so that no state lines, no local history, limits the interest of the first day. Pennsylvania has always recognized its duty as guardian of the field of Gettysburg, and while it honors its own sons who fought and fell here, it honors equally the memory of those of other states, for all alike fought in defense of the Union. The State of Pennsylvania invites its citizens to meet here again to consecrate themselves in the presence of all these memorials, testifying better than any words can tell, the loyalty of its sons to the Union, and the tender regard piously cherished for all who died that the Union might live. The years that have passed since the battle are full of great events, but much of their importance is due

to the issue of that contest, and that issue is in turn largely due to the events of the first day and its influence on the result. Reynolds set the example, sealing a glorious life by a glorious death, and his men were worthy of him. No more pregnant tribute was ever paid than that of General Meade, when, in his dispatch of July 4, he said: "We have been engaged with the enemy for three days—July 1, 2 and 3. On the 1st our forces met and we lost Reynolds." Thus he puts the loss of Reynolds by itself, showing that even after the successes of the second and third days, the death of Reynolds was a heavy price to pay for the final result of a crowning victory. On another occasion he said: "Reynolds was the noblest, as well as the bravest, gentleman in the army. When he fell at Gettysburg the army lost its right arm." That Reynolds was appreciated as highly by his own soldiers as by the commanding general is testified by the fact that here his old First Corps erected the heroic bronze statue that stands in the National Cemetery. The State of Pennsylvania has marked, by a suitable memorial, the spot on which Reynolds fell, and near it are the memorials of the organizations that fought on the first day in front on the lines he formed.

The death of Reynolds led General Meade to do an act which exhibited his best qualities as a commander. Himself but three days at the head of the army, he selected General Hancock, who had but three days before left his division to take command of a corps, and sent him to assume the command of the left wing in succession to Reynolds. The result fully justified the choice, but to make it required moral courage, insight into character, and rapidity of decision. Hancock on his arrival at the front did just the work which was needed—rallying the troops, addressing and encouraging them, assigning positions to those already there, hastening into line the fresh troops as they arrived. Anticipating Lee's order to Ewell, he sent Wadsworth to occupy Culp's Hill, and having put all in order, reported to General Meade that he could hold the position till nightfall, and that here was the place to fight our battle, and received a prompt reply that the army was ordered there. Thus Buford and Reynolds and Hancock all united in the work that made the first day's battle so momentous.*

*General F. A. Walker in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

It was not a surprise nor an accident—it was the opening engagement between two contending armies. Over the Army of Northern Virginia General Lee exercised supreme command for more than a year, during which he had won four great victories. Over the Army of the Potomac, General Meade had been in command for three days, and he was hampered by orders from Washington, and the necessity of conforming to them. He was looking for the enemy, his main point, as he said to Halleck, "to find and fight the enemy." He sent Reynolds on that errand, and Reynolds in turn despatched Buford with his cavalry to be the eyes of the army. He found them, and with his clear prescience saw the opportunity and the occasion, and quickly seized it, and Reynolds in turn helped to bring Lee's forces out of their mountain shelter, to hold them, and, in conformity with Meade's orders, bettered in their understanding by Buford and Reynolds of what was before them—an enemy rapidly concentrating at a position of great importance, they held on for the whole of that first day, while General Meade was enabled to prepare for that offensive defense which he had at the outset determined on.

Even as great a military writer as Lord Wolseley speaks of the first day as a surprise to the Confederate army, and not to the Union army, but he is not borne out by the facts. General Lee says, in his report, that his whole force was ordered to concentrate at Gettysburg. Two divisions of General Hill's Corps were sent to Gettysburg by the Chambersburg road, and the third division was held in reserve. The two divisions of Ewell's Corps, Early's and Rodes', were ordered there, and coming, one from York, the other from Carlisle, their concentration was effected with admirable precision. Of the Union Army, Buford's Division of cavalry was sent through Gettysburg on the 30th of June to observe the enemy, and his movements were closely watched and fully reported both to Reynolds and Meade. Reynolds put his own corps, the First, into action on the morning of the first day, and under his orders the Eleventh Corps came up to its support, while the Third Corps, later on, followed, and by nightfall, with the Twelfth Corps, and the Vermont Brigade, were on the ground and in position. Surely, then, there was no surprise in the battle, and it was fought just at the time and place where it best effected its object. True up to the 1st of July, the Confederate

Army had met little but militia, and the people of Pennsylvania might well have asked:

> Why have they dared to march so many miles upon her peaceful bosom, frighting her pale-faced villages with war, and ostentation of despised arms? *Richard II., act 2, sc. 3.*

But the end to the invasion came when the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia met in front of Gettysburg. It may be true that some of the Confederates expected to encounter only militia, yet the general officers, its leaders, knew that General Meade was looking for the enemy and for a place to fight, and both were found at Gettysburg. There the Army of the Potomac for three days contended for the supremacy which finally crowned the long struggle, and the issue was largely due to the sturdy valor of the small body of troops that on the first day withstood double their number. Both Meade and Lee were manœvering for positions on which to deliver battle; General Lee, to gather the fruits of his invasion of the north, to mass his forces before the Union Army could be concentrated, and, fighting it in detail, to win a victory which should enable him to exact terms that would give a new lease of life to the Confederacy; General Meade, to protect Washington and Baltimore, to relieve Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and to drive Lee across the Potomac. Buford, with his cavalry, the eyes of the army, saw at a glance that Gettysburg was the best point for concentration and for a decisive battle. Reynolds, its right arm, saw that the time had arrived, and, with his corps, struck the first blow, meaning to follow it up with the help of the Eleventh and Third Corps. Hancock, in turn, seized the position on Cemetery Ridge, and by nightfall secured it, so that at the close of the first day, although the enemy had largely outnumbered our force, yet the substantial advantage was ours, for here Lee was brought to bay, and the successful battle of the second and third days were largely the outcome of that of the first day.

The hard fighting of the first day is measured by that best test, the casualty list, strikingly alike on both sides, in spite of the contrast of the numbers engaged. Much of the details of this kind will be found in Fox's Book of Regimental Losses, well called Fox's Book of Martyrs, and it deserves close and diligent study on this and on the other great battles of the

war, for its exhaustive study. The First Corps took into action 8,200 and lost 6,025. The Eleventh Corps, out of 9,197, took into action, General Howard says "hardly 6,000," and lost 3,801. On the Confederate side, in Hill's Corps, Heth says he took in 7,000 and lost 2,850, and Pender lost 1,690 out of 4,260 engaged. Ewell's Corps was 20,000 strong (according to General Meade's letter to Colonel Benedict), and Rodes' Division, out of 6,207, lost 2,853, and Early's, 1,188 out of 5,477. The First Corps lost over 70 per cent., the Eleventh Corps over 60 per cent. Of the First Corps, the Iron Brigade lost 61 per cent., 1,153 out of 1,883; the First Division 2,128, and the Second Division 1,686, out of 2,500, while the smallest, the Third Division, consisting, with the exception of one New York regiment, entirely of Pennsylvania regiments, lost 1,748 out of 2,069, over 80 per cent., and the other divisions were little behind the same heavy percentage. Biddle's Brigade of the Third Division lost 897 out of 1,287, nearly 70 per cent., leaving only 390, a fragment of a regiment. Stone's Brigade, by Colonel Wister's report, went in with 1,300 men and lost 852, over 66 per cent. It had but three regiments, the One Hundred and Forty-third, One Hundred and Forty-ninth and One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, and no command fought more desperately or suffered greater losses. At its head its commander, Colonel Roy Stone, was wounded, and his successor, Colonel Langhorne Wister was also wounded. After taking position to the right of Biddle's Brigade, and rendering effective assisfance to Wadsworth's hard-pressed division, Stone's little brigade was made the point of a concentrated attack in force by double its number; against its three small regiments were brought six regiments the average strength being over five hundred each.

The Confederate reports lay stress on the severity of their losses. General Heth speaks of losing 2,700 out of 7,000, nearly 40 per cent., in twenty-five minutes. Colonel Hopkins of the Forty-fifth North Carolina, says that regiment suffered more than it ever did before in the same time. The Second North Carolina reported a loss of two-thirds. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina lost over 76 per cent., Pender's old brigade over 48 per cent., Daniel's over 43 per cent., and the regimental losses in both Hill's and Ewell's Corps were very heavy. On

our side, of the losses of the Pennsylvania regiments, the following were in the First Corps:

Eleventh Pennsylvania lost 117 out of 292, or 40 per cent.
Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania lost 183 out of 252, or 50 per cent.
Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania lost 106 out of 296, or 35 per cent.
Ninetieth Pennsylvania lost 94 out of 208, or 45 per cent.
One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania lost 165 out of 255, or 65 per cent.
One Hundred and Twenty-first Pennsylvania lost 179 out of 263, or 68 per cent.
One Hundred and Forty-second Pennsylvania lost 211 out of 362, or 59 per cent.
One Hundred and Forty-third Pennsylvania lost 252 out of 465, or 55 per cent.
One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania lost 336 out of 450, or 75 per cent.
One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania lost 264 out of 397, or 68 per cent.
One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania lost 335 out of 467, or 73 per cent.

The Union troops at various points won signal success, for they captured parts of three brigades of Confederate troops, Archer's, Davis' and Iverson's.

The One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania reported the capture of more prisoners than the regiment numbered.

Of the Pennsylvania regiments in the Eleventh Corps,

The Twenty-seventh lost 111 out of 324, or 45 per cent.
The Seventy-third lost 34 out of 332, or 10 per cent.
The Seventy-fourth lost 110 out of 381, or 32 per cent.
The Seventy-fifth lost 111 out of 258, or 40 per cent.
The One Hundred and Fifty-third lost 211 out of 569, or 39 per cent.

On the Union side of the greatest regimental losses at Gettysburg the First Corps is represented by the One Hundred and Fifty-first, One Hundred and Forty-ninth, One Hundred and Fiftieth, One Hundred and Forty-seventh, One Hundred and Forty-third and One Hundred and Forty-second Pennsylvania, and the Eleventh Corps by the Twenty-seventh, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania. On the Confederate side, the Twenty-sixth North Carolina lost, according to General Hoke's report, 708, but by the War Department list, 588 out of "over 800," over 75 per cent., for these North Carolina regiments went into the field of great strength, some as high as 1,800, others 1,500; one

company of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina lost out of 3 officers and 84 men, all of the officers and 83 of men; another company, of the Eleventh North Carolina, lost 36 out of 38. The Second North Carolina Battalion was reported by General Ewell as losing 200, by the War Department 153, out of 240, 75 or 65 per cent.; Lane's North Carolina Brigade of Pender's Division, lost 660 out of 1,355, nearly 50 per cent.; Daniel's Brigade lost 916 out of 2,100, over 43 per cent.; Pettigrew's Brigade lost 1,105, nearly the whole strength of Biddle's. The total loss in the Union Army at Gettysburg was 27 per cent., that of the First Corps on the first day was over 70 per cent., that of the Eleventh Corps over 60 per cent. Compare these with the losses in famous foreign battles. At Balaklava the Light Brigade lost 37 per cent., at Inkerman the Guards lost 45 per cent., the heaviest German regimental losses in the Franco-Prussian war were 49 per cent. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina lost 72 per cent., the One Hundred and Forty-ninth and One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania about as heavily. Nor did these Pennsylvania regiments fight any better on Pennsylvania soil than elsewhere, while their comrades from other states fought as bravely here as in any other field during the war. It has been the habit to speak of the first day's battle as if it had been an accidental encounter, in which horse, foot and artillery were driven in and through Gettysburg. In point of fact there was no accident, no surprise, no easy victory. Buford went by Reynolds' order to find the enemy, and his report on the 30th showed where Lee's forces were concentrating. From the dawn of July 1st, when Buford's cavalry first met the advance of Hill's Corps, until nightfall, when the Army of the Potomac was concentrated at and near Gettysburg, there was sturdy fighting, stout resistance against a largely superior force, and an all-important position and time to concentrate on it gained. The Confederate Army fought to win the first day, but the Union Army fought to win the next day and the next day, and the final victory.*

The battle of Gettysburg was a varying series of successive engagements, with alternate gains and losses, but the final result was that crowning success which was largely due to the good fight fought on the first day against heavy odds.

---

*John C. Ropes', "The Campaign under Pope."

The first day's battle was a series of distinct contests, and, like every battle, it was a compound of victory and defeat; every soldier killed, wounded or captured, every inch of ground gained or lost, being part of the final result. It was, indeed, "the soldier's battle," for it was the fixed determination of the soldiers to hold the ground that counted for more than any skilful manœuvres of military art or the best tactical methods. Buford's two brigades of cavalry fought and held in check Heth's Division, and when Buford was relieved, the First Corps fought Heth's and Pender's Divisions. When the Eleventh Corps came to the front it met Rodes' and Early's Divisions, and then the right of the First Corps also became engaged with these strong divisions. Meredith's Brigade of the First Division of the First Corps captured part of Archer's Brigade, Cutler's Brigade captured part of Davis' Brigade, Baxter's Brigade of the Second Division of the First Corps captured part of Iverson's Brigade of Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps. Meredith's Brigade fought in turn the whole or part of Archer's, Pettigrew's, Brockenbrough's and Daniel's Brigades.

Stone's Brigade and the Sixth Wisconsin, Ninety-fifth New York and Fourteenth New York fought Davis' and Daniel's Brigades, and the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and the Seventy-sixth New York also encountered them, while Baxter's and Cutler's Brigades were pitted against the brigades of Iverson, O'Neal and Ramseur. Of the artillery engaged on the first day, the record is one of pre-eminent service. Tidball's Horse Battery, under Lieutenant Calef, fought almost unaided, and the batteries of the First Corps bore the brunt of a largely superior number and weight of guns; Cooper's Battery B, First Pennsylvania Light Artillery, Stevens' Fifth Maine, Reynolds' L, First New York, Stewart's B, Fourth United States, and of the Eleventh Corps, Wiedrich's I, First New York, Dieckmann's Thirteenth New York Light Artillery, Wilkeson's G, Fourth United States, Dilger's I and Heckman's K, First Ohio Light Artillery, greatly helped to secure the weak Union forces from the strong Confederate lines that steadily gathered there confident of success. Paul's Brigade captured part of several brigades of Pender's Division. Stone's Brigade of the Third Division fought in turn Davis' Brigade of Heth's Division, Daniel's Brigade of Rodes' Division and Scales' Bri-

gade of Pender's Division. Biddle's Brigade of the Third Division on the extreme left, fought Pettigrew's and McGowan's Brigades of Heth's Division, while Brockenbrough's and Lane's and Scales' extended the Confederate line and overlapped the Union left, just as Early's Brigades overlapped the Union right. There Barlow's Division fought Gordon's, Hays' and Avery's Brigades, and Ames' fought Doles' and Daniels', and the right of the First Corps, Baxter and Cutler, and the left of the Eleventh, fought Iverson's, Daniel's, Doles' Ramseur's and O'Neal's Brigades. Coster's Brigade of Steinwehr's Division was pitted against Hays' and Hoke's and Ramseur's Brigades. While the First Corps was put in almost to the last man, and the Eleventh Corps had only a weak reserve on Cemetery Hill, the Confederates had two divisions, Johnson's of Ewell's, and Anderson's of Hill's Corps, estimated by General Fitz. Lee at over 10,000 each, and the four divisions that had been engaged, Heth's, Pender's, Rodes' and Early's, at the close of the action, at over 4,500 each. The First Corps then was reduced from 9,000 to 3,000, and the part of the Eleventh Corps actually engaged from 6,000 to 3,800. The actual losses of the Union forces on the first day were proportionally far heavier than those of the Union Army on the other days of the three days of fighting, and both Union and Confederate forces on the first day lost more heavily than on almost any other battlefield. The Second Corps lost 4,350 out of 10,500 engaged, over 42 per cent., in the battles of the second and third days; the Third Corps lost 4,210 out of less than 10,000 actually engaged on the second day, 42 per cent.; the Fifth Corps lost 2,187 out of 11,000, less than 20 per cent.; the Sixth Corps lost only 242, for it was wisely held in reserve; the Twelfth Corps lost 1,801 out of 8,000; on the Confederate side on the first day, Heth lost 2,850 out of 7,000, 40 per cent. Pender lost 1,690 out of 7,000; Early lost 1,188, and Rodes 2,853 out of their divisions which went into action each 8,000; 35 per cent. for the latter, and about 12 per cent. for the former.

Pickett's loss in his famous charge was 65 per cent., 2,888, of which 232 were killed, 1,157 wounded and 1,499 captured or missing; but on the first day the Iron Brigade lost over 60 per cent., and Biddle's Brigade,, and Stone's Brigade lost nearly 70 per cent. each. The First Corps with six brigades, and the Eleventh with five, fought eight brigades of Hill's Corps and

nine of Ewell's, and yet at the close of the first day, the fresh troops of Lee's Army were held off from gathering the fruits of their hard-earned success by the strength of the forces before them and those placed on the right and left. Even Wadsworth's Division, beaten and outnumbered, still held on to Culp's Hill, and prevented Ewell from seizing it. Thus, too, Buford's little cavalry force made sufficient demonstration on the flanks to arrest the Confederate advance, and even the Union guns at the foot of Seminary Ridge, manned by the men of the Iron Brigade, though hard pressed, were safely withdrawn. Thus the Union forces were outnumbered and forced to retreat, but neither dismayed nor driven off hastily. Thus, too, was gained the practical fruits of the first day's battle, in the rapid concentration of Meade's Army on the position in the rear of Gettysburg, where General Meade turned his offensive defense into a final repulse and defeat of Lee's Army. It was the first day that prepared the way for this result, and dearly purchased as it was, the price was none too great to pay for the infinite advantage. There is glory enough for all who took part in the battle of Gettysburg, but for those who fought on the first day there is the special glory of having fought against overwhelming numbers, and yet with such firmness and pertinacity that the forward movement of Lee's Army was arrested, time secured for the arrival and concentration of Meade's Army, and the expected easy onset of the Confederates resisted at every point. To the events of the first day is largely due the final issue of the battle of Gettysburg, and therefore it deserves a special record to-day here.

No one thinks of limiting the significance of the battle of Gettysburg to the spot where it was fought, yet the fact that the field of battle lies within the limits of the State of Pennsylvania imposes a special duty which has always been fully recognized. As far back as 1864 the Battle-field Memorial Association was organized to secure the ownership of the ground. State after state has joined in the solemn duty of marking, by permanent memorials, the position of every organization, and the dedication services have been memorable for eloquence and pathos. The State of Pennsylvania now marks the final act of a long series of legislative and executive measures, by inviting the veteran soldiers of all its organizations that took part in the great battle, to join in this reunion, and to set the

seal of approval on its work. By its generous aid and under the watchful care of a Commission composed of able officers, every one of its eighty-six organizations will be represented on the field by suitable memorials of its services here. Let us gratefully acknowledge the way in which the State of Pennsylvania has recognized and fulfilled its obligation. It has freely given money, and more than that, the Governor and the Commission appointed by him, have given time and thought, and have fulfilled to general satisfaction, a long, difficult and delicate task. The Commission closes its report with an urgent appeal for a memorial of General Meade and his great services. Let us heartily second that appeal. The same honor, too, is due to General Hancock. Great as is the work that has been done in making Gettysburg a permanent historical record in bronze and granite, that record is incomplete until statues of Meade and Hancock are placed on the field where the great victory was won. History has enrolled their names high on the list of those who deserved well of their country, and in its great and growing prosperity the country should not fall short in paying the tribute due them here. Meade and his able lieutenants earned here the gratitude of the nation, and he and they should stand forever in living bronze, keeping watch and ward over the memorials of their soldiers.

The men of the First Corps put Reynolds' statue here in memory of their deep sense of his great qualities, and of the affection that endeared him to his soldiers. The first day's battle was largely due to his inspiration, and his spirit ruled the field long after his dead body had been borne from it. To his successor in command there, sent in answer to Buford's warning note, 'there seems no commanding officer here,' to Hancock, both for his services in the closing hours of the first day, in snatching the substantial fruits of victory from the enemy, and for his still more shining successes on the succeeding days of the battle, there is still due the acknowledgment best to be made in a bronze heroic statue. Then to complete the work, Meade himself should stand here, that the long list of memorials on the field he won, should at last be completed by one worthy of the great commander. That done, and only then, may we feel that the history of Gettysburg is finally told in bronze and granite, and that to all justice has been fully meted out.

Yesterday we dedicated our regimental monuments, to-day we recall the operations of each of the three days of the great battle. Honor has been duly paid to the organizations that fought here. Here stands the statue of Reynolds. There at Round Top is the statue of Warren. We look in vain for Meade and Hancock. Their names are forever associated with Gettysburg, and it is due to them, to the men who fought under them, that here at Gettysburg due honor should be paid them. Until that is done, we cannot feel that the task is yet complete. Let us then see to it that before another Pennsylvania Day is celebrated, the statues of Meade and Hancock shall be put in place here. That done, then indeed, will the work be completed, and Gettysburg will no longer need the crowning memorial that is still wanting. In leaving Gettysburg let us all bend our best energies to the requisite measures for securing suitable honors to Meade and Hancock, and may we meet here at no distant day to join in unveiling their statues on the field forever connected with their names.

THE SECOND AND THIRD DAYS—JULY 2 AND 3, 1863.

Brevet Brigadier-General Henry H. Bingham.

IN the great metropolis of the nation but a few months ago, amid joy and thanksgiving, speech and song, peace and prosperity, hallelujah and prayer, the official representatives of the people and assembled thousands of the populace, celebrated the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington, first President of the United States. A government of the people, by the people and for the people, liberty for all, but exacting loyalty from all, the American Republic had lived one hundred years. Our Declaration of Independence was a masterful reality, our Constitution a matchless charter of freedom, and that God inspired utterance that three millions of patriots gave to mankind and humanity: "We, the people of

the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States," found at the incoming of the second century, sixty-five millions of freemen, "a family at peace among ourselves," who could with reverent acclaim send greeting to the generations to come and with bended knee and uplifted eyes, in spirit humble, but voice firm and unwavering, declare, "We have fought a good fight, we have kept the faith, glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." We are to-day a happy people. A Constitution preserved, the integrity of the Union maintained—liberty and law our cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. But the path has been no easy one to follow; the roses that have lined the way have had many thorns, and their colors have been darkly red, and on the hill side and in the valley, the unnumbered and nameless graves with monumental shafts and simple stones, cover all that remains of a patriot dead who sacrificed their all for human rights, that here assembled to-day, we "May hail the coming century with hope and joy."

The limitations of the Constitution, the integrity and independence of the states, the legislation enacted by the sovereign Congress, the statutes enforced within the borders of the commonwealths, the discussions in church and from the public rostrum upon the construction of our fundamental law, the variety and diversity of interests in our industries and large communities; labor in its many forms and conditions, all, all contributed to consummate, upon the election and inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, that physical and moral climax of forces, known in our history as the War of the Rebellion or the American Civil War of 1861-1865. It was the greatest war of modern times. Its field of operation measured almost a continent in territory; eight hundred millions of treasure—a people's toil, but paid its living moving needs—its dead and dying reached six hundred thousand men and permanently disabled and destroyed the health of over one million more—it covered a land with widows and orphans—it begot suffering never to be estimated and privations countless; it exhibited bravery unparalleled, courage and endurance unsurpassed; its

leadership was magnificent, its soldiery heroic. Such was the nation's tragedy of the nineteenth century in which you played so well your part. Greatest of all, in the fulness of time it came, because in the destiny of our civilization and national life it had to come that American constitutional liberty might live—"The Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

Amen to the mighty sacrifices—amen and all hail the mightier consummation.

The contending armies cover bodies of men in action and battle, in suffering and slaughter, in camp and hospital almost beyond human conception or understanding. The Union forces enrolled during the four years number two millions seven hundred and seventy-two thousand four hundred and eight men (2,772,408) and estimated upon a basis of three years' service, 2,320,272, or about two thousand regiments.

The Confederate armies from the best attainable sources are estimated at 700,000 for the period of the war, or 786 regiments on the ten-company basis.

The military population of the states on the Union side was 4,559,872, and from the eleven states of the Confederacy 1,064,193.

There were killed or died of wounds on the Union side—

Officers,	6,365
Enlisted Men,	103,705
Aggregate,	110,070

Died of disease on the Union side—

Officers,	2,712
Enlisted Men,	197,008
Aggregate,	199,720

Making the grand aggregate from all causes during the war 359,528, or 15.4 of the entire army.

There were 275,175 wounded, but not mortally.

The estimated loss of the killed or mortally wounded in battle on the Confederate side was 94,000, and death from disease 59,297.

The Union army embraced volunteers from every condition

of our industrial life, but the grand measure of obligation belongs to that people who in every contest for freedom have ever been foremost.

Forty-eight per cent. were farmers, twenty-four per cent. mechanics, sixteen per cent. laborers, five per cent. commercial pursuits, three per cent. professional men, four per cent. miscellaneous.

Nationality formed a distinctive feature. The great body of foreigners, who from the days of our Revolution, have done so much to develop our industries and add to our wealth, strength and vigor as a people, responded quickly to the call for troops, and fought bravely through the long war.

Three-fourths of the army were native American. Of the 500,000 soldiers of foreign birth, Germany furnished 175,000; Ireland, 150,000; England, 50,000; British America, 50,000; other countries, 75,000.

Coming late into active warfare, but when once a part of the army rendering valuable and distinguished service, we find the enlistment of the black troops to have reached the large number of 178,975, and their deaths from all causes to have been 36,847.

The Republic has remembered their services and in the battles of the future they will enter at the commencement of every struggle for freedom.

There were one hundred and twelve battles in which one side or the other lost over five hundred men killed and wounded, and in all there were one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two general engagements, battles, skirmishes or affairs in which at least one regiment was engaged. Every state of the United States and every territory sent volunteers to the Union Army.

Such briefly were the physical and statistical conditions of the two great forces fighting for the supremacy of their principles and moral ideas, accepting in the arbitrament of arms the final determination of the issues involved.

This mighty host—these millions who fought the fight, the hundreds of thousands who fell, and the million who were broken down in health and strength, came willingly—came for the war shouting, "We are coming, father Abraham, five hundred thousand more." Yea they came and brought final victory—not simply the applause of the multitude from all over

the land—not alone the trophies of war—torn battle-flags and smoking guns, but they brought final victory full and complete.

Our Constitutional Government saved—saved not only to the victors but to the vanquished. Saved to be loved and honored, revered, respected and obeyed by all. A quarter of a century has passed and truly can we say as Milton said of Cromwell, "That war made him great, peace greater."

Throughout the length and breadth of this great commonwealth a loud appealing voice rings out—"Watchman, what of the night?" The nation wants help! and lo, the answer comes from mountains and valleys, from the fields ripe with the waving golden grain; from the centers of trade, commerce and manufacture; from the loom, the anvil and the workshop; from the bench, the bar and the pulpit; from the schools and colleges of learning and science—from youth and age, from every condition of American manhood—"All's well, Pennsylvania will give her bravest and best, the strongest and most faithful of her sons."

Call the roll: 315,017 white soldiers, 8,612 black soldiers, 14,307 sailors and marines, aggregating 337,936.

Sixty-five and nine-tenths of the military population, averaged upon the basis of three years' service, they numbered 265,517, embraced in two hundred and fifteen regimental organizations. Of the three hundred regiments in the Union army that sustained the heaviest losses in battle, including every regiment in service which lost over one hundred and thirty killed or died of wounds during the war, fifty-three are grouped from Pennsylvania. Thirty-seven Pennsylvania regiments lost in killed and died of wounds in battle over ten per cent. of their total enrollment.

Of the forty-five regiments in the Union army that lost over two hundred men killed or mortally wounded in the action, eleven are from Pennsylvania.

Of the twenty-two regiments in the Union army where the loss of killed or died of wounds during the war reached fifteen per cent. or upwards of their enrollment, five are from Pennsylvania.

They have the following order:

4th—One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, 17.4.

9th—One Hundred and Forty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, 16.5.

10th—One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, 16.1.

12th—One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, 15.6.

13th—Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, 15.5.

Thirty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-three aggregate the number of deaths (wounds and disease) from all causes—an average of 15.4 of the troops furnished.

The percentage of killed in action of the soldiers from the Keystone State, based upon the white troops, is greater than in the quota of any other northern state.

The cavalry of Pennsylvania being specially distinguished, exceeding in losses that of the cavalry of any other state.

These brave men who fought so gallantly were Pennsylvania's sons. They are all around us here to-day where they fell. They are buried in the sleeping homes of the nation's dead, and in the resting places where loving eyes can watch and loving tears can ever water their graves. You, the living soldiers here with us, equally brave, have quietly melted into the peaceful walks of life ever performing full duty as American citizens.

Pennsylvania gave you all to the nation, and when you wore the honored blue, however much you loved your state, you became the soldiers of the Union.

But the time was near in the mighty contest when you, the living, and the thousands dead, were to be marshalled upon the hills and valleys of your loved state and in a death struggle, fight the greatest battle of the war and contest in the most important strategic issue of the age, for it was upon this field —this Gettysburg "that the star of the Confederacy reaching the zenith turned by swift and head-long plunges toward the nadir of outer darkness and collapse."

Waterloo and Gettysburg are marked as the two great battles of the age.

The Union army numbered 82,000 men and 300 guns; the Confederate numbered 70,000 men and 250 guns; the battle lasted three days and the casualties upon the Union side were 23,003, and upon the Confederate 27,525 men.

In detail the Union cause lost 3,063 killed, 14,492 wounded,

and 5,435 missing or captured; many of the wounded and many of the captured died. No authentic details are available for the Confederate side.

Pennsylvania's bravery upon this field embraces 26,628 men; in detail, sixty-eight regiments of infantry, eight regiments of cavalry, and five batteries of artillery.

The killed and mortally wounded are 67 officers, and 964 men, 1,031 total.

The general casualties number 5,907.

We are glad to be here to-day to aid in the serious and patriotic ceremonies that will contribute to make this hallowed ground immortal. This large gathering of the living remnant of a brave soldiery; these representatives of civil authority; these organizations of loyal devotion to comradeship; this gathering of vast numbers upon the hillsides—the military display in blue, these flags and guns and all the paraphernalia of war, these speechless mounds and numberless graves, these monuments that proclaim a history, all attest the greatness and fitness of this occasion. We are glad to be here. How the scene has changed. What is it now? Cemetery Hill and the Ridge, Culp's Hill, Round Top, Peach Orchard and Devil's Den—What it was! No one man living or dead ever saw. You were here, but the fight was everywhere. No pen can write, no tongue describe, no artist's brush or pencil picture. In the years to come impartial history will place in imperishable record the best adjustment of all controversies and conflicting statements. Let us hope that is best. Better that those of us who were a part, shall hold its bloody record as a memory, and treasure the heroic deeds of our comrades, as the needed sacrifices for "nobler modes of life and purer laws." But "with malice toward none, with charity for all," we can quickly pass in review some of the fearful work of those never-to-be-forgotten days.

Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, was the first determined advance to plant his standards and entire army upon free soil, and passing over the Susquehanna to capture the capital of our state, and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, where great treasure could be demanded and exacted from these cities of wealth.

Once having established a foothold, recognition would quickly be accorded by foreign nations.

He came upon our fruitful borders and entered our rich domain, with banners flying and all the surroundings of a conquering hero. His army marshaled a leadership experienced in warfare, possessed of the highest military capacity, and a soldiery ripe from the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, bold, aggressive, disciplined, and feeling the spirit of invincibility. They came to do or die. To fight and to stay. *The great loyal North knew their purpose of invasion and trembled.* The Army of the Potomac, strong in numbers, wearied and worn with long marching, remembering the severe recent defeats and hard blows received in Virginia, lacked that *morale* and enthusiastic confidence that had been its companion on many a hard-fought field. But when the army knew the next clash of arms was to be on the soil of Pennsylvania—their home and heritage—like a giant, conscious of strength, and restive for a final struggle, they forgot defeat and weariness, and lifting up their voices sang songs of victory as they moved in compact form on marches forced and long.

The change in the command of the army had just reached the men, and with unswerving judgment and soldierly instinct they knew and felt that in General Meade the army could confidently trust and safely fight; a confidence merited and deserved. The battle of the first of July is over, and along the many roads converging upon these hills the Union Army is rapidly marching, lighted by the full moon and cooled by the soft air of the summer night.

General Meade reaches the field about midnight; conferences with Hancock, Howard and others follow, then an immediate inspection of the field, to be renewed at four (4) a. m., when the first rays of daylight appear. There has been no delay, no evidence of uncertainty, the battle is to be fought here and the troops are all marching on.

A supreme struggle known to soldiers and general. The troops arrive and by 9 a. m., with the exception of the Sixth Army Corps, not far away, the dispositions are made—great expedition creditable to Meade and his soldiers.

On the Union side, the right wing composed of the Twelfth Corps with Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps, based itself on the rough and wooded eminence of Culp's Hill. The Eleventh Corps with Robinson's and Doubleday's Divisions of the First Corps held Cemetery Hill. The prolongation of the

line to the left along the crest of Cemetery Ridge was occupied by Hancock's Second Corps; the Third Corps, under Sickles, formed the left wing running from Hancock's flank to Round Top. The Fifth Corps had upon its arrival taken position on the right, in reserve. On the Confederate side Longstreet held the right, (opposite Sickles) his troops drawn along the well-wooded line of Seminary Ridge; Hill's Corps continued the line along the same ridge to the Seminary, opposite the Union center, and Ewell's Corps, the Confederate left, stretched from the Seminary through the town and enveloped the base of Culp's Hill.

Thus face the two giants that are to meet in a deadly contest —a grapple that will know no yielding save in defeat.

There seems to be some misunderstanding about the line General Sickles has taken. His troops are seen advancing, and as he moves forward they are leaving Hancock's left and a large gap is plainly visible, and Sickles' left is in advance of Round Top and an angle is made with Hancock's line instead of a compact prolongation. Is the army to change its left line, or are all to move further forward? is the inquiry of men and commanders. The sight was a grand one, that marching mass of trained brave men; they looked invincible, although something seemed not right, for many horsemen were riding rapidly in all directions, while the movement afforded a large part of the army the opportunity to see the power of a compact force.

Meade rides rapidly up to the ridge accompanied by Sickles; an earnest conversation follows concerning the advanced position of the troops. Meade, before the Committee on the Conduct of War, states: "I told him it was not the position I had expected him to take; that he had advanced his line beyond the support of my army, and I was very fearful he would be attacked and lose the artillery which he had put so far to the front, before I could support it. General Sickles expressed regret that he should have occupied a position which did not meet with my approval, and he very promptly said that he would withdraw his forces to the line which I had intended him to take. He could see the ridge by turning around which I had intended him to take, but I told him I was fearful that the enemy would not allow him to withdraw, and that there was no time for any further change or movement. Before I

had finished that remark the enemy's batteries opened upon him and the action commenced."

Lee had resolved to attack the Union line—his own words are as follows: "It was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy's left, and endeavor to be in a position from which it was thought that our artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of Hood and McLaws on right of Hill, partially enveloping the enemy's left which he was to drive in. General Hill was ordered to threaten the enemy's center to prevent reinforcements from being drawn to either wing, and co-operate with his right division in Longstreet's attack. General Ewell was instructed to make a simultaneous demonstration upon the enemy's right, to be converted into a real attack should opportunity offer."

The battle has opened, and as Longstreet has been observed by the troops posted in the orchard, our artillery opens and ere long the musketry fire grows fiercer.

The attack falls upon Sickles' line, the left front, just where it recedes from Sherfy's Peach Orchard on the Emmitsburg road.

DeTrobriand's and Ward's Brigades, of Birney's Division, hold this line. The attack is boldly made, and the struggle becomes close and unyielding. The enemy's line laps the left flank of the Third Corps by about two brigades, and at once it is apparent the effort will be to scale the sides of Round Top and gain possession of this, the key to our line. As the battle grows in fierceness and intensity, additional troops are continually arriving. Meade, upon leaving Sickles, had ordered to the left Caldwell's brave division of the Second Corps, and troops of the Fifth Corps are already arriving on the field.

Brigade upon brigade go in and come out—all around Round Top, Peach Orchard, Devil's Den, Plum Run, Emmitsburg road and the Wheat Field.

The battle opening at four o'clock p. m., on the extreme left, had extended towards the town, until by six o'clock every Confederate brigade had advanced from the line of battle on Seminary Ridge, including that of Law's on the extreme right of General Lee's line, opposite Round Top, to Wright's Brigade, which had attacked Gibbon's Division on Hancock's center,

and the whole intervening country from the Devil's Den, on the base of Round Top, to and above Codori's house, on the Emmitsburg road, was filled with a struggling mass of armed men.

The demons of war have been at their terrible work. Hour seems to follow hour, but there is no cessation to the booming cannon and the rolling of musketry. Wounded men are continually coming back, yet the lines hold their own only to break and re-form and again attack. Birney's, Graham's and Humphreys' troops have fought hard, and Caldwell's Division of four brigades have, under a scathing fire, struggled long and valiantly. Sykes, of the Fifth Corps, has brought into action four of his brigades, and others, under Barnes, Ayres and Crawford, are soon to follow and do good work. Williams has been ordered from the right, and closely follows the Fifth Corps. A mass of troops are on the left, and our line is now strong where it was once so weak.

Our losses are appalling. Graham falls wounded, and is in the hands of the enemy. The brave Sickles has received a ball in the leg, and he has been carried off the field. Hancock is assigned to the command of the corps. Cross and Zook, of Caldwell's Division, are killed, and Willard dies bravely. Thousands of men are hors-de-combat. Brave Humphreys, in obedience to Birney, completes his movement to fall back from his advanced position, and displays that cool intrepidity and courage that has ever marked his able generalship. He reaches his line at last, but half of his gallant force have fallen. Crawford's Pennsylvania Reserves, and a part of Hays' Division do good work; and Hunt, intelligent and watchful soldier with his reserve artillery has strengthened the line. Men are worn out with the fury of the fight; the dead are everywhere; the wounded legion. Night at last comes and around the Devil's Den, Peach Orchard, Round Top and the Wheat Field and woods where the battle boiled and bubbled like a seething cauldron, the worn-out and exhausted soldiers slept side by side with their comrades dead.

The battle on the left for the day is over. The blazing sun has sunk to rest and night takes pity and shadows all, that the fearful slaughter may cease. Errors of judgment may have been committed—other disposition of troops may have been wiser, and our lines may have been located giving us

greater strength and greater resistance. But that is passed; no battle of the war exhibited greater bravery on the part of officers and men, than that which clustered around and upon Little Round Top and the now famous fields and woods upon our left.

The losses of the Third Corps were very great. The men fought and died, and then seemed to rise up and strike again. Brave Warren, whose rare military judgment and quickness of action saved Round Top, and Weed, Vincent, O'Rorke and Hazlett, who, after heroic and magnificent work, yielded up their lives to hold this important citadel, will ever be held in special honor and love. Brave men; none braver on that memorable field. Round Top will yet be crowned with their monuments in bronze and stone.

Up to a late hour the entire right of our line, extending from Cemetery Hill to and over Culp's Hill, had remained unassaulted except by the sharp artillery fire from batteries on Benner's Hill, but they were eventually silenced by the splendid practice of Union guns on East Cemetery Hill.

Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps, had occupied the northern face of Culp's Hill the night before, and early on the morning of the second, Geary's Division of the Twelfth Corps had moved over from its position, north of Little Round Top, and formed on Wadsworth's right, extending down the southeastern face of the hill; and a little later Williams' Division, commanded by General Ruger, marched over from Wolf's Hill where it had spent the night, and formed on Geary's right, extending the line in a zig-zag course to Spangler's meadow at the base of the hill.

Notwithstanding these troops had not been molested during the day, they had not been idle. Immediately on taking that position, a line of breastworks had been commenced, which by nightfall were sufficient to afford the troops ample protection. When, however, the condition of the battle on the left assumed such threatening proportion, General Meade called on General Slocum, commanding the right center, for troops to go to the assistance of the left, and General Williams, temporarily commanding the corps, was ordered to send his own division, commanded by General Ruger. These troops moved out of their works accompanied by Lockwood's Brigade, and were led by General Williams in person to the scene of action, arriving,

however, after the severe fighting was over, and only Lockwood's Brigade was temporarily engaged. In the meantime General Slocum had ordered Geary to send two brigades of his division to the same destination; and Candy's and Kane'sBrigades, under the personal command of General Geary, started for the same destination, but through some unexplained error they marched down the Baltimore pike to and beyond Rock creek, when they threw out pickets, leaving only Greene's Brigade to hold the long line of works built and occupied by the entire corps. As these brigades moved out General Greene commenced to deploy the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers in that portion of the works vacated by Kane's Brigade. At the same time that the Twelfth Corps troops were being withdrawn, Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps advancing from beyond Benner's Hill, moved to attack the Twelfth Corps' position on Culp's Hill, Steuart's Brigade assaulting Kane's position at the moment when the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh New York was being deployed in the works, and although stoutly resisted, Steuart occupied the position and his brigade spent the night inside the Union works. Although Greene's position was previously assaulted, he successfully repulsed every attack, assisted by several First and Eleventh Corps regiments sent to him by General Wadsworth, and by ten o'clock at night the battle ended. In the meantime General Kane, hearing the sound of battle, returned with his command, and although fired upon by Steuart's men when he attempted to go to his old position, he eventually reached it by a circuitous route and occupied a strong position among the rocks on Greene's right, and by midnight Col. Candy's Brigade also returned and extended General Kane's line. When Ruger's Division and Lockwood's Brigade returned on finding their works occupied by the enemy, they took up a position on the open fields facing the woods, except Colgrove's Brigade, which moved over to the east side of Spangler's meadows. While this contest was taking place, Generals Slocum and Williams were attending a council of war at General Meade's headquarters.

On returning and learning the state of affairs General Slocum at once ordered his artillery in position to command the works occupied by the enemy, and at 4.30 a. m. it opened fire.

In the meantime General Johnson had been reinforced by General Walker's Brigade of his own division, and Daniel's and O'Neal's Brigades of Major-General Rodes' Division, and when Slocum's artillery opened fire, Johnson having no artillery in position with which to reply, ordered an attack by his infantry all along the line. A counter-attack was made by General Williams, and the battle raged with varied success until near eleven o'clock, by which time the enemy was driven out and the original line restored.

Almost simultaneously with Johnson's attack on Culp's Hill, Hays' and Hoke's Brigades of Early's Division charged Barlow's division, Adelbert Ames in command, in position on East Cemetery Hill. The crest of the hill was occupied by Wiedrich's, Ricketts' and Reynolds' Batteries, while Stewart's Battery, also on the hill, was trained on Baltimore street leading from the town. But the most important position, a shoulder on the west side of Culp's Hill, since called Stevens' Knoll, was occupied by the Fifth Maine Battery commanded by Lieutenant Whittier.

The assault was made at the dusk of evening and was not observed until the enemy was far advanced. Colonel Wainwright, chief of First Corps artillery, directed his batteries to open fire, but unfortunately the guns were so placed that they could not be depressed, and, notwithstanding the terrible flank fire by the Fifth Maine Battery, the infantry giving way, the enemy was soon among the guns. Wiedrich's Battery was captured and one or two of Ricketts' guns were spiked. At this juncture General Hancock dispatched the brave and fearless General Carroll with his gallant brigade to the scene of action. General Carroll immediately led his troops forward, attacked the enemy, and, assisted by some Eleventh Corps troops, quickly restored the line and recaptured the guns, when the battle ended for the night.

Before the firing had ceased on the Union right, on the second of July, General Meade hastened to his headquarters and called his council of war— a gathering of the ablest and greatest leaders that had ever commanded the corps of the Potomac Army. Slocum, Sedgwick, Hancock, Howard, Newton, Sykes, Birney, Williams, Gibbon, Butterfield, were all present. The conclusion was soon reached. "Remain in the present position and await the enemy's attack." Out of 52 infantry bri-

gades, 42 had been engaged and 36 seriously. The corps commanders reported about 58,000 men for the next day's fight.

The losses during the day crippled, perhaps, the Union side the least, but the enemy had gained great advantages. On their right the Confederates had secured a lodgment on the bases of the Round Top, possession of Devil's Den, and the ridges on the Emmitsburg road, a valuable position for artillery.

On the left an occupation of part of the intrenchments of the Twelfth Corps with an outlet to the Baltimore pike, by which all of our lines could be taken in reverse. At the center, partial success, effecting no lodgment because they lacked proper support. Lee recognized the value and importance of the advantages he had secured, and having had engaged but seventeen out of his thirty-seven brigades of infantry, he felt confident a great victory could have been gained, if his orders had been obeyed and his generals had co-operated.

The *morale* and discipline of his men were excellent—they wanted to fight and looked forward to a victory on the morrow. Lee's language is as follows: "The operations of the second of July induced the belief that with proper concert of action, and with the increased support which the positions gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was, accordingly, determined to continue the attack."

The same bright moon that had lighted the way of the thousands of brave soldiers, gayly singing their songs of triumph as they marched, July first, to these memorable fields, shone out again with equal brilliancy, upon scenes of activity and unceasing labor. The wounded were carried to the rear and the lines re-formed among the dead, too numerous to be cared for. Sleep came to the eyes of few. It required the vigor of youth to withstand the strain.

Throughout the loyal states consternation was in the minds and fear in the eyes of men. The Army of the Potomac had suffered reverses on the first and second of July, and nothing save that shattered and worn army stood between the march of Lee's victorious legions and the great cities of the North.

The Sixth Corps supplies reserves to various parts of the line. The Fifth Corps, on the left, extends itself so as to occupy the acclivities of Great Round Top, and protect the flank

from surprise. The Third Corps, worn out and disabled, is in reserve.

At early dawn the fight commences on the right, for orders have been sent to dislodge the enemy. Slocum commands the right wing, and he voted last night at the council, "stay and fight it out." It is most important that our line be maintained, and for almost five hours a determined and courageous struggle continues. Finally the enemy are compelled to move back, and our troops regain their position. This is an unexpected loss to Lee.

Pending the formation of Longstreets column on the 3d, General Lee directed General Stuart to move with his cavalry beyond the left of his infantry, and endeavor to secure a position from which to co-operate with the attack about to be made by General Longstreet. This movement was made, but was met by a counter-movement by General Pleasonton who, under orders from General Meade, had taken up a position to meet any flank attack by the enemy, and protect the Union flank and rear. Simultaneous with the great cannonade Stuart's command, consisting of Hampton's, Fitzhugh Lee's, W. H. F. Lee's and Jenkins' Brigades, advanced to the attack. They were met by McIntosh's Brigade and Custer's Brigade, of Kilpatrick's Division, and, after a desperate hand-to-hand engagement, were repulsed.

Later in the day General Meade ordered General Kilpatrick to take up a position to threaten the Confederate right. General Kilpatrick moved with Farnsworth's Brigade, and was subsequently joined by Merritt's Brigade, of Buford's Division. A demonstration was made by General Kilpatrick's order, during which General Farnsworth was killed.

The whole cavalry movement of the 2d and 3d of July, exhibited on the part of officers and men, not only bravery and courage, but able leadership, making memorable their record as indispensable adjuncts to the great battle and victory. Pennsylvania's contribution to the corps embraced many troops, and under the fighting qualities of fearless Pleasonton, the names of Generals John Buford, David McM. Gregg and Colonel J. Irvin Gregg, will ever be cherished and loved.

It is now eleven o'clock, and our lines are firmer and stronger than on the 2d of July. The men have had rest and food, the ground is better understood and the troops are reso-

lute, knowing that another disaster may or will be complete defeat. Extreme quiet reigns, and behind the low earthworks the men wait the coming storm. Hancock rides his line, and his appearance, like an inspiration, gives confidence to his soldiers. About one o'clock two cannon shots are fired—the men know they are signal guns. Suddenly, amid smoke and flame, there belches forth a thunder cannonade as if the very elements were in battle, and the air is filled with exploding shells. Pandemonium has commenced, and will so continue for the next two hours. Fifteen minutes pass for all is quiet along the Union front, then there is a return of death-dealing hospitality, and the seventy-seven guns of the Union Army join the one hundred and thirty-eight guns of the Confederacy. What seemed thunder before now seems a hundred times more deafening, for the troops are all lying near the artillery.

Men hug the ground, for death and destruction are flying all around—a sight so magnificent has never been seen by this generation upon this continent. Our guns, after an hour's incessant storming, gradually cease firing. The enemy believe our artillery has been silenced, but it has been the wise foresight and judgment of Meade and Hunt who had directed the ammunition to be saved.

Under the cover of the smoke wafted by a soft light breeze, the enemy advanced. Pickett's fighting men, fresh, strong and determined to reach our lines, move forward as if on a holiday parade. They look like the brave Third Corps as it looked yesterday. The direction of the line is distinct—not a turning of the left flank, but the assault is to fall upon Cemetery Ridge and Hancock's Corps. These soldiers are like their superb commander—they fight to win—die if need be, for they have faced danger on many fiercely contested fields. There are ten regiments of Pennsylvania troops in that old Second Corps, and he is a Pennsylvania soldier who commands them. Across the open plain the enemy marches with front apparently compact. Pickett leads, and then comes Armistead, Garnett, Wilcox, Kemper, Pettigrew, Trimble and a number of fearless men. It is their last heroic charge. That line of determined men lying along the Second Corps' front intend to allow no return.

How the banners flaunt, but they will soon drop, for the

hands that hold them will be stricken down. It is death or victory, and the soil is Pennsylvania.

The enemy make a movement, a half wheel, our artillery opens upon the right flank, and McGilvery's forty guns are demoralizing the steadiness of the forward movement. Other Confederate brigades now appear. Archer, Davis and Brockenbrough are seen in single line with Scales on the right and Lane on the left. Pickett's skirmishers are ordered back for real work is about to begin.

Forward, forward, here they come. No fear, no indecision—their eyes are fixed on the ridge and they will not waver save in death. They are fourteen thousand strong.

They are within two hundred yards of the line on the ridge and Hazard, from his artillery, Rorty, Brown, Cushing, Arnold and Woodruff blaze canister into their ranks, the infantry pour musketry and McGilvery's guns drive them with shot and shell and roll up their flank.

They are now upon us. We can see their faces—long, colorless, gaunt—their clothing covered with blood and dirt.

The muskets bayoneted, carried at a charge, the look upon their firm faces, resolute, defiant, fearless. Up men of Pennsylvania! up soldiers of the Second Corps! you or they must win this day; there is no retreat now.

Harrow's and Hall's men strike them on our left, Stannard's flank fire rolls them up on our right, and brave Alexander Hays with soldiers worthy of the gallantry of their leader, with a fire concentrated and fearful in its havoc, wedges them into a solid column, which, driven like a massed weight, falls with a fearful force, impelled, upon the front of Webb's Brigade. They now seem irresistible, and they mean to kill.

Webb, in the midst of his soldiers, fights as they fight, yet he is ever the leader. The fearful thunderbolt has driven back his first line, but it readily re-forms on the second and brave Webb falls wounded.

The scene passes description—shot and shell and canister and musketry, every implement of warfare and death play havoc and let loose the dogs of war. Battle flags drop, men throw up their arms and fall upon their faces within our lines.

The fight is over, the victory of victories is won. Well done, sagacious Meade—bravely done, Hancock, master leader in the battle front of this the battle of the century—your blood has

hallowed this ground; and you, heroic Gibbon, and Webb, and Cushing, and Hays, and the long line of living and dead leaders, well done. A nation thanks you and thanks your great army. Soldiers of Pennsylvania, your valor has been seen in many battle fields, but on none has it been greater or grander, nobler or more heroic than on the July days of 1863.

Again we hear the call, and in its tones a wail of anxiety, almost grief—"Watchman, what of the night?" The answer is heard all over the land—"All's well. The Army of the Potomac has gained a great victory," and like an ocean's roar comes back response—"Thank God and the Army of the Potomac."

MUSIC.

DEDICATION QUARTETTE.

TRANSFER OF MONUMENTS TO GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

GOVERNOR JAMES A. BEAVER.

MY COUNTRYMEN: You have heard, in eloquent phrase, from the lips of personal participants in the battle of Gettysburg, what Pennsylvania's sons did here in connection with their comrades from other states, to preserve the heritage of our fathers for transmission to our sons. The memorials erected, and yet to be erected, upon this field, are designed to transmit this story, so far as perishable materials can, to the coming generations. The story itself will be transmitted in other and more enduring ways. We recognize it as proper, however, that the spot upon which men proved their devotion to principle by the surrender of their lives, should be marked by something distinctive and appropriate. This has been done in accordance with the wishes of the people of Pennsylvania, as voiced in the acts of their representatives, and it

now devolves upon me, as their chief executive, to transfer the custody of these memorials to a body of gentlemen composed of representatives of the different states, whose troops participated in the battle on the side of the Union, and organized for the express purpose of preserving the battle-field and its surroundings, and of perpetuating the memory of the deeds of its participants.

The Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association has done a great work in preserving this field for the study of patriots, heroes and soldiers for all time to come. The organization is not distinctively Pennsylvanian. In its management are found the representatives of the several states contributing to the purchase and care of the battlefield. Its work, although confined to a given locality, is of interest to the people of the country and the world. For historical purposes, and for the study of strategy and tactics, Gettysburg is to be the great battle-field of the country and of the world. This fact has long been recognized by the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association, and is becoming recognized more and more by the people of the entire country. Gettysburg does not belong to Pennsylvania. Just as the principles of right for which men here fought were universal, and the results here won of general value to our common country, so the battle-field of Gettysburg is the heritage of our countrymen everywhere. Their representatives control it now and it is to be hoped that their official representatives in Congress will make provision for its further development for historical purposes, until the location of every military organization which fought upon the field will be designated and permanently marked.

Pennsylvania has entire confidence in the present organization charged with the duty of preserving and maintaining this battle-field, and she, without hesitation, transfers to its custody these memorials, erected by her official bounty and the contributions of the survivors of the several organizations which participated in the battle. She has, by legislative enactment, sanctioned the organization of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association; she has contributed of her funds to its support; she has pride in its work, and will, doubtless, continue to co-operate with it and through it for its continued development, and the enlargement of its scope and efforts.

To you, as the representative of this Association, I beg to transfer the custody of Pennsylvania's memorials, assured that they will be properly cared for and faithfully preserved, and that so long as these perishable materials shall continue to do so they will be permitted to tell their story of heroism, sacrifice and devotion to the generations yet unborn.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE MONUMENTS ON BEHALF OF THE BATTLE-FIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Hon. Edward McPherson.

GOVERNOR BEAVER: The Battle-field Association willingly accepts the care of the memorials which you have confided to it. These tasteful and enduring monuments of bronze and granite, are an appropriate expression of the profound emotion with which a grateful people regard the great work done here by a noble soldiery. They vividly recall to this generation, as they will suggest to future generations, the anxieties and griefs which, in the midst of war's alarms, disquieted the homes of our broad and busy Commonwealth. They will as vividly recall the numberless privations and fatigues of camp and march, the suffering in hospital, the constant strain of expectation, the awful carnage of battle, which those brave hearts endured for us and for the possession of generations who are to come after us. And they will also forever testify the precious fruits of victory—our Union saved, our Constitution purified, our institutions immeasurably strengthened, the whole people firmly bound in an indissoluble union of indestructible states.

This lofty thought had, before the War of the Rebellion, no place in the accepted theories of our government, but is a gift from that war. Before that event the Union was flippantly and frequently threatened from within, in both the North and the South; and if the states were boasted as indestruc-

tible, it was because they were claimed to be independent and sovereign—and not at all as indestructible because an integral part of a union indissoluble in whole and equally indestructible in every part. So far as we are, therefore, this day fused into unity and have a cloudless future, we owe it primarily to the constancy and valor of the armies of the Union, who thereby made the nation their debtor to an amount which cannot be computed or paid.

How much of the great result due to our many victories may be directly due to this victory, it is not possible accurately to state. But there were then existing circumstances of peculiar gravity which made this victory indispensable to the cause of the Union. We know that long before this battle several European cabinets had considered the policy of unfriendly intervention in our affairs. We know, definitely, that six months before this battle the Emperor of France had taken a step in that policy of hostility to which he was impelled by ambition for his dynasty, now happily sunk from sight. And we know, further, that the governing classes in most European states then complacently regarded the end of the Great Republic as inevitable and awaited only a sufficient pretext to decide the issue and glean the profits. Our dangers from within were hardly less serious. Delays and defeats, debt and the draft, had sorely tried and deeply discouraged the hopeful and faithful, and had driven the timorous, the time-serving and the treacherous to look for peace through surrender. The invasion of Pennsylvania was made at this supreme crisis—the supreme crisis of the war, diplomatically, politically and militarily, and was timed so as to be adapted to these various exigencies. In all the war there was no moment so big with the fate of empire as July, 1863. If at that pivotal period, with foreign and domestic enemies of the Union alike crouching for its destruction, the Army of the Potomac had been subdued and beaten, and if on the fourth of July, 1863, the victorious army of Northern Virginia had been in quick pursuit of its flying foe to the then probable capture of Baltimore and of Washington, there can be no reasonable doubt that the fact would have become the long-sought pretext for foreign intervention with its horrid brood of consequences. But the Army of the Potomac stood in its tracks—shaken but yet firm, weakened but yet defiant, threatened but

yet victorious. It remained master. The Army of Northern Virginia it was which sped its way to the camps from which it came, and whence it never afterward took a northern step. As it disappeared there also disappeared all opportunity for intervention. And Gettysburg, having escaped the misfortune of witnessing the wounding unto death of Liberty and Union, rose to be the venerated spot on which free institutions received their efficacious baptism of fire and blood.

In order to comprehend Gettysburg as a great historic name, and as a special place in the world, it is necessary to know exactly what each side represented in this death struggle. For this the official data are available -data which cannot be confused or denied, and must not be forgotten. The differences between the two were radical and unmistakable; were written down at the time in justification for action taken, and were put in issue when appeal was made to the God of Battles. The "other side," by its declarations of that date, fought for the theory that our common Constitution had created a confederacy of states, and had not formed a union of the people of the states. They fought for the existence in that confederacy of an indefeasible right in each state to secede from it on every pretext deemed good by each state, and against the right of the Union to prevent the withdrawal from it of the people of any state on any pretext. They fought for the right of two governments and two peoples, to divide between them the territory of the Union, and against the right of one government and one people to preserve as its perpetual home, the magnificent empire won and given by the fathers. And they fought that human slavery, instead of remaining a system local to, and controlled by, states, and with only qualified but defined rights in the Union, should be made the universal dominating interest in the confederacy—absolute everywhere as to rights, its characteristic institution, the very "cornerstone" of its fabric, the dictator of its policies, and a chief object in its life.

These fundamental differences were brought by common consent, at Gettysburg, to the point of the bayonet and the mouth of the cannon, to be settled, after gigantic combat, by those grim and imperious judges from whose decision there is no appeal. Every soldier who fought in either army, therefore, fought willingly or unwillingly, consciously or uncon-

sciously, for or against the ideas involved in these differences. And Gettysburg has thenceforth stood, and will stand while history endures, as a synonym for an indivisible government under the Constitution, with freedom and equal rights for all as the pervading purpose of the former, and as the perpetual inspiration of the latter.

Feelings of unspeakable thankfulness for this great gift have impelled the participating states to mark this field, as no field has been marked from the beginning of the world unto this day. Already there are upon it two hundred and eighty-seven memorial stones and structures, which are located with historical accuracy upon the lines of battle of the Union Army, twelve miles in extent. Every regimental position has been or will be marked. And every tragic spot will be indicated upon this unique locality now known to have been the point expected and preferred by the commander of the invading army for the collision—the convergence to it of roads from all directions within a radius of fifty miles, having indicated it as the probable seat of battle with the defensive army of the Union.

Thus by a series of military events not specifically planned by either side, this battle of the giants came to be within the lines of Penn, but few miles from the lines of Calvert—the line between the two having long been the separation between the states of the free and the states of the slave. The distinction which then came to Pennsylvania, and which will be to it as a crown throughout the ages, found it neither unprepared nor unworthy. No region in the Union has a prouder political lineage than this in which we are. It was solemnly dedicated, over two hundred years ago, by its wise, unselfish and humane founder, to "kindness and goodness and charity," through forms of government intended to give freedom in order that the colonists might be happy. As colony and as commonwealth, the record of Pennsylvania is radiant with acts of mercy and justice and virtue. Early in the struggle for independence, patriotic fervor drove it to the front, and troops from this neighborhood were among the first to hurry, in 1775, after Bunker Hill, to the help of the colonists of New England whose cause they made their own. When independence was proclaimed, it was on the soil of Pennsylvania that its language was first heard. While the country was in the

throes of the revolution, in 1780, seven years before the passage of the great northwestern ordinance, it was Pennsylvania—a name "already dear throughout the world as a symbol of freedom"—which, first of the thirteen, "led the way towards introducing freedom for all," by passing the act of emancipation, which restored and established within it the rights of human nature—giving as reasons therefore thankfulness for escape from danger and a desire to give a substantial proof of gratitude, the duty of proving the sincerity of their professions in favor of freedom and the peculiar pleasure of adding "one more step to universal civilization."

When independence was won, and the convention of 1787 produced, within its chief city, the Constitution of the United States, "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," Pennsylvania, in its deep yearning for nationality, was one of the first two states, and the first of the large states, to greet and ratify it; and from that august moment to this is has, without default or stint, given to the safety of that Constitution and to the growth of that Union the sturdy service of its strong hands and the measureless wealth of its rich heart.

It must, therefore, be regarded as a supreme historic felicity that upon a territory so dedicated, among a people so molded and so trained, and in a State so distinguished, in which over eighty years before, had been struck the first ringing blow for human freedom, was here struck the decisive blow, in the fullness of time and in a Titanic struggle, for the salvation of our Constitution, the maintenance of our Union, and the rescue of the imperilled rights of human nature; and that, in this mighty contest, it was from out these peaceful and beautiful hills, for years the silent watchers and the shielding friends of fleeing bondmen, bondwomen and bondchildren, when, suddenly, as in the twinkling of an eye, transformed by the subtle alchemy of battle, into quaking, smoking, cloud-capped, blood-drenched mounts, there issued in clear and resolute voice, amid the lightning flashes of artillery and the thunderous roar of musketry, the thrilling but just sentence that, as the expiation for all this suffering and as the punishment for all this wrong, both our Union and our Constitution shall remain inviolate, and our country shall no longer

contain a slave. Then, and therein, had Gettysburg its consecration.

Honored Governor of our illustrious Commonwealth! I accept from your hands, by direction of the Battle-field Memorial Association, the gifts which are the embodiment of the people's gratitude; and, fully realizing what they represent and what our duty is and will be towards them, promise you to devote ourselves to their care as to a religious duty of highest obligation.

PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE DAY

GETTYSBURG,

SEPTEMBER 2d, 1890.

PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE DAY,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1890, 1.30 P. M.

CEREMONIES AT THE ROSTRUM OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, GETTYSBURG, PA.

Hon. ANDREW G. CURTIN, Presiding,

War Governor of the Commonwealth, 1861-1866.

Music, FRANKFORD BAND, of Philadelphia.

Prayer, Chaplain J. HERVEY BEALE.

Choir, "DROPPING FROM THE RANKS."

"The Organization of the Reserves,"
Hon. ANDREW G. CURTIN.

"The Commanders of the Reserves,"
Colonel JOHN H. TAGGART.

Music, FRANKFORD BAND.

"The First Brigade at Gettysburg,"
Brevet Brigadier-General ROBERT A. MCCOY,

"The Third Brigade at Gettysburg,"
Lieutenant W. HAYES GRIER.

POEM, "Major and Surgeon G. B. HOTCHKINS,
Read by First Lieutenant and Adjutant W. P. LLOYD.

Presentation of Monuments to Battle-field Association,
Hon. JAMES A. BEAVER, *Governor of the Commonwealth.*

Acceptance on behalf of Battle-field Association,
Brevet Major CHILL. W. HAZZARD.

Music, FRANKFORD BAND.

THE FIRST BRIGADE AT GETTYSBURG.

Brevet Brigadier-General Robert A. McCoy.

ON the 3d of June, 1863, Brigadier-General S. W. Crawford, of the regular army, an able and gallant Pennsylvanian, who had won distinction at Fort Sumter, in 1861, and later, as an officer on General Rosecrans' staff, and also as a brigade commander in Banks' army, was assigned to the division and proceeded to prepare it for active service in its camps, near Washington, D. C., to which it had been withdrawn at the urgent solicitation of Governor Curtin, who always vigilantly looked after the welfare of Pennsylvania troops, in order that its ranks might be repleted after the many hard-fought battles in which it had participated.

All then existing vacancies in field and line officers were filled. With some recruits, and the return of many from the hospitals who had been absent, wounded or sick, the division was soon in good condition for the field; and both Reynolds, of the First Corps, and Meade, of the Fifth, applied to the War Department to have it assigned to his individual command. After four months of monotonous picket duty experienced on the outposts of the defenses of Washington, it became irksome to the spirit of the corps, accustomed, as it had been, to most active and severe service at the front, and when rumors of a threatened invasion into Maryland and Pennsylvania followed close upon the battle of Chancellorsville, fought on the 3d of May, 1863, which were made significant by a call for the militia of the state by Governor Curtin, on the 12th of June, for her defense, the old veterans became restive and petitioned the general government to return them to the Army of the Potomac. On the 12th of June, coincident with the state proclamation, though no danger was then apprehended at Washington of any invasion, Lee flushed and emboldened by his past

successes, which he believed augured well for the success of other plans that were far-reaching in their effect, left his position south of the Rappahannock, and started on a cautious movement toward the Shenandoah Valley tending towards the north. By the next day Hooker was also on the move, closely watching the unfolding of the enemy's plan. After capturing Winchester, on the night of the 14th, the advance rebel cavalry, under Jenkins, crossed the Potomac and pushed rapidly through to Chambersburg, Pa., followed by Ewell's Corps, on the 16th, that raided by division, north upon Chambersburg, York and Carlisle, and also westward up the Potomac to Cumberland, Md. By these several movements Lee had hoped to draw the Army of the Potomac into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and then with the balance of his army he would move by Snicker's and Ashby's gaps, in the Blue Ridge, upon Washington, and strike from the south side. But the plan not having the desired effect upon Hooker, he suddenly pushed forward his whole army into Maryland on the 24th and 25th, and rapidly advanced into Pennsylvania with the purpose to plunder and destroy, if he could not succeed in transferring the battle-ground from Virginia. Hooker, who had advanced according to the movements of Lee, then started in pursuit, and on the 25th crossed the Potomac at Berlin and Edwards' Ferry, and proceeded to Frederick Md., thus keeping between Washington and the enemy, who had crossed at Williamsport and Falling Waters. On the 23d, orders were issued from the War Department for the Pennsylvania Reserves to join the main army at Frederick, though the Second Brigade was detained for defense at Washington. The regiments of the First and Third Brigades were withdrawn from their various out-posts, and by five o'clock that afternoon were on the move. On the 27th, the Potomac was crossed at Edwards' Ferry, and on Sunday, the 28th, the division reached the army at Frederick, and was assigned as the Third Division, Fifth Army Corps, the same position it held through the Peninsular campaign. To their surprise they found General Sykes taking command as successor to General Meade, who, that morning, had received the appointment of commander of the Army of the Potomac ,in place of Hooker, suddenly relieved at his own request. The same breath that heralded to the astonished troops the retirement of the one, through his own farewell

order to the army, announced the appointment of the other, and his acceptance of the command. And whatever may have been the private individual judgment, not a murmur of discontent arose from that well-disciplined and loyal body of men to question the wisdom that decided the rise and fall of its commanders. Space will not permit going into the details of this sudden change on the eve of a great battle, nor the cause that inspired it; suffice it to say that they were neither just nor generous to "fighting Joe Hooker," nor creditable to General-in-Chief Halleck.

As a part of the secret and unwritten history of the selection of a successor to Hooker, when it had been determined to relieve him, it is worthy of record that from the long list of able generals in the Army of the Potomac, the only names voted upon by the Cabinet for the position were Reynolds and Meade, both of whom had risen into fame as commanders of the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps. No greater compliment could have been paid to the corps than this, and the fact, that in consideration of its two great chieftains, a single vote alone decided which should wear the highest honors. From Frederick the division moved at noon on the 29th, as rear guard to the long artillery and ammunition trains, which at times greatly impeded progress, but, after long delays, it moved so rapidly forward that lost time was recovered in very severe marches, reaching Uniontown, Maryland, on the evening of the 30th, where it encamped for the night. On the afternoon of July 1st, the division was halted at the state line to hear a most patriotic and stirring address from General Crawford. Looking over into their own loved state with all the pride of their patriotic hearts, the enthusiasm of the men became almost unbounded, and as they crossed the line with cheer after cheer there was determination to fight as they had never fought before to drive the invader from the soil of their native state. The march from the state line to Gettysburg, via Hanover and McSherrystown, was almost continuous and very fatiguing, and, as but little time could be allowed for either sleep or rest, sorely tried the physical endurance of the men. But they were in most excellent spirits, and but little straggling took place. Perhaps never was greater effort made to keep up, and as they approached Gettysburg, knowing that the battle had already

been forced and that General Reynolds had fallen, it proved a stimulus to more than ordinary power to overcome fatigue, and helped the sick and the weak to force their waning strength. The death of General Reynolds was received with demonstrations of sincere sorrow by the old Reserves. He was the only one of the original quartette of her commanders that death had summoned, and from the battle-field. Brave, generous and true, his courage never failed where duty called. It was while conspicuously prominent in posting his troops, July 1st,—a target for the enemy's fire, that the fatal bullet pierced his neck and he fell—dying almost instantly. His remains were taken to Lancaster, the city of his birth, where, on July 4th, midst tolling bells and muffled drums, and solemn requiems sadly chanted—all that was mortal was laid away in quiet rest until that day when carnal strife is lost in everlasting peace. The division arrived on the field of battle on the morning of Thursday, the 2d of July, and joined the Fifth Corps at a point where the Baltimore pike crosses Rock creek, and was posted in the rear of the right of the line of the army as a support, that position being then threatened by the enemy. About three o'clock the Fifth Corps was moved from its position near the extreme right to the left of the line where General Crawford was ordered to mass the division near the east slope of Little Round Top, where guns and ammunition were inspected. The men were impatient to engage in the terrible conflict raging in their front, and into which they knew they would soon be ordered, but for the time being the topography hid from them the panorama of bloody war taking place in their front.

The line of battle for the second day lay along Cemetery Ridge from Culp's Hill, on the right, to Round Top, on the left, and the disposition of the troops was as follows: On the extreme right, on Culp's Hill, with its right flank extending to Rock creek and the Baltimore pike, lay the Twelfth Corps, with Wadsworth's division of the First on its left; connecting on the left flank of this division, and along Cemetery Ridge, lay the Eleventh Corps, with the First, Second, Third and Fifth Corps prolonging the line to Round Top, or rather such appears to have been the plan of the original line. But in taking position that afternoon the Third Corps, General Sickles, advanced to a ridge about three-quarters of a mile to the

front, along and beyond the Emmitsburg road, into the presence of a large body of the rebel army, with his line on the right stretching along the front of a part of the Second Corps, and the left down through the peach orchard, wheat-field and woods to the Devil's Den, in the ravine in front of Round Top. The position was one of extreme peril, and troops less brave and disciplined than the gallant old Third Corps would not have battled as they did against such odds until relief came. General Hancock placed his First Division to cover its right flank, and sent Caldwell's division to strengthen the line on the left. Fortunately the Fifth Corps had just arrived, and Griffin's division, commanded by Barnes, and Ayres' division, regulars, were also thrown in on the left, where the most desperate struggle ensued for the possession of Round Top. While this contest was raging, and the Union forces battled and held their ground as a wall of iron, General Sykes ordered General Crawford to the slope of the rocky ridge to the right and front of Little Round Top, to cover the troops engaged in the front should it become necessary for them to fall back. This movement placed the Third Brigade pretty well down the rocky slope with the Eleventh Regiment in the rear of the brigade, and in front of the First Regiment of the First Brigade.

At this juncture, and while the division was being massed left in front, an order was received by General Crawford to send one of his brigades to the assistance of Vincent, then closely engaged with the enemy on the slopes of Big Round Top; Fisher's Third Brigade was designated for this service, and filed out by regiment to the left. While this movement was being executed our troops in front, borne down by superior numbers and pressed back, though contesting every inch of ground from the peach orchard to the wheat-field and stone wall suddenly broke and fell back in confusion across Plum run, closely pursued by the enemy who sought to cut through the Union forces and seize the batteries on the left with Weed's Hill and Round Top. The moment of time was most critical. On it hung the destiny of the day, and the fate of the battle of Gettysburg—for a two days' loss of position would scarcely insure victory for the third. To stem the tide of disaster, General Crawford personally ordered Colonel Jackson not to move the Eleventh Regiment out with the

Third Brigade, but to remain in position where he was, in front of the First Brigade. The First Brigade then moved rapidly forward to the ground vacated by the four regiments of Fisher's brigade. This placed the men within the range of the enemy's musketry fire, which was particularly severe on the Eleventh Regiment. Here Lieutenant John O'Hara Woods and a number of enlisted men were killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Porter and Lieutenant Fulton and many men wounded, with casualties in each of the other regiments of the brigade.

It was a position requiring the highest qualities of the veteran soldier, but the men who fought at Dranesville, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, New Market Cross Roads, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg held it unmovable with their comrades falling about them, only eager and impatient to meet the enemy and add new laurels to those already won. During this time Colonel McCandless was forming his brigade into two lines of battle—the first line composed of the Sixth, Colonel Wellington Ent, which was to the right and rear of the Eleventh, Colonel S. M. Jackson, and the First Regiment, Colonel William Cooper Talley, on the left. The second line being massed on the first —the Second Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Woodward, and the First Rifles (Bucktails), Colonel Charles Frederick Taylor, on the left.

But before this movement could be fully carried out, and our front being practically uncovered by the broken masses of troops retreating past us, and the enemy being at close range, the front line opened fire.

The Eleventh was armed with smooth-bore muskets, and, in addition to the usual charge of "buck and ball," the men, realizing that the engagement would be at close quarters, had added additional charges of "buckshot." Never before in the history of its service did the Eleventh deliver a volley with such terrible effect, each musket sending, as it were, a handful of death-dealing balls into the ranks of the exultant enemy advancing so confidently with shouts of victory. But it was only to receive a volley that sent many of them reeling in the agonies of pain and death, while their comrades, broken and

dismayed, had no time to re-form before the order was given, *Forward, double quick*—CHARGE.

With the furious battle yell peculiar with the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, and well remembered by "Stonewall" Jackson's men, against whom they were so often matched, the brigade swept down the declivity, following their gallant leader, General Crawford (who carried the colors of the First Regiment on horseback), over the boulders of granite and swampy ground of Plum run, deploying as they went and hurling back the enemy, drove him across the plain, over the stone wall, through the woods and wheat-field, until the lateness of the hour made it imprudent to push farther into the enemy's lines. But it was enough, the tide was turned, a portion of the lost ground regained, many prisoners taken, and the day saved, and by this charge, so daring, effective and decisive, was an inspiration given to the whole line that brightened hope and renewed confidence in the ultimate success that so gloriously crowned the field of Gettysburg.

With the exception of a strong skirmish line, the command was withdrawn to the stone wall and fence skirting the woods to the right. As they charged the regiments deployed so that when the stone wall was reached, the Sixth was on the extreme right, with the Eleventh, First, Second and Bucktails to its left. The Bucktails, in the charge, were met by a heavy fire on their front and on their left flank from the Devil's Den. Their brave leader, Colonel Charles Frederick Taylor, brother of the late Bayard Taylor, was instantly killed as his regiment took and crossed the stone wall.

The regiments remained in position back of the stone wall until late in the afternoon of the 3d, when General Crawford, under personal direction from General Meade, who anticipated another movement on his left, ordered Colonel McCandless to move his brigade, with the Eleventh Regiment of Fisher's brigade, forward, and capture the battery uncomfortably near his line, and ascertain the position and strength of the enemy beyond and skirting the wheat-field. This movement *was one of the brilliant dashes of the war*, and is modestly and tersely told by Colonel McCandless in his official report: "On the evening of the 3d instant, I was ordered to advance and clear the woods on my front and left, to do which the command had to cross an open field about eight hundred yards wide. The

enemy, noticing this movement, opened a battery directly in front. I pushed the Sixth Regiment through the woods on the right, and drove out the enemy's skirmishers and annoyed the gunners, causing the battery to slacken its fire, and as the remaining regiments of the brigade charged in line, and at a run across the open field, they compelled the enemy to retire. Having cleared the woods in front, and finding a line of the enemy in the woods on my left and at right angles therewith, I charged the enemy directly on the left flank, routing him, capturing nearly two hundred prisoners, among them a lieutenant-colonel, also a stand of colors. The field was strewn with small arms, two or three thousand in number, the majority of which had been piled on brush heaps ready to be burned. The enemy took up a new position on a wooded ridge about a half a mile in advance on our front, and were busy during the night chopping timber and fortifying." The second charge of the First Brigade was a fitting close for such heroic deeds, and when the strength of position of the rebel right, with its great number of batteries playing over their heads, the intrepid push into the enemy's lines away from all supports, thus recovering that entire part of the field covered thickly with the dead and wounded, that from their numbers only revealed how fearful and desperate the conflict had been the day before, was truly a deed of humanity as well as of great courage. The enemy believed *such dash* could only be inspired by the advance of a heavy force, for it was made, as will be remembered, at *a double quick*, with only occasional pausings to fire on the resisting though retreating foe, and the woods alone prevented the enemy from discerning the insignificant number pursuing. As it was now dusk and too late to follow up the advantage gained, the command rested for the night on the position won. The men of the ambulance corps were soon upon the field with stretchers, and began as rapidly as possible to transport the suffering victims of the lost ground of the previous day to the care of the field hospitals, where their wounds were dressed and water and nourishment supplied for the first time in more than twenty-four hours. Such are some of the vicissitudes and terrible sufferings that war imposes. The night was passed in the woods in impenetrable darkness, as any fire or lights would have revealed our position, and well is remembered the sensations of that strange

weird experience among the dead. Hardly a step could be taken without fear or danger of treading on some body corporeal, whether living or lifeless, and the horror of ghostly thoughts that intruded was anything but composing to exhausted nerves and aching muscles. While feeling around for a comfortable place to rest, the hand was just as likely, as was the case more than once, to touch a form whose face was icy cold in death, as that of a comrade in whom the life blood was warmly and strongly pulsating in vigorous life. When the early dawn permitted a look around, the first sight that greeted the eye, close at hand, was the ghastly one of more than one hundred dead Confederates laid out in line for the rude battle-field burial, from which their living comrades had been driven the evening before. The next day, the 4th of July, no advance of any importance was made by either army, beyond reconnoitering the position of the enemy in the immediate front, and sending the cavalry out on the flanks to watch and report the movements of the rebel force. Each army maintained picket lines which kept up the usual exchange of shots, generally without results. Otherwise all was quiet. Meanwhile the time was energetically employed in burying the dead, caring for the wounded and distributing ammunition. After being under fire for forty-three hours, the command was called in from the skirmish line and relieved, about ten o'clock, and withdrawn to the stone wall, where it was again relieved, at one o'clock, by the Second Division, regulars, and ordered to the vicinity of Round Top, where it joined the Third Brigade.

The Confederates were elated with their past successes and confident of a present victory, upon which they expected immediate foreign recognition and aid from the disloyal element in the North, and to transfer the seat of war from the exhausted fields of Virginia to the fertile valleys of Maryland and Pennsylvania. They fought with unusual bravery and hopefulness until after Pickett's charge, when the legions under Meade, instead of a dispirited army were found immovable and equally determined to win success; so that defeat, after most desperate and sanguinary fighting for three days, with an aggregate loss in both armies of 54,000 men, left the Confederate army and people of the South more dejected over their cause and less sanguine of final success than ever before.

Thus was the backbone of the great rebellion broken, and the historian has found *in Gettysburg the decisive battle of the war.*

England has her Waterloo, France her Austerlitz and Germany her Sedan, but the loyal North with equal pride can hand from sire to son for generations yet to come her glorious field of Gettysburg. The days preceding the 4th of July, 1863, found the darkest period in the history of the rebellion for the North. Every interest was at stake, and gloomy fears pervaded cabinet councils and hearthstones. But when on that memorable afternoon the lightning telegraph flashed from the Atlantic to the Pacific: "Gettysburg and Vicksburg are ours," despair vanished and hope again sprang into life with a vigor never to be quenched until final victory crowned our arms at Appomattox.

Glorious 4th of July, 1776—glorious 4th of July, 1863—may their memories thus intertwined in the nation's heart, ever call forth our warmest gratitude. May the enjoyment of our world-renowned heritage of civil and religious liberty ever keep fresh the debt we owe to those who, through great tribulations, established our Declaration of Independence, and those who eighty-seven years later sealed the blood-bought treasure with a second sacrifice of blood-bought victory.

PRAYER.

CHAPLAIN J. HERVEY BEALE.

GOD of our Fathers, we adore and worship Thee, and to Thee, by whose grace and providence we are what we are as a nation; here, Father, from this sacred spot, surrounded by the thousands of known and unknown graves and a few of the survivors of this bloody field, we lift our hearts in rendering thanksgiving and everlasting praise.

We thank Thee for our glorious national heritage, for the magnificent land of wealthy hills and fertile plains, and for

the laws and institutions which make it a land of progress and liberty.

We thank Thee for our Christian sires, lovers of freedom and of God, men of conscience and integrity whose names have jeweled history, and the memory of whose deeds is an inspiration to heroism and patriotic pride.

We thank Thee for Plymouth Rock, for Yorktown, and that in the strength of justice and the might of mercy our arms were plumed with victory at Appomattox.

We thank Thee that through Thy kindness and mercy, the father of our corps and so many of its survivors are here to-day.

We implore Thee, Father, to let heaven's richest blessing rest upon all that are present, the families of the survivors and of the fallen, upon our country and all for whom we should pray; in the name of Christ we ask it all. Amen.

THE COMMANDERS OF THE RESERVES.

Colonel John H. Taggart.

COMRADES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES: We meet to-day to dedicate these monuments to the memory of our fellow-soldiers, our honored commanders. The flight of years but enhance their merits; nor can time dull their record on the roll of fame. These leaders of the troops raised by a great commonwealth were the sons of Pennsylvania, born under her conservative institutions, and mustered beneath her guiding star of equity. They were reared equally upon the principles of constitutional liberty and respect for the rights of property. The first shot fired at the national flag, on Fort Sumter, fired also the northern heart. To a man, Pennsylvanians were, first of all, Americans. The Keystone

State was one among many in that vast sectional strife, but all personal considerations, material interests, even the claims of kindred of her children, never caused them to waver for an instant in their devotion to their country.

While this was the general sentiment, the men who first signed the record of their principles as leaders of our armies, practically staked their lives and fortunes on the hazard of the die; and here the supremacy of moral and physical courage was strikingly displayed by Andrew G. Curtin, the War Governor of Pennsylvania. On his action the issue of the contest hung. Pennsylvania was the Keystone of the Union, and her chief executive personally supported the arch, not only of the nation, but of the geographical territory binding together the North and the South.

Pennsylvania was more closely allied with the South than with the North in ante-bellum days. Her commercial interests and family connections were largely with Maryland, Virginia and other southern states. Many of her institutions were patriarchal. Her policy was one of peace, and her people were thoroughly aware of the magnitude of the impending conflict.

No man was more personally endeared to the whole people of his state than Governor Curtin. His individual acquaintance with them was marvelous. It is alleged that he kissed every baby born in Pennsylvania in 1861 and 1862. Spared to see twenty-five years of peace, and bless his native state, he is to-day the grandest of all the historic figures among his living countrymen.

A partisan administration had consigned to the southern arsenals great stores of munitions of war, and in the South, too, the largest division of the regular army, under General Twiggs, had supinely laid down their arms before the power of the confederacy of the slave states; yet Andrew G. Curtin recognized that Pennsylvania was sound to the core, and that her sons would unflinchingly fight for the preservation of the Union. His work in organizing and arming the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps was not less phenomenal than the sagacity with which he selected George A. McCall to instruct and command them. McCall was a thorough soldier, a great organizer, and his strong personality was impressed upon the Reserves from the time they entered the United States service

until they were mustered out at the expiration of their term of enlistment. He was as mild and gentle as a woman, but firm as a rock in the enforcement of discipline, yet his kindness of heart made him looked up to as a father by his beloved Reserves, and his noble example of heroism in battle, endurance of fatigue and privation on the march and in camp was the admiration of those who felt proud of him as their leader.

General McCall was a Philadelphian by birth, a graduate of the West Point Military Academy of 1822, and an old officer of the regular army. He served with distinction in the war against the Florida Indians in 1836, afterward in the Mexican war, and in 1850 was appointed by President Taylor, inspector-general of the United States army with the rank of colonel, which position he held with great credit to himself until April, 1853, when he resigned his commission, retired from the military service, and remained on his farm in Chester county until the rebellion of the southern people called his countrymen to arms. Immediately thereafter, in April, 1861, Governor Curtin summoned Colonel McCall to Harrisburg, to advise with him on the military situation and assist in the organization of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. His whole heart and soul were in the work. It was his ambition and his pride to make the corps the equal, if not the superior, of any other body of troops either in the regular or volunteer service. How well he succeeded the history of the division attests. After the first battle of Bull Run, if the Pennsylvania Reserves had not been organized, armed and equipped ready for the field, Washington city would have fallen before the victorious foe. The capture of Washington would have been most damaging to the Union cause, as its enemies could then have dictated terms to the conquered Federal government from its capital.

When the Reserves encamped at Tenallytown, on Georgetown Heights, General McCall, on entering the United States service, was commissioned a brigadier-general in the volunteer service. Up to that time the Reserves had not been organized into brigades, being composed of separate regiments, under the command of General McCall, holding a state commission as major-general. In order to perfect their organization into brigades, General McCall recommended to General Simon

Cameron, the then Secretary of War, the assignment of Brigadier-General John F. Reynolds to command the First Brigade, Brigadier-General George G. Meade to command the Second Brigade and Brigadier General E. O. C. Ord to command the Third Brigade.

General McCall's selection of his brigadier-generals showed the wonderful perceptive and discriminating faculties of the man. These officers were all graduates of the Military Academy at West Point, but none of them had ever commanded large bodies of troops until they were assigned to the Reserve Corps. The men were green volunteers, but with such training as they received from these able and enthusiastic officers they rapidly developed into well-disciplined soldiers.

In the words of General John Gibbon, of the regular army, expressed in his address upon the unveiling of the statue of General Meade in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, October 18, 1887, respecting Generals McCall, Reynolds and Ord:

"Meade was especially fortunate in his associates; for George A. McCall, one of the most distinguished officers of his time, was his commander, and the other brigade commanders were destined to inscribe their names high on the glory roll of their country—John F. Reynolds and E. O. C. Ord.

"There were regular officers, who, at the commencement of our civil war, unmindful of the different circumstances under which they were serving, seemed to think there was but one way to enforce discipline in our volunteer forces, and that was by following the old rut and routine of the regular army. Such an idea never found place in the minds of the officers I have mentioned; and the results, as exemplified in the subsequent career of the Pennsylvania Reserves, amply justified the wisdom and sound judgment of those they were fortunate enough to have placed in command over them.

"It was frequently noted during the war and afterwards, how much of the renown gained by volunteer organizations could be traced back to the right direction given to their efforts by the sound judgment, good, hard, common sense, firm hand, and just dealings of the commanders who first took them in charge."

General McCall commanded the Reserves in the brilliant engagement at Dranesville, December 20, 1861, arriving on the ground soon after the action had commenced under the direc-

tion of General Ord, commanding the Third Brigade. This was the first victory of the Union troops after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, and the massacre at Ball's Bluff. McCall also led them in the famous Seven Days' Battles in front of Richmond, and in the battle of Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862, in which the Reserves bore the brunt of the fight and achieved a great success. It was one of the brightest pages in his gallant military record. In the battle of New Market Cross Roads, June 30, 1862, he was captured and taken prisoner to Richmond, and was exchanged, along with General Reynolds, who was captured at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, and both returned to the camp at Harrison's Landing, on the James river, on the 8th of August, 1862. They were most enthusiastically received on their return by the Reserves,

The severity of the Peninsular campaign, and the close confinement in Libby Prison, had so seriously impaired General McCall's health, that he was compelled to return to his home in Chester county to rest and recuperate. After passing several weeks with his family, under constant medical treatment, he became convinced that he was not able to resume his position in the army, and he resigned his commission and retired to private life. After the battle of New Market Cross Roads, General Truman Seymour, who succeeded General Ord in command of the Third Brigade after Ord was promoted to major-general, assumed command of the Reserves until the return of General Reynolds, who, being the ranking officer, took command of the corps at Harrison's Landing on the day of his return to that camp.

General Reynolds was a high-tempered man the ideal Hotspur, as brave as a lion in battle, and perfectly oblivious of danger when in presence of the enemy. His promotion to the command of the First Corps, and his heroic death on the battle-field of Gettysburg, on the first day, are too well known to need repetition here. He died defending the soil of his native state, and yonder monument, reared to his memory on this historic ground by his sorrowing comrades, will attest to future generations the courage and valor he displayed on this sanguinary but glorious field.

General Meade was badly wounded in the battle of New Market Cross Roads, at the head of his brigade, and went to his home in Philadelphia for surgical treatment. Six weeks

after this he rejoined his command, and took part in the second disastrous battle of Bull Run, August 30th, 1862, in which action General Reynolds commanded the Reserve Corps, where he displayed the greatest bravery and courage.

After this the Confederate General Lee made his first invasion of Pennsylvania, in 1862. On the march of the Army of the Potomac to Antietam, General Reynolds, on the 12th of September, was relieved from the command of the Reserve Corps, and assigned to command the Pennsylvania Militia. General Meade succeeded to the command of the Reserves, and fought them most gallantly in the battles at South Mountain, Antietam, and, later on, at Fredericksburg, on December 13, 1862, where, out of 4,500 officers and men going into battle, 1,853 were killed, wounded and missing.

After leaving the Reserves to command the militia, General Reynolds did not return to them, but was assigned to the command of the First Army Corps.

The ability and good generalship displayed by General Meade in commanding first a brigade of the Reserves, and afterwards the whole Reserve Corps, caused him to be promoted to the command of the Fifth Army Corps.

When General Meade left the Reserves to enter upon the higher command, the parting was a sad one on both sides. The officers and men were grieved to lose him, but they felt proud of his promotion. On his part his feelings were truthfully expressed in his farewell order, which was read in presence of all the companies of the Reserves on Christmas Day, 1862, as follows:

"In accordance with Special Order, No. 360, which separates the commanding general from the division, he takes occasion to express to the officers and men that, notwithstanding his just pride at being promoted to a higher command, he experiences a deep feeling of regret at parting from them, with whom he has been so long associated, and to whose services he here acknowledges his indebtedness for whatever of reputation he may have acquired.

"The commanding general will never cease to remember that he belonged to the Reserve Corps. He will watch with eagerness for the deeds of fame which he feels sure they will enact under the command of his successors, and though sadly reduced in numbers from the casualties of battle, yet he knows

the Reserves will always be ready and prompt to uphold the honor and glory of their state."

I have now traced the commanders of the Reserve Corps from its origin down to the second invasion of Pennsylvania by General Lee and the battle of Gettysburg. Meade was suddenly called to a higher plane of duty, to command the veteran Army of the Potomac. He did not solicit that honor. On the contrary, it came unexpectedly upon him as a duty, and, like the good and true soldier that he was, he promptly assumed the command on the 28th of June, 1863, at Frederick City, and three days afterward the most decisive battle of the war began, and in three days more its greatest victory was won.

I shall not attempt to describe the battle of Gettysburg. Other speakers who will follow and who took part in it with the Reserves will do that better than I can. In this great battle the Reserves were commanded by another gallant Pennsylvanian, General Samuel Wylie Crawford, a native of Franklin county. At the battle of Antietam, while in command of the First Division of Mansfield's corps, General Crawford was severely wounded in the thigh, from which he has not recovered to this day. He was rallying a regiment which had broken when he received his wound, but refused to be taken from the field and remained with his men cheering them on to victory.

On the 3d of June, 1863, General Crawford was assigned to command the Reserves. He was their leader in the battle of Gettysburg, and here he displayed the highest qualities of a soldier—good generalship and heroic courage.

General Crawford also commanded the Reserves in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House and Bethesda Church. On the 1st of June, 1864, he issued his farewell order to his war-worn Reserves, assuring them that they had nobly sustained him with unwavering fidelity in the many trying scenes through which they had passed. He regretted that he could not return to Pennsylvania with them, and said it would ever be his pride that he was once their commander, and that side by side they fought in campaigns which will stand unexampled in history. Of all the commanders of the Reserve Corps, General Crawford is the only surviving one.

Comrades, I desire to pay a merited tribute to Brevet Major-General Horatio G. Sickel, of the Third Regiment of Reserves,

who commanded the Reserve Corps for a short time in the early part of 1863, after the battle of Fredericksburg, and was in command of the Second Brigade of the corps at Alexandria, when the battle of Gettysburg was fought. He was a brave, cool and faithful soldier, who entered the army from civil life in 1861, and enjoyed the confidence of every commander of the corps. He died this year, mourned by all his comrades.

General Meade was harshly and most unjustly criticised for his management of the battle of Gettysburg. He was censured for not pursuing and destroying Lee's army. In a conversation in Philadelphia with General Meade some eight years after the battle, I asked him whether, with all the knowledge he had subsequently received of the strength and movements of the Confederate Army, and of his ability to attack Lee on his retreat, he felt that he was justified in doing as he did after the battle.

He replied in nearly these words:—"I am fully convinced that the course I pursued was right. If I had attempted to attack Lee on his retreat, in his stronghold along the Potomac, the result might have been disastrous to the Union cause; and all the fruits of our victory have been lost. It was too great a risk to take, and I am satisfied that I did right in not forcing another battle at that time, in the exhausted condition of our troops. You know how hard General Lee tried to crush General McClellan's army in the Seven Days' Battles, but he failed to do it under much more favorable circumstances than those that existed with the Union troops after the battle of Gettysburg."

General Meade has never had justice done him for the vast service he rendered the nation in the victory at Gettysburg. Burnside failed at Fredericksburg, Hooker made another failure at Chancellorsville, but Meade was a triumphant success on this historic field. He was then at the head of a victorious army, which had achieved the most decisive triumph of the war, and broken the backbone of the rebellion; yet he was forced to submit to the indignity of having General Grant placed over him as his superior in command in the army that Meade had fought so well.

The authorities at Washington probably did it for diplomatic reasons. General Grant was a true soldier, and so was Meade. When Grant was ordered to command the Army of

the Potomac, Meade, as his subordinate, obeyed, as a good soldier should, and gave Grant a hearty and uncomplaining support until the War of the Rebellion ended.

In Philadelphia, where the ashes of McCall and Meade repose, responsive to the vernal sun of each recurring year, the survivors of the Pennsylvania Reserves and their Grand Army comrades march abreast to deck their graves with flowers—emblems of those brightest blossoms of the soul, love, veneration and gratitude. But Decoration Day for us may soon be celebrated in a fairer clime, where generous fruits on trees immortal grow; and ere we pass that silent river, shining brighter with the Christian's hope, we fain would leave a grateful tribute on the battle-field of Gettysburg to General George G. Meade. This is the duty that still remains.

Pennsylvania owes it to herself to here commemorate the glory of the hero who saved her soil from the armies of the devastating foe. To Meade, who repelled the invading enemy, let the Memorial Hall be dedicated, that it may prove the shrine of patriotism for future generations.

A monument to Meade should also be erected in the National Cemetery as a companion piece to that of Reynolds. They were united in life, and in death their glory should not be parted. On Round Top let Memorial Hall arise, a fitting consecration to Meade's great victory on this field. Let it be a treasury of trophies and mementoes of all the Pennsylvania regiments that fought at Gettysburg.

The Board of Commissioners on Gettysburg Monuments have done their duty well in erecting the monuments we dedicate to-day. To no abler hands could the duty of erecting a monument to Meade and a Memorial Hall on Little Round Top be entrusted.

Comrades! We stand upon the battle ground of Truth triumphant! On the field of Gettysburg thousands shed their blood, and gave their last sigh for freedom! Here slavery died amid its worshippers, and here, in enduring marble, we place the record of our comrades' deeds. Words are faint to paint the glories of immortality; but here our hands have raised and our eyes have seen the signs and symbols of lines eternal which shall bear witness through all the ages to come.

When the wild winds of winter hold their revels amid these sacred stones, beneath the snow's soft mantle, or decked with

flowers of spring, these monuments will still remain the tokens of the perennial honor, love and affection in which we hold the memory of our commanders.

In the inimitable thought of President Lincoln, when he stood upon this hallowed ground, rather let us say that these monuments dedicate us, the fellow soldiers of the brave, to the service of a deathless memory and love of country. For these there needs no tear nor melancholy sigh. Life can give no more than death, after well-earned glory; nor has the tomb its chill for him who sleeps beneath the soldier's flag.

THE THIRD BRIGADE AT GETTYSBURG.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HAYES GRIER.

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You have listened to the man who called into being, as soldiers, every man who wore the blue, from Pennsylvania, during the war, and who was known in my boyhood days as the "silver-tongued orator from Snowshoe;" you have listened to the talented editor who commanded regiments and brigades; you have listened to the scholar and soldier, who had much to do with the inside workings of the division, and you will hear from the brilliant soldier, who is the honored Governor of this Commonwealth, and last, but not least, you will hear from Major Chill. W. Hazzard, the humorist from the banks of the Monongahela, and in their midst, or as it were, like the meat in a sandwich, stands the high private in the rear rank. And now, comrades, what do you think would have been the status of this crowd of speakers, along the Potomac, in 1863? I can tell you, with the exception of the private, all of them would have been sitting in a marquee, sipping Apollinaris water, and your humble servant, with a gun on his shoulder, would have been marching up and down in front of the tent, giving them that protection they so much needed. And as long as the soldier kept guard they would have been safe. They may

need care to-day and that may be the reason why a private was injected into the programme, as a little leaven sometimes leavens the whole lump. They won fame in their country's service, but back of it all stands the private soldier. They, no doubt, appreciate the fact that without the work of the private soldier they would yet be with us, in the ranks of the common herd.

We do not envy them their good luck, and hope each one may yet be invited to go higher and higher.

To sing the story of a brigade's heroic deeds in battle may seem to be an easy task, but when it is considered that over twenty-seven years have come and gone since the battle of Gettysburg was fought and won, you may well ask one another whether it is possible for memory to enable you to give any of the details of the action or services of any brigade with which you may have been connected. Those of you who were, as I was, an enlisted man in the ranks, can readily appreciate the fact that the duty assigned me is about as hard as was the scaling of Round Top at midnight. A private soldier knew but little of what occurred outside of his own company or regiment, and when he did get any information concerning his brigade, division or corps, he received it from the newspapers. He read it to-day and forgot it to-morrow, because it was not impressed upon his mind with the vividness and distinctness that came from actual experience.

When the genial secretary of the Monument Commission wrote me extending an invitation to "make an address that should relate to the services of the Third Brigade in battle," I was surprised, and when in his invitation he further said that these "addresses will be embraced in a volume in connection with other dedicatory services to be published by the state, and will therefore be matters of history," I was more than surprised. The secretary knew full well that I was not in sympathy with the project of placing tomb-stones or markers as monuments for the Reserve regiments, and I concluded that his kind invitation was a trap in which to catch a fellow who would not otherwise work well in harness. I hesitated about accepting the trust, and can explain in a very few sentences why I did not show my usual alacrity whenever anything pertaining to the Old Reserves was on the tapis.

The grand idea of a "Memorial Hall" on the battle-field or-

iginated in the mind of the great and glorious War Governor, Andrew G. Curtin, and he presented the idea so strongly to the different committees of the different regiments, that they followed him almost unanimously. They obeyed his call in 1861 and never regretted that they had him for their godfather; they fell in with his idea of a "Memorial Hall," and it became part of their nature. The glorious "old man" met the boys in different sections of the state, always carrying with him the plans and specifications for his cherished "Memorial Hall." Shortly after the assembling of the Legislature in 1889, he again met representatives of the regiments in the Adjutant General's office, at Harrisburg, and then and there was drafted a bill that, if passed and approved, would give us a "Pennsylvania Memorial Hall" that would be a credit to the state, and overshadow any and everything erected by other states on the battle-field of Gettysburg. In that bill we were not selfish, but had a genuine feeling of comradeship for our brother soldiers of Pennsylvania, as it contained a provision that "each and every regiment from our glorious old state, engaged in the battle, should have a tablet in the wall to recount its services, and relate its history." When the bill was finished and presented to the Legislature we went home feeling happy. Under the provisions of the Kauffman bill providing for the erection of monuments on the battle-field, the Reserves were entitled to a lump sum of $13,500, and the amount asked for in the Memorial Hall bill was but $25,000, and in asking for the additional $11,500 we purposed, as I have before stated, taking care of the other regiments from our state. The Legislature kindly passed the bill, and again we were in high feather, for now our "Memorial Hall" was regarded as a certainty. Kind friends flocked to our aid. One party offered us the ground, another the granite, another the glass, and a fourth one came in with an offer of all the iron necessary for its erection. The building was to have been built of granite, iron and glass, and with the generous tenders of all the articles needed, we saw our way clear to erect with the $25,000 granted us by the Legislature, a soldiers' monument or memorial hall worthy of the memory of the dead who surrendered their lives in repelling Rebel invasion of the old Keystone.

But on a bright May morning the papers of the State sent a cold chill down the backs of every Reserve soldier. There, in

cold type, was spread out the fact that our soldier comrade, Governor Beaver, had vetoed the bill giving us our Memorial Hall "for constitutional reasons." We were displeased, disgruntled, and some of us condemned him in severe terms. We were probably wrong, for he was too good a soldier to do us an injustice, and we must be content in believing that he was doing his duty as he saw it, in vetoing the measure. We regret that he found it necessary to dash to the ground our fondest hopes. We have every reason to believe that he was, personally, in sympathy with our project, for "he himself hath said it."

That veto dampened our ardor but did not entirely submerge us. We met again and again and made several attempts to devise ways and means to get our Memorial Hall, but in the end the veto was victorious. The law authorizing the erection of the monuments and the appointment of a Commission, gave the Commission appointed under that law no alternative but to go ahead and execute it. They exceeded their authority in granting us time to appeal to the Legislature, and patiently awaited our venture in that direction. While some have been disposed, your speaker among the number, to censure the Commission for what they deemed an attempt not to give proper recognition to the Reserves, we now feel like saying that it was merely a case of diamond cut diamond. The Reserve committee did not like the Commission, or some parts of it, and to a certain extent ignored it, and received the same treatment in return when the plans for the monuments of some of the regiments were ready for the chisel of the sculptor. We never saw the designs, and we suppose it was because we had no business with them.

But to-day we are here to dedicate the monuments. We have them in place of the Memorial Hall, and we are indebted to the Commission for them. It is our duty to thank them for their work, for it was a labor of love, and not of emoluments, but, on the contrary, vexation of spirit was often their portion. Their work has been completed and they can rest content in the knowledge of the fact that they performed their whole duty under the law.

The "services of the Third Brigade" in this battle can be told in a few sentences. On many another hard-fought field the "Third Brigade" performed greater work and lost many more

brave men than it did at Gettysburg, but that was not the fault of the brigade. It was because the opportunity for actual conflict was not presented us, although the places occupied by the different regiments were positions of importance and were held and would have been held against all comers. The brigade was under the command of General Joseph W. Fisher, and was composed of the Fifth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Regiments. The first day's fight found us on the road, having left Uniontown, Md., at 5 o'clock in the morning. We were on the extreme right of the army, and at 6 o'clock in the evening we were within five miles of Hanover. Here we exchanged our cartridges and prepared for an emergency, and then started again and marched until 1 o'clock on the morning of the second, and encamped five miles this side of Hanover. Here we learned of the death of the lamented Reynolds. On the morning of the second we broke camp at 5 a. m., and marched two miles and halted for breakfast. We then moved and arrived near Gettysburg at noon. Rested until 5 p. m., when we were ordered forward, and just at the time the First Brigade made its memorable charge. At this time, and the place being to the right of Little Round Top, our brigade was separated. The Fifth and Twelfth Regiments were sent to Big Round Top, and in connection with a skirmish line from the Twentieth Maine, occupied the hill from the summit to the ravine at its foot, the Fifth being at the top of the hill and the Twelfth on its right. In those places they remained until the morning of the 4th of July when their positions were reversed. Our friend Bachelder has the positions on his map as they were on the morning of the 4th, but not as they were during the battle.

Right here I think it proper to challenge the location of the Twelfth Reserves' monument. If it is intended to mark the spot occupied by the regiment on the 4th of July, or after the battle, then it is correct, but if it is intended to mark its location during the engagement, then it is a fraud on the regiment, and falsifies history. It agrees with Bachelder's map,* but that is not correct, as far as regards the Fifth and Twelfth Regiments. I do not make this assertion from memory, but evidence written at the time, in my diary, and which is yet in

*The positions as shown upon the map were marked by the Commander of the brigade, Brigadier-General J. W. Fisher, in the Fall of 1863.

my possession, and I stand ready to prove the truth of my assertion.

The Ninth and Tenth Regiments occupied the valley between Big and Little Round Top, and the Eleventh was between the Trostle House and the wheat-field along with the First Brigade.

Our work was mainly one of watching the movements of the enemy and holding the keys of the field. While the Third Brigade, as well as the First and Second, was always ready to obey orders, it was the luck of chance or the luck of war that prevented us from accompanying the First Brigade down into the valley of death. We saw them starting and knew that it meant death to many—and when we started in another direction we knew not whither we were going, but like good soldiers followed our leader, trusting to a kind and over-ruling Providence to give us victory over death and the enemy.

And here to-day we stand rendering homage to our comrades who fell in the fore-front of battle twenty-seven years ago. The nation yet mourns their loss, but it will take another generation before their familiar faces will be missed at their home firesides.

TRANSFER OF THE MONUMENTS TO THE BATTLE-FIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

HON. JAMES A. BEAVER, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

MR. PRESIDENT: After what you have told us of the organization of the Reserves, after what we have heard from those well able to tell it, of the story of its commanders, and of the part taken in the battle by those regimental organizations which were present, it is certainly not necessary, and would scarcely be becoming in me to attempt to say anything in regard to that famous organization.

It seems to me, however, ladies and gentlemen, that it is entirely proper for me to speak very briefly, before the formal presentation of the monuments which mark the part taken by the Pennsylvania Reserve regiments in the battle of Gettysburg, to the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association, of the wise forethought and patriotic impulse which suggested the organization of that famous corps.

No single act of any individual executive of any of the several states which supported the government in the war of secession displayed more of wisdom and more of patriotism, or exerted a more decided influence upon the immediate and final results of that war, than the proclamation of our distinguished chairman—then the Chief Executive of this Commonwealth—convening the Legislature of Pennsylvania in special session for the purpose of providing for the defense of the state and the future exigencies of the government.

The prescience of the needs of the state, and the necessities of the nation therein exhibited, were remarkable, and, in view of subsequent events, almost prophetic. The grasp of the situation, as thus shown by the Governor, and the subsequent adoption and embodiment of his recommendations in appropriate form by the legislative branch of the government of Pennsylvania, had a controlling influence in determining the status of Pennsylvania as one of, if not the foremost, defender of the Union, and in saving the country from disaster and her arms from disgraceful defeat.

I do not undervalue the service of the distinguished men who filled, and filled worthily, the place of chief executive of our loyal states. Their patriotic purpose, wise plans and energetic efforts, are well known and fully appreciated. It is nevertheless true, however, that the Governor of Pennsylvania seemed to grasp more fully and to recommend more clearly, the things which were absolutely necessary in order that the war might be as brief, and its inevitable results as little hurtful to our people as possible. When it is remembered that the proclamation of the Governor convening the Legislature in extraordinary session, for the purposes therein set forth, was issued at a time when Pennsylvania's quota of troops under the first call of the President of the United States for seventy-five thousand men had scarcely more than

been filled, the extraordinary character of his plans and purposes became more fully apparent. The "long line of border on states seriously disaffected and which must be protected," was clearly set forth; and, "the necessity for furnishing ready support to those who have gone out to protect our borders," was duly emphasized. The recommendation for "the immediate organization, disciplining and arming of at least fifteen regiments of infantry, exclusive of those called into the service of the United States," almost necessarily followed and was quickly consummated.

It is needless to speculate upon the results which must have followed if Pennsylvania had been permitted to employ this magnificent body of citizen soldiery upon her southern border, as was contemplated in its original organization. In its inception, designed primarily and specially for that purpose, this compact and thoroughly well-trained division would have afforded ample protection to the citizens of Pennsylvania from the incursions made from time to time by those who were in armed rebellion against the authority of the general government, and would have prevented the enormous losses which were necessarily entailed upon our people by the temporary invasion of hostile armies and predatory raids of hungry cavalry. It is almost certain that if the Pennsylvania Reserve Division had been employed in the service for which it was originally designed, the battle of Gettysburg would not have been fought. Chambersburg would not have been burned, and no organization of insurgent forces would ever have looked upon the capital of our state.

The authorities of Pennsylvania were in advance of those of the general government, however, and when the necessity arose, true to her loyal instincts and resolves, our Reserve Corps was transferred to the general service, and our border left to be cared for as the exigencies of war might dictate. This first experience was sufficient to demonstrate the futility of the organization of any body of troops to be employed and maintained under state control, and subsequent events made this more painfully apparent. Even the large bodies of militia, organized and equipped during the several emergencies when Pennsylvania's border was threatened, her territory invaded, and her citizens temporarily driven from their homes and subjected to great loss, were transferred as soon as placed

in the field to the direction and control of officers of the general government.

The protection of our border was not the only object of the organization of our Reserve Corps, however. The necessities of the general government, occasioned by the retirement of men from Pennsylvania and elsewhere, who had been mustered into the military service for three months, demanded its transfer to a broader and more immediate sphere of operations, and when that demand was formally made the whole force, organized and equipped under the foresight and energy of the Pennsylvania authorities, was transferred to and become a part, although a very distinctive part, of the armies of the United States. In consequence of that transfer, a portion of the regiments of the corps took part in the battle of Gettysburg, as you have already heard, and we are here and now assembled to transfer to the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association the artistic monuments which mark that service, and which will testify to the on-coming generations the faithfulness and the heroism with which it was rendered. These monuments stand upon a conspicuous portion of the battle-field. They have already attracted much attention, and will make still more prominent and interesting that portion of the field.

Pennsylvania has a right to be proud of the part taken by her citizen soldiery in the great battle fought upon her soil, and acknowledges the services thus rendered with gratitude. At every critical period of the conflict Pennsylvania seems to have been prominent, but at no time, perhaps, did her sons render more faithful service, and secure more abiding and satisfactory results than when the two brigades of the Pennsylvania Reserves, in the Third Division of the Fifth Corps, made the famous charge which saved our left flank, and gave full and final possession of Round Top and Little Round Top and their approaches to the Federal Army. This service, and that which was rendered by the cavalry and artillery of the Reserve Corps, are commemorated by these monuments. We formally transfer them to the care and custody of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association.

As the representative of the commonwealth, acting under the instructions of the Commissioners appointed for the erection of Pennsylvania's monuments upon this field, I have the

honor to make this formal transfer, assured that no similar monuments commemorate more distinguished and heroic service.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE MONUMENTS.

By Brevet Major Chill. W. Hazzard,
Of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association.

What Mean These Stones?

WE READ in the Bible of Joshua: How that great General, in his campaign against Jericho, when he came to the Jordan, the river parted, and the children of Israel passed over dry shod.

And they called the place Gilgal.

In commemoration of this event the Lord directed Joshua to have one man from each tribe take up a stone, and having come to the other side, build there a monument.

And the reason of it was this: So that, when your children ask, in time to come, "What mean these stones?" it shall be told them that the Lord showed his favor to the children of Israel.

The monument set up at Gilgal was to "tell the story" to the children in time to come.

You are here to-day to set up a pile of stones, as did Israel at Gilgal, to tell the story to those who may come after you, and who will ask, "What mean these stones?"

Before we answer the question let us journey upon the earth, and make the same inquiry of other monuments that have been builded by the children of men.

Let us start at Gilgal and go over by the Nile. There stand the pyramids. What mean these stones? They mean that Ramesis, in his ambition to be remembered forever, built the pyramids as monuments for himself and his wives that his name should never be forgotten. It was human endeavor to

buy with riches eternal fame. How absolutely it failed. Not only has his name faded from the memory of men, but he himself was not even buried there. When, forty centuries later, the tomb is forced, the sepulcher is empty.

We stand beside the Grecian Acropolis at Athens and ask, "What mean these stones?" The answer comes, "This was once a pile of beauty—the most famous of its kind in all history—set up to perpetuate the greatness of the land of art and philosophy; the intellectual leader of the classic world.

The Acropolis is in ruins. Greece is a power no more.

We stand beside the Coliseum at Rome, and ask, "What mean these stones?" They mean that Rome was once the mistress of the world, her emperors all powerful, her armies invincible; they mean that this power, unchecked by Christian influences, became cruel, and that within the walls of the great amphitheatre, Christian martyrs were "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

When the children of men stand beside the foundation stones of the Obelisks along the Nile, they ask, "What mean these stones?" The story is soon told. An Egyptian princess carved the record of her beauty and her riches upon the Cleopatrian Needles, and set them up to remain for all time. Now one stands by the Thames, the other by the Hudson, and they tell no story to anyone, save that personal greatness, even though writ on granite, will not live forever.

We go to Waterloo, stand beside the lion's mound, and ask, "What mean these stones?" The answer comes, they mean the end of ambition, the end of a conqueror's thrist for blood. They mean that there is a Waterloo for every mere personal thirst for fame alone, and that France and freedom were to live for each other.

We stand before the German monument of "Victory" on the Konigsplatz and ask, "What mean these stones?" They mean the re-unification of Germany and the foundation of a new empire. They tell to Germany the daring deeds of a long-gone past, when the tribes slew the forces of Varus in the defiles, and sent him back to Rome to meet the sorrowful greeting of Augustus, "Oh, Varus, Varus! give me back my legions." But they tell of no slave set free, no bonds broken, no enlargement of human liberty; they tell that the dynasty of Hohenzollern is established. And while Emporor William died the oldest

sovereign in the world, and the most striking figure of the nineteenth century, yet the pile by the Konigsplatz tells only of the divine right of kings, the aristocracy of the Kaiser, and the servitude of subjects. By that pile of stones we catch no glimpse of the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

We come to Bunker Hill monument and ask, "What mean these stones?" They mean that there is to be no government on this soil with taxation without representation; they mean that our forefathers "brought forth on this continent a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

We stand beside Bartholdi's statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and, with our hands upon its broad foundation, ask, "What mean these stones?" They mean that Columbia stands with beacon light to welcome the oppressed of every land and every clime; welcome them to our hearts and our homes; welcome them to the legacy of our freedom and our glory—to an undivided country and an unsullied flag.

And now we have come to-day to stand beside these monuments, these granite markers, set up by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the flower of its soldiery, for its gallant Reserve Corps. And when the children of men come and ask, "What mean these stones?" the answer will not be—they tell us of Curtin, of McCall, of Meade, and Reynolds, and Ord, and Crawford; of Biddle, Roberts and McCandless, and Gallagher; of Sickel and Talley, Mann and Woodward, and Simmons and Fisher; of Ent, and Sinclair, and Henderson and Baily; of Jackson, and McCalmont, and McCoy; of Taggart, and Hardin, and Hartshorne; of Bayard, and Taylor, Easton, Cooper and Ricketts, nor of a hundred others as daring and as noble.

The answer will not be—they will tell us of Dranesville where the Reserve Corps fought and won a victory all its own, nor of Mechanicsville, nor of Gaines' Mill, nor New Market, nor Malvern, nor Bull Run, nor South Mountain; they tell no story of Antietam, nor Fredericksburg, nor Bristoe; no story of Mine Run, nor the Wilderness, nor Spotsylvania, nothing of the North Anna, nor of Bethesda Church. These stones will not even tell to the children of men how the Reserves fought here at Gettysburg.

No—the deeds of men, though writ in granite, fade away.

For ages the school children of Greece were taught to repeat from memory the names of the three hundred who fell at Thermopylæ. Who can tell them now?

What, then, *will* these stones tell to the children of men? The answer has been given by immortal lips. They will tell of Pennsylvanians who died here that this Government of the people shall not perish forever from the earth. These stones, these monuments, will say to the children of men, as Abraham Lincoln said when he dedicated yonder monument: "Gather ye here increased devotion to the cause for which they gave their lives."

And now, in the name of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association, we accept these monuments, and will give them our tenderest care.

SERVICES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES AT GETTYSBURG.

AT a meeting of the survivors of the Pennsylvania Reserves, held at Reading, Penna., June 7, 1886, the following resolution was offered by Colonel P. McDonough, Second Reserves, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, On the second day of the battle of Gettysburg the Pennsylvania Reserves, then forming part of Meade's reserve, were ordered to Little Round Top to save that position, the key of the line of battle, from the then victorious enemy who had driven back the Third Corps under General Sickles and the regulars of their own, the Fifth Corps, under General Sykes; and,

Whereas, By a counter-charge of the Reserves they met and drove the enemy from said position and across the meadow beyond the stone wall, which they wrested from them, and thus saved the day, if not the battle; and,

Whereas, In many of the accounts of that day's fighting great injustice has been done the services of the Reserves, they being in said accounts represented as occupying a position farther to the right and not on Little Round Top, and taking but little part in said action; now that justice be done to the memory of the grand old division,

Resolved, By the Pennsylvania Reserve Association, that a committee of

JULIUS BIEN & CO. LITH. N.Y.

POSITIONS AND LINES OF CHARGES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

seven be appointed by the president to prepare a full and truthful account of the part taken by the division in said battle and submit the same to the association at its next annual meeting.

The president appointed the following-named as the committee:

MAJOR E. M. WOODWARD, Second Reserves, *Chairman.*
COLONEL W. ROSS HARTSHORNE, Bucktails.
COLONEL ROBERT A. MCCOY, Eleventh Reserves.
MAJOR J. A. MCPHERRAN, Fifth Reserves.
COLONEL R. BRUCE RICKETTS, First Reserve Artillery.
WALLACE W. JOHNSTON, Sixth Reserves.
COLONEL P. MCDONOUGH, Second Reserves.

JOHN TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

THE committee, recognizing the importance of the trust confided to them, the many years that had elapsed since the battle, and that the best memory is apt to be covered with the dust of time, at once determined to exhaust all sources of information within their reach, and while getting at the facts as near as possible, to admit no statement that could not be clearly established. For this purpose a portion of the committee met on Little Round Top on the following 2d of July, and, accompanied by General Crawford, Major Chill. Hazzard, and others, they had no trouble in locating the position of the First Brigade, from which it started upon its charge twenty-three years before, or in tracing its steps through all its movements on the field. A portion of the committee remained upon the ground several days, and others of it have since examined the field, in company with many comrades gathered there during the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and reported the information gained to the chairman. It was also deemed of importance that a measurement of the distances of the charges made and other important parts of the field should be made, for which purpose one of the committee, during the winter, visited the field, and,

with chain and compass, accomplished the work, the results of which have been embodied in the report.

In regard to the misstatements that have appeared in print from time to time, and the injustice done our division, the committee deem it unnecessary to refer, believing the true history of that great battle is yet to be written, and trusting with full confidence to the ultimate prevailment of truth. They, however, deem it proper to refer, to some extent, to the articles published in the Philadelphia *Press* of August 4, 1886, entitled "The Federal Disaster on the Left," and on October 20, 1886, entitled "McLaws' Division and the Pennsylvania Reserves on the Second Day at Gettysburg," by "Lafayette McLaws, Major-General commanding McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps." The first article was a reply to Major-General Sickles' Gettysburg address, delivered in that town July 2, 1886. In it Sickles says, "When the battle of the 2d ended * * * Crawford's division of Pennsylvania Reserves held the advanced ground I had occupied as far as the stone fence *beyond* the wheat-field (italics the com.); and this ground, so gallantly won by Crawford and his splendid division, he held all night and next day, and until the retreat of Lee." (Crawford's official report.) One of the maps, prepared by Brevet Major-General Charles K. Graham, accompanying Sickles' speech, as printed in the *National Tribune*, July 22, 1886, also places Crawford's Division on the *west* side of the wheat-field, which doubtlessly was an unintentional mistake, as we will show we occupied the stone wall on the *east* side of the wheat-field. This error must be kept in mind in reading both articles of McLaws'. General McLaws, after quoting the above in his article of August 4, utterly denies the charge of the Reserves and the capture of the stone wall. Quoting from him, he says, "I saw Wofford's Brigade * * * emerge from the woods (evidently Rose's on the west side of the wheat-field) through which it had charged, and I halted it, and asked what was the matter. He said that he had been ordered back by General Longstreet; that he had driven everything in his front and was resting under shelter of a stone wall at foot of Round Top when ordered back; that there was no necessity for his coming." Further on he says, "Up to 11 p. m. there was no advance made against Semmes' Brigade (evidently at the Devil's Den), and as that command could see all over the ground from which Gen-

eral Wofford retired, they could tell if any Pennsylvania Reserves or any other body of men advanced on that day, the 2d, to re-occupy the ground left vacant by Wofford. I feel warranted in saying that there was no advance on the 2d by the Federals to re-take the positions won from them on that day."

This article was ably replied to by General Crawford, in the *Press,* in which he gave the movements of our division on both days with accuracy. His reply evoked from General McLaws his second article of October 20, in which he substantiates, in his own opinion, his statements in his first article. The general says, "I accordingly formulated a series of questions which would cover the claim made by General Crawford, and sent a copy to General Wofford, whose reply was never received; to General Humphreys, who commanded the Twenty-first Mississippi, in Barksdale's Brigade; to General Bryan, who commanded a regiment in General Wofford's Brigade in the charge of the 2d; * * * to Colonel McGlosking, [McGlashan], colonel in Semmes' Brigade on the 2d, and others." General Humphreys is quoted as saying, "Wofford's Brigade was not driven back, nor did they go back because they were afraid to fight. Wofford must have gone back by order from some superior authority. * * * I did not know of the Pennsylvania Reserves under Crawford."

General Goode Bryan says, "I can and do most positively assert that my command was not driven back, * * * and I further assert that I received the order to fall back from a courier of General Longstreet. * * * I also positively assert that there was *no enemy on our right or front to cause us to fall back.*" (Italics McLaws'.)

Colonel McGlosking, or McGlashan, who evidently was at the Devil's Den, or to their right of it, says, "It was now dark, but we could distinctly hear great confusion on Little Round Top,—the men hastily throwing up rock intrenchments, the officers cursing * * *."

He mistook Little for Big Round Top, where he heard the tumult of Fisher's assault. Further on he says, "At no time after the first struggle were our lines attacked by any fresh troops of the enemy. * * * I positively assert that no attack was made by General Crawford's Division on any portion of the line.

"I am aware that Wofford, at the extreme line of his ad-

vance, received by some mistake (?) an order from General Longstreet to retire. * * * General Crawford may have made such advance, but there was no serious fighting at the stone fence. Wofford's retreat was by order, and executed without fighting or being pursued, as far as I could see, and was stopped by General McLaws in person, as soon as the mistake was discovered, * * * but it left me powerless to continue the advance."

McLaws says, "On our left was Wofford, but separated from us by the 'wheat-field,' which was thinly covered by straggling men from Wofford and Semmes, and possibly a few of Kershaw's."

We have quoted in full to give General McLaws the advantage of his own statements, but the committee can hardly comprehend how honorable gentlemen, who doubtless sincerely believed in the correctness of their statements, could have allowed the dust of time to so completely settle on their memory. The committee recognizes that in weighing the conflicting statements, fair-minded people will consider the evidence of General McLaws as entitled to as much credence as that of General Crawford; that the Confederate officer's statements equals that of your committee. Therefore, the scales being thus equally balanced in the minds of impartial readers, the committee had to seek other testimony to substantiate their position, and they are happy to say that it is of such a nature that the positive assertions of General McLaws will be laid out as flat as the Reserves laid out his regiments and brigade on those memorable days.

Captain George W. H. Stouch, Third Regiment, U. S. Infantry, now stationed at Fort Shaw, Montana Territory, who, at Gettysburg, was Sergeant-Major of the Eleventh U. S. Infantry, writes to the committee: "On the 2d of July our regiment, then belonging to the Second Brigade, Second Division, Fifth Corps, moved from the northwest slope of Little Round Top nearly to the wheat-field, when it changed direction to the left and was advancing in this new direction, when our right flank was turned by the Confederates. We fell back in great confusion, and were driven to Little Round Top, followed by the enemy that had been in our front, and also by those on our flank. While falling back, I, with Lieutenants Pettee and Elder, and others, were captured by Wofford's Brigade and

ordered behind a large rock for shelter. I could see distinctly over the wheat-field, and am certain there was no organized bodies of Confederates in support of those who had charged past us, nor were there any considerable bodies of stragglers. Some twenty of the enemy were with us behind the rock for some ten minutes, when they were ordered to advance. Some of them said they belonged to the Tenth Georgia, Semmes' Brigade. Some twenty minutes after our capture I heard the cheers of our men as they charged from Little Round Top, and in a few minutes the rebs ran past us, and in such haste as not to take us with them. A sharp-shooter, posted behind a rock, immediately opened fire on us, killing one and wounding myself and Sergeant Price. In a few minutes, however, we were recaptured by the Bucktails. Seeing that this man loaded, aimed and fired as rapidly as possible, and conceding even that it took two minutes for him to fire the three shots mentioned, viz., from the time we were uncovered by the enemy until we were re-captured, it would hardly be conceived that a body of organized troops, falling back in obedience to orders, and in regular formation, would be followed by the enemy at such a close interval of time. General Crawford's forces at this time charged beyond the stone wall and re-occupied the ground from which the Second Division, Fifth Corps, had been driven."

Professor M. Jacobs of the Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, who was within the Confederate lines during the battle, and who published "Notes of the Rebel Invasion," J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1864, p. 47, in speaking of that day, says, on page 37, "To us, however, who were at the time within the rebel lines, the result seemed doubtful. * * * At about 6 p. m., it is true, we heard 'cheering' different from that which had so often fallen dolefully upon our ears, and some of the rebels said to each other, 'Listen! the Yankees are cheering.' But whilst this—which we afterwards found to be the cheering of General Crawford's men, as they charged and drove the rebels down the face of Little Round Top—afforded us a temporary encouragement." * * *

We will now see what General McLaws says of July 3d. In his article of August 4th we find:

"As for the assertions that the Pennsylvania Reserves drove Hood's Division back on the 3d, I know that no such thing was done, as up to the time the order was given to retire there was

no firing, neither by Hood's Division nor by mine, nor was there any infantry firing from the other side. * * * Hood's Division retired because ordered back, and perhaps receded in more haste than mine did, because the order for it to go was not given, so the commander told me, until after my division had gone; and, as the positions I abandoned were filled by the enemy (perhaps by the Pennsylvania Reserves), they came in on the flank of Hood, and his left brigade had to go in double-quick. That the Pennsylvania Reserves there took after them perhaps is true. * * * My division and Hood's most certainly occupied the ground from which they drove General Sickles' Corps on the 2d of July until after Pickett's charge on the 3d, and this was done without any attempt being made to recover it by any opposing forces; and the several Confederate commanders were resting quietly in their occupancy when * * * we were ordered back to the main line. * *."

In McLaws' article of October 20, he quotes Colonel McGlosking [McGlashan] as follows:

"On the 3d, about 2 p. m., we were ordered to retire to our original position, and did so quietly and unmolested by the enemy, leaving behind us the stacks of arms above mentioned."

Further on, the colonel, speaking of Semmes' and Kershaw's Brigades, then stationed in Rose's woods, says: "They remained unmolested in their positions gained on the 2d until ordered to retire on the 3d of July. After they retired, the enemy advanced and occupied the grounds vacated, but not entirely. Benning's and Anderson's Brigades, on being notified of the order to withdraw that General McLaws had received, the enemy, coming on the grounds vacated by McLaws' Division, were thus full on the flank of Hood's Division, and the brigades of Benning and Anderson being nearest, had to vacate their grounds hurriedly."

General McLaws then says, "From the foregoing statements you will perceive that it would be impossible for me to say that my command was driven back by the advance of General Crawford's forces along any portion of the line held by me on the 2d of July or on the 3d; but, on the contrary, whatever retrograde movement was made was done by order of authority superior to those immediately commanding the troops which retired."

In refutation, to all these denials of General McLaws and

his officers, the committee states that, in answer to their inquiry, Brigadier-General R. C. Drum, Adjutant-General U. S. A., under date of November 29, 1887, informs them that the flag of the Fifteenth Georgia Infantry was captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, by Sergeant James B. Thompson, company "G," First Rifles (Bucktails), and was then in custody of his office; that a medal of honor was awarded to Sergeant Thompson; and that the records show that over two hundred prisoners and many arms were captured by Crawford's Division on said day.

Though this does not seem to confirm the statement of McLaws that "they remained unmolested and in their position," it seems to corroborate his remark that they "had to vacate their ground hurriedly."

This rather remarkable statement, taken in connection with what follows it, we also find in General McLaws' article of October 20: "General Longstreet informs me that General Crawford sought an interview with him * * * and asked him 'what troops of his (Longstreet's) he (Crawford) had driven back at Gettysburg,' and that he (Longstreet) replied that he could not tell him, as he was not aware that any one had attacked him at Gettysburg."

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the third day's fight, at Gettysburg, Generals Longstreet, Sickles and Crawford rode in a carriage together over the battle-field.

"The carriage drove on to the foot of Little Round Top, and the talk turned on the attack by the Pennsylvania Reserves, after the failure of Pickett's charge, upon that portion of Longstreet's forces, which were in the woods opposite the Round Tops. General Crawford described, at the request of the others, the movement of his force, and recalled a statement that has been made in answer to a published account of his, that all of Longstreet's men had been withdrawn from those woods before the attack by the Pennsylvania Reserves was made. He asked General Longstreet to explain how this could be, when the Pennsylvania Reserves, in recovering the ground lost on the second day, had captured a large number of prisoners as well as the battle-flag of the Fifteenth Georgia.

"'I can explain that at once,' replied General Longstreet. 'After Pickett's repulse and the subsequent modification of our lines, it was determined to withdraw McLaws' and Law's

Divisions from those woods in front of the Round Tops. McLaws understood the order and complied with it, but Law misunderstood and remained, and you struck Benning's Brigade of his division, which contained the Georgia regiments.' "—Philadelphia *Sunday Press*, July 8, 1888.

The committee, while submitting their report, and believing that every man of the Reserves who was in the battle will freely bear testimony to its correctness, know that it must stand the test of criticism of future historians. They have no fear of that criticism, but submit it with confidence to the impartial.

THE RESERVES AT GETTYSBURG.

ABOUT three o'clock on the afternoon of July 1, 1863, the Pennsylvania Reserves crossed the line, and entering the State laid down in a wood. The division was commanded by Brigadier-General S. Wylie Crawford, U. S. Volunteers, Major U. S. Army. His staff consisted of,—

Major James P. Speer, Acting Assistant Inspector-General.

Captain R. T. Auchmuty, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Captain Louis Livingston, Additional Aide-de-Camp.

Lieutenant Richard P. Henderson, Aide-de-Camp.

Lieutenant William Harding, Ordnance Officer.

Captain Philip L. Fox, Assistant Quartermaster.

Major Louis W. Read, Surgeon and Medical Director.

The brigades were:

The First, Colonel William McCandless, Second Reserve, with staff as follows:

Captain Joseph R. T. Coates, First Reserve, Acting Assistant Inspector-General.

Lieutenant William A. Hoyt, Second Reserve, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Lieutenant John Taylor, Second Reserve, Aide-de-Camp.

Lieutenant James B. Goodman, Sixth Reserve, Aide-de-Camp.

Lieutenant John A. Waggoner, First Reserve, Brigade Quartermaster.

Lieutenant A. A. Scudder, Sixth Reserve, Brigade Commissary.

The regiments were as follows:

First Rifles, "Bucktails," Colonel Charles Frederick Taylor.

First Infantry, Colonel William Cooper Talley.

Second Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Woodward.

Sixth Infantry, Colonel Wellington H. Ent.

The Third,* Colonel Joseph W. Fisher, Fifth Reserve, with staff as follows:

Captain Hartley Howard, Acting Assistant Inspector-General.

Lieutenant John L. Wright, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Lieutenant Charles K. Chamberlain, Aide-de-Camp.

Lieutenant William H. H. Kern, Aide-de-Camp.

Captain George Norris, Brigade Quartermaster.

Lieutenant Samuel Evans, Brigade Commissary.

Major Joseph A. Phillips, Brigade Surgeon.

The regiments were as follows:

Fifth Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel George Dare.

Ninth Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel James McK. Snodgrass.

Tenth Infantry, Colonel Adoniram J. Warner.

Eleventh Infantry, Colonel Samuel M. Jackson.

Twelfth Infantry, Colonel Martin D. Hardin, U. S. Army.

At dark that night the division was put in motion, and after a rapid and fatiguing march, near daylight were laid to rest, but hardly an eye closed ere the drums of reveille beat. While in motion the news of the defeat of the First Corps and the death of General Reynolds† was received, depressing the

*The Second Brigade, Colonel Horatio G. Sickel, Third Reserve, was detained by the authorites within the defenses of Washington. It participated with honor in General George Crook's remarkable campaign in West Virginia. Colonel Sickel was promoted Brevet Major-General U. S. V., and was severely wounded near the close of the war.

†In the ambulance-wagon of the First Brigade was secretly stored a magnificent sword for presentation to General Reynolds. The General had consented to receive it upon being assured it was from the enlisted men only of that brigade, and that no officer would be connected with it. A note was addressed asking him, in the lull of the coming battle, to receive the gift direct from the boys, one being chosen from each regiment to await an opportunity to present it to him on the field. Subsequently it was presented by Sergeant W. Hayes Grier, Fifth Regiment, to the general's sister, the wife of Captain Henry D. Landis.

spirits of the men, but strengthening their resolutions for the fight. At noon, after marching forty miles with but two hours' sleep, we reached Rock Creek, and, filing to the left from the Baltimore pike, joined our corps, the Fifth, Major-General Sykes, in rear and in support of the right of the line of battle.

About 4 o'clock, General Crawford, seeing the First and Second Divisions of our corps moving to the left, followed through the woods to the cross-road leading to the Emmitsburg road. Here the division was massed in the right rear of Little Round Top, in and near the old brier patch. Soon after General Crawford, by order, sent the Third Brigade, Colonel Fisher's, with the exception of the Eleventh Reserve, to Big Round Top to succor General Vincent, they marching by the left flank. At the same time the First Brigade, Colonel McCandless, was moved to the western slope of Little Round Top and massed in column of regiments, left in front, the Eleventh Reserve being the head of the column.

Little Round Top, rising two hundred and eighty feet above the general water-level of the streams which drain the valley at its base, like Big Round Top, nearly south of it and four hundred feet high, is of volcanic origin, crowned with wood growing amid bowlders of syenite. The two hills, seven hundred yards from crest to crest, are separated by a deep rocky depression, and form perfect forts covering our left flank, they being the key-points of the whole battle-field. The western slope of Little Round Top sinks to a little stream called Plum Run, which drains a swampy meadow. This run gradually assumes the character of a rivulet at is enters the precincts of the Devil's Den, another chaotic distribution of bowlders. The "Den," in an angle of this and a contributory stream that flows from Seminary Ridge, is one hundred and eighty feet above the water-level and five hundred yards due west of Little Round Top. Its eastern slope is steep; its western, prolonged as a ridge. Its northern extremity is composed of huge rocks and bowlders, forming innumerable crevices and holes, from the largest of which it derives its name. Plum Run Valley, three hundred and fifty yards broad, is marshy but strewed with bowlders, as is also the slopes of the Round Top. These afford lurking-places for a multitude of sharp-shooters, whom, from the difficulties of the ground, it was impossible to dis-

lodge, so that at the close of the battle these hiding-places, and especially the "Den," were filled with dead and wounded men of the contending armies. Extending northward from the "Den," beyond and on the western side of Plum Run Valley and partially between the valley and the wheat-field, is a low ridge terminating in "Houck's Hill." From near the "Den" a stone wall runs over the "hill," through the level and beyond the "cross-road," it bordering on the then eastern edge of Trostle's woods. This wall, which runs nearly northeast on the wheat-field side, was fringed with heavy timber from the "Den" to the woods at the "cross-road." The distance from the "Den" to the "cross-road" is five hundred and eighty-three yards. This "cross-road," skirting the northern slope of Little Round Top, extends northwesterly to the Emmitsburg road, in the southeasterly intersection of which is the peach-orchard, fourteen hundred and fifty yards from Little Round Top. This "cross-road" separates the wheat-field from Trostle's woods. This woods, four hundred yards long, is separated at its western end by the "cross-road" and a brief interval from Rose's woods, which sweeps to the southerly and to the easterly back to Devil's Den, enclosing the wheat-field on the westerly and southerly sides. The wheat-field is two hundred and twenty-two yards along the stone wall, three hundred and sixty-one yards next to Trostle's woods, four hundred and forty-four yards along Rose's woods, and five hundred yards on the southwesterly side, containing about twenty-five acres.

Into the depression between the Round Tops, Law's Brigade of Alabamians, supported by Robertson's Texans, had forced themselves, and were advancing to the possession of the Tops, when they were met by Vincent's Brigade of Barnes' Division of our corps, that had been posted there by General Warren, where the struggle became severe and protracted.

As before stated, the Third Brigade had gone to the assistance of Vincent, and the First was massed on Little Round Top; but a very short time after these movements were made the situation in our front changed rapidly. Sickles, who had been severely wounded, and who had been struggling for hours on his line, extending from the Devil's Den around to the wheat-field and beyond the peach-orchard, was at last overpowered and swept away. Ayres' Division of regulars of our corps, which had been sent to his aid, had gallantly held the

stone wall, but was driven from it and forced over the valley. All the Union lines in our front were irrevocably broken. The valley was covered with fugitives from all divisions, who rushed through our lines and along the road to the rear. Fragments of regiments came back in disorder and without arms. A section of a German battery, whose horses had all been killed, was abandoned by the gunners immediately in front of the right and left of the Eleventh and Sixth Reserves, and for a time all seemed lost. Close on these fugitives came the enemy, his lines irregular but massed here and there and his colors flying.

While this scene was passing before our eyes, the brigade, McCandless', with the Eleventh Reserve of Fisher's Brigade, formed into two lines, the first being composed of the Sixth on the right, with their left resting on the "cross-road," the Eleventh in the center, and the First on the left. The second line was massed on the first; the Second Reserve on the right, and the Bucktails on the left. Before this movement could be fully executed, our front was practically uncovered by the fugitives, and the enemy, recognizing the unexpected obstacle, came direct for us. The first line opened a destructive fire at short range, the Eleventh using "buck and ball," some of their muskets having the buckshot of several cartridges in them.

The brigade was still left in front, facing by the rear ranks. In fact, so sudden had been the change in our front, we had not time to assume our proper formation. There cannot be the least doubt in the minds of those who knew the exact state of affairs upon the field at that time, that a few moments delay in our arrival on Little Round Top, the key of the field would have been lost, and very probably the battle of Gettysburg would have closed that night. On the left of the second line, Colonel Taylor, not realizing the position, undertook to countermarch the Bucktails, which movement was also attempted by the Second, but in the confusion of the movement they suddenly found themselves confronted and mixed up with the charging enemy. In the short but desperate *melee* that followed, the greater part of these two regiments charged without firing a shot. So far up the slope were the enemy, that the gunners of Hazlett's Battery on the crest were preparing to spike their guns, but this movement encouraged

them not to do so. The right of the line had fired three or four rounds, when Crawford called on the men, "in the name of Pennsylvania," to charge. A loud cheer broke from the boys as down the slope they moved, and breaking into a double- quick they swept all before them over the valley and up to the stone wall, where a short but desperate struggle ensued. But soon their banners mounted over it and into the wheat-field, where, by orders, they halted. On the slope and in crossing the valley the Bucktails and Second inclined to the left to meet a heavy fire coming from that direction, thus extending our line to the full brigade front. So heavy was this fire, and so threatening were the enemy on our left, that four companies of the Bucktails, under their major, dropped behind some rocks which afforded some protection to that flank. The other six companies advanced over "Houck's Hill" in line with the brigade, until they took and crossed the stone wall where Colonel Taylor fell, shot through the heart. Colonel Taylor and several officers, with fifteen or twenty men were on the extreme left at the time, and had just discovered some two or three hundred of the enemy but a short distance away. He promptly demanded their surrender, when nearly every man threw down his arms. Just then a Confederate in the rear cried out, with an oath, "I'll never surrender to a corporal's guard." Most of them again grasped their arms, and it was by this fire the colonel was killed. The quick fire of the breech-loading rifles induced some thirty or forty to surrender, the others retreating to the Devil's Den.

Lieutenant-Colonel Niles being severely wounded, Major Hartshorne succeeded to the command of the "Bucktails," and sent Captain Kinsey with his company to the left to throw out skirmishers at right angles with the regiment. As they approached the "Den" they were met with a heavy fire, and the men taking cover, a lively skirmish ensued. Soon after several shells exploded in their midst, followed by a volley from the enemy. Captain Kinsey was severely wounded by a shell, and several men were killed and wounded. It now being dark the line was withdrawn a considerable distance, and a strong picket established on the left flank and rear. A brisk fire was kept up along the left of the line until about ten o'clock, when it ceased, seemingly by mutual consent.

We were then far in advance of our main line, without immediate support, with the enemy in force on our left rear, and a heavy wood on our right front, extending up to the enemy's line, affording a covered approach. A strong line of pickets were thrown out into the wheat-field and wood in front, and on both right and left flanks, well to the rear. Colonel Jackson, of the Eleventh, sent Captain Mills with a portion of his company to prevent the enemy removing an abandoned battery through the night. The whole line lay down behind the stone wall and took such rest as they could under the circumstances. General Crawford and staff slept that night with the brigade. Lieutenant-Colonel Woodward, on account of wounds received at Glendale, was unable to accompany his regiment from Little Round Top, but slept that night at the stone wall. The regiment in its charges was led by Major P. McDonough.

Nearly one-half our loss during the engagement was from the severity of the enemy's fire before we charged. Lieutenant-Colonel Porter and Lieutenant Fulton and a number of men were wounded, and Lieutenant John O'Harra Wood and several men of the Eleventh were killed before they delivered their first volley. The same to a less extent occurred in all the regiments. When the section of the battery was abandoned on our right-front the officer in command ordered the guns to be spiked. This was prevented by Lieutenant John McWilliams, of the Sixth. Early the next morning the captain of the battery came over to the stone wall and said, "The Pennsylvania Reserves saved mine pattery, py ——. I gets you fellers all drunk." His good intentions were duly applauded.

About the time Fisher was sent to the left, Strong Vincent, the general commanding at that point, was mortally wounded, and General Stephen H. Weed, commanding a brigade, and Captain Hazlett, the battery on Little Round Top, were killed. Colonel Rice had succeeded to the command. The left of his line was resting just at the eastern edge of the valley or depression between the Round Tops. Fisher placed the Fifth and Twelfth Reserves immediately in the rear of this line, and the Eighth, Ninth and Tenth across the depression, covering Rice's left flank. The severe fighting at this point was over, the enemy repulsed, appearing to shift to their left, on to

Little Round Top. Colonel Fisher, in a communication to the committee, says: "I soon discovered that Big Round Top was in possession of the enemy's sharp-shooters, and seeing the annoyance they were to us, and the great importance of the position, as a key of our position, I said to Colonel Rice, 'I will take that hill to-night.' To this proposition he assented, and proposed joining in the undertaking. Seeing that three regiments were all that could be conveniently employed, and having but two regiments that I could use without weakening Rice's support, Colonel Rice directed Colonel Chamberlain, with the Twentieth Maine, to report to me. Learning that this regiment was armed with Springfield rifles, I directed Chamberlain to deploy it as skirmishers, as my regiments, the Fifth, Lieutenant-Colonel Dare and the Twelfth, Colonel Hardin, were armed with altered Harper's Ferry muskets. In the meantime I had sent staff officers to report to Generals Sykes and Crawford my proposed movements. General Crawford, however, arriving upon the grounds and approving my plan, directed me to 'move up at once.' The line advanced as best it could in the dark, up the rough side, driving the enemy before it and capturing over thirty prisoners, from some of whom they learned that 'they were just in time,' as the Confederates had sent them word to hold the hill, as they were organizing a force to occupy it." Colonel Fisher remained in this position until the morning of the 4th, when he was relieved by General Wright, of the Sixth Corps.

At the first dawn of light the next morning, the 3d, skirmishing commenced in our front and was continued throughout the day, we remaining behind the stone wall and the trees fringing its front, whilst the rebs, concealed in the thick foliage of the branches upon their line, annoyed us considerably. On our extreme left, fronting the Devil's Den, things were not so quiet. Captains Bell and Wolff were sent out to develop the enemy's strength, and when deployed as skirmishers, as they approached the edge of the "Den," the fire became severe, indicating a heavy force, strongly posted. Taking cover, a rapid fire was opened in the hope of driving the enemy from his position, or forcing him to come out from his strong hold to drive them off. Armed with breech-loaders and Spencer repeating-rifles, any object that will cover the body is all the protection a man needs, as he is not exposed in loading, and this superior-

ity in the Bucktails' arms soon gave them a decided advantage. The enemy were not long in discovering this, and in superior force made a dash from the "Den," and forced the boys to make a rapid retreat to prevent the capture of the entire party. In this charge the loss was heavy, and Captain Bell received a wound in the hip which caused the loss of a leg. The enemy, strange to say, did not follow up their advantage. Thrust out, as we were, far in advance of our line of battle, with both flanks exposed, they should, during the night, have attempted to flank us out and drive us down the wall. Whether they would have succeeded or not is problematic, yet it seems strange they should have allowed our little brigade to occupy that advanced position without attempting our dislodgement. Lieutenant Kratzer was then sent out with thirty volunteers. Starting on a run, they pressed up close to the "Den," when a volley killed and wounded one-third of them. The enemy called upon them to surrender, but the men took cover and fired at every mark that presented itself, until the brigade moved.

The battle-field is not always devoid of amusing incidents. On the right, two men of the Sixth found a horse tied in the wood in front of them, which they brought in. A youngster named Dan Cole, to relieve the monotony of picket-firing, mounted the animal and rode down the front of the brigade line, playing "Buck McCandless." He appealed in the most pathetic tones to the boys to remember their "daddies" and "mammies" and "best gal," and never to desert the old flag as long as there was a ration left. He created much amusement until the horse bounced him off and scampered over to the rebels, when the cheers and shouts of both lines caused us to forget for the moment we were enemies.

The tumult of a conflict on our extreme right was heard from early dawn until near noon, occasioned by the Union troops regaining their lost ground of the evening before. This was followed by a stillness over the whole field—the ominous calm that presages a deadly storm—when at one o'clock the signal guns of the enemy fired, and then opened that grand cannonade in which two hundred and twenty-one guns* hurled

*One hundred and fifty Confederate and seventy-one Union guns. General H. J. Hunt's article in the *Century Magazine*, January, 1887, p. 452.

their missiles through the air. The enemy's front for two miles was soon covered with smoke, through which the flashes were incessant, whilst the air seemed filled with bursting shells and their whirling fragments. The Union line blazed like a volcano, and the thunder of the guns seemed like one prolonged sound. Suddenly the fire on both sides ceased, and then Pickett's charge was made. From the position we occupied, in advance of our line of battle, we had a full view as they swept by of this the most grand and thrilling sight the eye of man could rest on. That magnificent mass of living valor, so full of hope and resolution, so soon to be swept back, crushed, torn and bleeding, awakened in us mingled feelings of admiration and apprehension, for it seemed like an irresistible avalanche. Those gallant lines never faltered, but lost to view in the smoke of infantry, they melted away, and the glad earth drank their blood. Disorganized stragglers and fragments could only be seen coming back, and they followed by a relentless fire.

During this time firing ceased in our front, all eyes awaiting the result that was to decide the fate of the battle. In spite of the watchfulness of the officers, men from every regiment slipped away and soon formed a line of sharp-shooters upon the flank of the charging column. Officers were sent to drive them back, but the boys resorted to ingenious artifices to avoid or deceive them, some throwing themselves upon the ground and imitating the agonies of death. Several of them were wounded, and at least one killed, but they inflicted considerable loss upon the enemy, whom they shot down as they marched so gallantly on or rushed back in flight.

The defeat of Pickett was followed by a breathless lull, soon to be broken by a revengeful fire from the battery and sharp-shooters in our front. Major-General Meade, together with Generals Sykes, Warren, Sedgwick, Pleasonton and Crawford, soon gathered on the summit of Little Round Top, and the gen-eral-in-chief, becoming impatient at this fire, ordered General Crawford to clean out the woods in his front. Crawford rode to the stone wall and gave the necessary orders. During the night a section of a battery had been posted near the cross-road in the interval between the Trostle's and Rose's woods on the west side of the wheat-field, four hundred and fifty yards in our immediate front. Through the day our sharp-

shooters had severely left it alone, as we did not wish to provoke an unequal contest, and it only occasionally fired at us. This battery it was necessary to silence; McCandless' brigade leaped over the stone wall and deliberately dressed their lines. The battery opened upon them vigorously, when they lay down. Soon the gunners, becoming tired at firing at the air, ceased. Then the brigade rose to its feet and slowly moved to the left some twenty paces. Again the guns opened and we laid ourselves quietly down. This operation of see-sawing to the right and left was continued, successfully drawing the harmless fire of the guns, while the Sixth Reserve crept up through Trostle's woods to attempt its capture. But the enemy discovered the movement, and, hastily limbering up, fled, the Sixth opening fire to give them a good start. Their infantry support, after a brisk skirmish, was also driven in. Upon hearing and seeing the muskets of the Sixth, McCandless marched the balance of his brigade by the right flank, and filing left, formed line of battle, and deploying skirmishers to the front, right and left, charged diagonally over the wheatfield to the southwest, receiving the enemy's fire from three sides. Striking near the south end of Rose's woods, they half-wheeled to the right, opened fire, and charged up and through it to the crest, striking and piercing their line, the enemy, after a sharp resistance, breaking mostly towards the peach-orchard. The ground was strewed with the dead of DeTrobriand's command. McCandless, learning the left flank of the Bucktails, which held the left of the line, was being attacked, changed the direction of that regiment by the left flank to the rear, which movement brought its front facing the enemy moving upon them from this direction. At the same time, placing the balance of the brigade in columns of regiments in the rear, he charged with his entire force in this new direction. Down through the low land and up through the rising ground and woods went the brigade, they striking the Fifteenth Georgia Infantry, posted behind a temporary breast-work of rails, the Bucktails capturing their flag and many prisoners, scattering the remainder in flight.

The Reserves never liked charging in column of regiments, and in this case, as in every similar one, the rear regiments, without orders, pushed to the front, which soon changed into that of brigade line of battle. The right being thus extended,

the whole line swept upon their flank, doubling up and throwing one regiment upon another, creating utter confusion and demoralization. They fled across a ravine at the corner of a woods and near Slyder's stone house. Here we discovered a brigade drawn up across our front about three hundred yards distant. Our impetuous charge had expended itself, and the men as they came up were quickly got into line, and they were gathering fast, but before forty men were in line, to our surprise, we distinctly heard the orders pass down the line of "Left face, march!" The rear of their line, their front facing westward, had not moved twenty paces before they broke, by order, into a "double-quick," carrying their banners at a trail. Had this brigade resolutely charged, they would have driven the head of our long, scattered column back for some distance, until we could have got ourselves in shape to properly resist them, but such was our sudden appearance, and at such disadvantage to them, that they naturally became demoralized and supposed we were in much heavier force than we really were.

The Comte de Paris gives an account of the "piking out" of this brigade, which he says was Kershaw's, that we cannot refrain from adding it, gravely surmising, however, it was the ingenious invention of some brilliant Confederate writer who conceived the idea of turning their somewhat laudable exit into a dexterous military manœuver. "Kershaw finds himself isolated in his turn, and believing himself already surrounded, in order to escape from the enemy resorts to a manœuver which we mention on account of, as the count naively says, "'its singularity.' He sends the color-bearers of his regiments to plant their flags a few hundred yards in the right-rear, across the tributary of Plum Run, subsequently ordering his soldiers to break ranks and reform in this new position." So sudden was the charge that we killed and captured their butchers while engaged in skinning beeves, and also a fatigue party, who were burying their dead. We recaptured the greater part of the battle-field lost by Sickles, with its thousands of dead and wounded, captured the colors of the Fifteenth Georgia, which are now in the Adjutant-General's office at Washington, and over two hundred prisoners, among them a lieutenant-colonel of a Georgia regiment, and captured and recovered three thousand two hundred and fifty-eight muskets, one brass twelve-pounder, and three caissons. With this

charge ended the battle of Gettysburg. The movements of both days were made under the personal direction and supervision of General Crawford.

The distance charged over the wheat-field was seven hundred and fifty yards, from that point towards Slyder's house six hundred and sixty-six yards —fourteen hundred and fifteen yards in all. Taking them, as we did in a measure, by surprise, and on the flank, their rout was no disgrace to them, nor was their military honor tarnished. Such occurences are not unknown in war. Those landless resolutes who had gallantly performed their part on many hard-fought fields, and who subsequently proved their devotion to the end, cannot be judged as wanting in spirit or courage.

Soon after we halted, Captain Coates came with orders from General Crawford for us to proceed no farther, and at this point we were rejoined by the Sixth Reserve. After dark we retraced our steps to the southwestern edge of Rose's woods and bivouacked on the ground where we first encountered the enemy and pierced their line. Here we buried our dead, some seven or eight in number, our wounded having been removed on stretchers following the charge. Some distance in our front was Rose's springhouse, in which lay dead a Confederate officer and two men. From this stream we refilled our canteens, and our pickets, being concealed near it, captured a number of prisoners, who came there for the same purpose. All night long the ambulances and stretchers were collecting the wounded, who had lain there from the afternoon of the 2d. During the night a supply of ammunition was received, Colonel McCandless carrying it on his horse, one hundred and four thousand eight hundred and twenty rounds having been issued to the division during this battle, and at 2 o'clock the next morning, the 4th, we moved down the eastern side of the woods along the wheat-field to near its northern border, where we entered the woods, and, moving through it, lay down on its western edge fronting the peach-orchard, with our right resting near the cross-road. Soon after daylight, the enemy's pickets called to us to come and get our wounded who lay between the two lines. Volunteers went out for that purpose, but, being fired upon, returned. Several round-shots were fired from a distant battery, but they richochetted harmlessly over the field. The fire was returned by such of the boys who

felt inclined to do so; a skirmish line was sent out to develop their position, but the whole affair was spiritless, and after 10 o'clock we saw no more of them on that field. These were the last shots fired at Gettysburg.

There was an abandoned gun and caisson of a Union battery near Trostle's woods. During the morning of the 3d the Confederates attached a long rope to the gun and tried to pull it over the hill near Trostle's barn-yard, but one of the Sixth, who was out hunting "grub" from the rebel's haversacks, discovered the manœuvre and, creeping up, cut the rope, which created quite a surprise to those pulling on it. Late in the afternoon of that day, when the Sixth attempted the capture of the enemy's battery, Company "I" was sent to the extreme right to cover the house and barn, and when they returned they brought them into our lines.

Company K, First Reserves, was from the town and neighborhood of Gettysburg, many of the men fighting within sight of their homes, and some even to drive the invaders from their own fields. The fathers and younger brothers of some of the boys accompanied them to Little Round Top, and one went to the stone wall with us.

When we advanced across the wheat-field, Brigadier-General Bartlett, at the request of General Crawford, moved a regiment to the stone wall, and threw a force to our right to protect that flank.

About noon, being relieved by a brigade of regulars, we moved back to the stone wall, passing an artillery horse seated on his haunches with his front-feet on the ground and head erect, just as he had been killed. Against the wall were resting thousands of muskets picked up off the field. Soon after other troops came to the wall, and we moved back to Little Round Top, where rations were distributed, and where we remained until the afternoon of the next day, the 5th; the rain, which commenced about noon of the day before, still continuing. Then we started on our fifth tramp up and down through Virginia.

ITINERARY OF THE UNION FORCES IN THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

JUNE 5.—The Army of the Potomac, commanded by Major-General Joseph Hooker, with headquarters near Falmouth, was posted on the north bank of the Rappahannock River, confronting the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, under General Robert E. Lee, mainly concentrated about the town of Fredericksburg, on the south bank of the river. The several commands of the Army of the Potomac were distributed as follows: First Corps (Reynolds') in the vicinity of White Oak Church; Second Corps (Couch's) near Falmouth; Third Corps (Birney's) at Boscobel near Falmouth; Fifth Corps (Meade's) in the vicinity of Banks', United States, and adjacent fords on the Rappahannock; Sixth Corps (Sedgwick's) near White Oak Church, with the Second Division (Howe's) thrown forward to Franklin's Crossing of the Rappahannock, a little below Fredericksburg, near the mouth of Deep Run; Eleventh Corps (Howard's) near Brooke's Station, on the Aquia Creek railroad; and the Twelfth Corps (Slocum's) near Stafford Court House and Aquia Landing. The Cavalry Corps (Pleasonton's, with headquarters at Manassas Junction) had two divisions (Duffié's and Gregg's) and the Cavalry Reserve Brigade, all under Buford, in the vicinity of Warrenton Junction, and one division (B. F. Davis') in the neighborhood of Brooke's Station. The Artillery Reserve (R. O. Tyler's) was near Falmouth.

June 6.—Howe's (Second) Division, Sixth Army Corps, crossed the Rappahannock at Franklin's Crossing, and, after a skirmish, occupied the enemy's rifle-pits. Wright's (First) and Newton's (Third) Divisions of the same corps moved to the same point from White Oak Church, taking position on the north bank of the river.

June 7.—Wright's (First) Division, Sixth Corps, was sent across the Rappahannock at Franklin's Crossing, relieving Howe's (Second) Division, which returned to the north side.

June 8.—The Cavalry Corps (Pleasonton's), consisting of Buford's (First), D. McM. Gregg's (Third) and Duffié's (Second) Divisions, and the Regular Reserve Brigade, supported by detachments of infantry, under Generals Adelbert Ames and David A. Russell, moved to Kelly's and Beverly Fords preparatory to crossing the Rappahannock on a reconnoissance toward Culpeper.

June 9.—Newton's (Third) Division, Sixth Corps, relieved Wright's (First) Division on the south bank of the Rappahannock at Franklin's Crossing. The cavalry corps, supported by Generals Ames' and Russell's infantry, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's and Beverly Fords, fought the enemy at or near Beverly Ford, Brandy Station, and Stevensburg, and recrossed the river at Rappahannock Station and Beverly Ford.

June 10.—The Cavalry Corps took position in the neighborhood of Warrenton Junction. Its infantry supports in the reconnoissance of the day previous rejoined their respective commands. Howe's (Second) Division, Sixth Corps, moved from Franklin's Crossing to Aquia Creek.

June 11.—The Third Corps marched from Boscobel, near Falmouth, to Hartwood Church.

June 12.—The First Corps marched from Fitzhugh's plantation and White Oak Church to Deep Run; the Third Corps from Hartwood Church to Bealeton, with Humphreys' (Third) Division, advanced to the Rappahannock: the Eleventh Corps from the vicinity of Brooke's Station to Hartwood Church; and Headquarters Cavalry Corps from Manassas Junction to Warrenton Junction.

The advance of the Confederate Army skirmished with the Union troops at Newtown, Cedarville and Middletown, in the Shenandoah Valley.

June 13.—The First Corps marched from Deep Run to Bealeton; the Fifth Corps from the vicinity of Banks' Ford, via Grove Church, toward Morrisville; Wright's (First) and Newton's (Third) divisions, Sixth Corps, from Franklin's Crossing to Potomac Creek; the Eleventh Corps, from Hartwood Church to Catlett's Station; the Twelfth Corps from near Stafford Court House and Aquia Creek Landing *en route* to Dumfries; Wyndham's Brigade of Gregg's Cavalry Division. from Warrenton Junction to Warrenton; and the Artillery Reserve from near Falmouth to Stafford Court House. McReynolds'

(Third) Brigade, of Milroy's Division, Eighth Army Corps, marched from Berryville to Winchester.

Combats: Skirmishes at White Post, Berryville, Opequon Creek, and at Bunker Hill, and engagement (first day) at Winchester, Va.

June 14.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from near Falmouth to Dumfries; the First and Third Corps marched from Bealeton to Manassas Junction; the Fifth Corps arrived at Morrisville and marched thence, via Bristersburg, to Catlett's Station; Wright's (First) and Newton's (Third) divisions, Sixth Corps, moved from Potomac Creek to Stafford Court House; the Eleventh Corps from Catlett's Station to Manassas Junction, and thence toward Centreville; the Twelfth Corps reached Dumfries; and the Artillery Reserve moved from Stafford Court House to Wolf Run Shoals. Daniel Tyler's command, of the Eighth Army Corps, fell back from Martinsburg to Maryland Heights.

Combats: Skirmishes at Martinsburg and Berryville, and engagement (second day) at Winchester, Va.

June 15.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Dumfries to Fairfax Station; the Second Corps (Hancock's*) moved from Falmouth to near Aquia; the Fifth Corps from Catlett's Station, via Bristoe Station, to Manassas Junction; the Sixth Corps from Aquia Creek and Stafford Court House to Dumfries; the Twelfth Corps from Dumfries to Fairfax Court House; the Cavalry Corps† (except Wyndham's Brigade, which marched from Warrenton to Manassas Junction, and thence on the 16th to Union Mills) from Warrenton Junction to Union Mills and Bristoe Station; the Artillery Reserve from Wolf Run Shoals to Fairfax Court House; and the Eleventh Corps arrived at Centreville. Milroy's (Second) Division of the Eighth Army Corps, evacuated Winchester, and fell back to Maryland Heights and Hancock, Md.

Combats: Skirmish near Williamsport, Md., and engagement (third day) at Winchester, Va.

June 16.—The Second Corps marched from near Aquia, via

*General Hancock assumed control of the Second Corps June 9, 1863, succeeding General Couch, who was assigned to the command of the Department of the Susquehanna.

†By orders of June 13, 1863, this corps was reduced from three to two divisions, commanded by Brig. Gens. John Buford and D. McM. Gregg.

Dumfries, to Wolf Run Shoals, on the Occoquan; the Sixth Corps from Dumfries to Fairfax Station; and the Cavalry Corps from Union Mills and Bristoe Station to Manassas Junction and Bull Run.

June 17.—The First Corps marched from Manassas Junction to Herndon Station; the Second Corps from Wolf Run Shoals to Sangster's Station; the Third Corps from Manassas Junction to Centreville; the Fifth Corps from Manassas Junction to Gum Springs; the Eleventh Corps from Centreville to Cow-Horn Ford, or Trappe Rock, on Goose Creek; and the Twelfth Corps from Fairfax Court House to near Dranesville. The Cavalry Corps moved from Manassas Junction and Bull Run to Aldie.

Combats: Action at Aldie, Va., and skirmishes at Catoctin Creek and Point of Rocks, Md., and at Thoroughfare Gap and Middleburg, Va.

June 18.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Fairfax Station to Fairfax Court House; the Sixth Corps from Fairfax Station to Germantown; and the Twelfth Corps from near Dranesville to Leesburg. J. I. Gregg's Cavalry Brigade advanced from Aldie to Middleburg, and returned to a point midway between the two places.

Combats: Skirmishes at Middleburg and Aldie, Va.

June 19.—The First Corps marched from Herndon Station to Guilford Station; the Third Corps from Centreville to Gum Springs; and the Fifth Corps from Gum Springs to Aldie. Gregg's Cavalry Division, except McIntosh's (late Wyndham's) Brigade, advanced to Middleburg. McIntosh's Brigade moved from Aldie to Hay Market.

Combats: Action at Middleburg, Va.

June 20.—The Second Corps moved from Sangster's Station to Centreville, and thence toward Thoroughfare Gap; the Second Division (Howe's), Sixth Corps, from Germantown to Bristoe Station.

Combats: Skirmish at Middletown, Md.

June 21.—The Second Corps arrived at Gainesville and Thoroughfare Gap. The Cavalry Corps (except McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Division), supported by Barnes' (First) Division, Fifth Corps, marched from Aldie and Middleburg to Upperville. McIntosh's Cavalry Brigade marched from Hay Market to Aldie, and thence to Upperville. Stahel's Division

of Cavalry, from the Defenses of Washington, moved from Fairfax Court House, via Centreville and Gainesville, to Buckland Mills.

Combats: Skirmishes at Gainesville, Thoroughfare Gap, and Hay Market, Va., Frederick, Md., and engagement at Upperville, Va.

June 22.—The Cavalry Corps and Barnes' (First) Division, of the Fifth Corps, returned from Upperville to Aldie. Stahel's Cavalry Division moved from Buckland Mills, via New Baltimore, to Warrenton.

Combats: Skirmishes near Dover and Aldie, Va., and at Greencastle, Pa.

June 23.—Stahel's Cavalry Division moved from Warrenton, via Gainesville, to Fairfax Court House.

June 24.—Newton's (Third) Division, Sixth Corps, moved from Germantown to Centreville, and the Eleventh Corps from Cow-Horn Ford, or Trappe Rock, on Goose Creek, to the south bank of the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry. Stahel's Cavalry Division moved from Fairfax Court House to near Dranesville.

Combats: Skirmish at Sharpsburg, Md.

June 25.—The First Corps marched from Guilford Station, Va., to Barnesville, Md.; the Third Corps from Gum Springs, Va., to the north side of the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry and the mouth of the Monocacy; the Eleventh Corps from Edwards' Ferry, Va., to Jefferson, Md.; and the Artillery Reserve from Fairfax Court House, Va., to near Poolesville, Md. These commands crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry. The Second Corps marched from Thoroughfare Gap and Gainesville to Gum Springs. Howe's (Second) Division, Sixth Corps, moved from Bristoe Station to Centreville; Crawford's Division (two brigades) of Pennsylvania Reserves, from the Defenses of Washington, marched from Fairfax Station and Upton's Hill to Vienna. Stannard's Vermont Brigade, from the Defenses of Washington, left the mouth of the Occoquan *en route* to join the Army of the Potomac. Stahel's Cavalry Division moved from near Dranesville, Va., via Young's Island Ford, on the Potomac, *en route* to Frederick, Md.

Combats: Skirmishes at Thoroughfare Gap and Hay Market, Va., and near McConnellsburg, Pa.

June 26.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Fairfax Court House, Va., via Dranesville and Edwards' Ferry,

to Poolesville, Md.; the First Corps from Barnesville to Jefferson, Md.; the Second Corps from Gum Springs, Va., to the north side of the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry; the Third Corps from the mouth of the Monocacy to Point of Rocks, Md.; the Fifth Corps from Aldie, Va., via Carter's Mills, Leesburg and Edwards' Ferry, to within four miles of the mouth of the Monocacy, Md.; the Sixth Corps from Germantown and Centreville to Dranesville, Va.; the Eleventh Corps from Jefferson to Middletown, Md.; the Twelfth Corps from Leesburg, Va., via Edwards' Ferry, to the mouth of the Monocacy, Md.; and the Cavalry Corps (Buford's and Gregg's Divisions) from Aldie to Leesburg, Va. Stahel's Cavalry Division was *en route* between the Potomac and Frederick, Md. Crawford's Pennsylvania Reserves moved from Vienna to Goose Creek, Va.

Combats: Skirmish near Gettysburg, Pa.

June 27.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Poolesville to Frederick, Md.; the First Corps from Jefferson to Middletown, Md.; the Second Corps from near Edwards' Ferry, via Poolesville to Barnesville, Md.; the Third Corps from Point of Rocks via Jefferson, to Middletown, Md.; the Fifth Corps from a point between Edwards' Ferry and the mouth of the Monocacy to Ballinger's Creek, near Frederick, Md.; the Sixth Corps from Dranesville, Va., via Edwards' Ferry, to near Poolesville, Md.; the Twelfth Corps from near the mouth of the Monocacy, via Point of Rocks, to Knoxville, Md.; Buford's Cavalry Division from Leesburg, Va., via Edwards' Ferry, to near Jefferson, Md.; Gregg's Cavalry Division from Leesburg, Va., via Edwards' Ferry, toward Frederick, Md.; and the Artillery Reserve from Poolesville to Frederick, Md. Stahel's Cavalry Division reached Frederick, Md. Crawford's Pennsylvania Reserves moved from Goose Creek, Va., via Edwards' Ferry, to the mouth of the Monocacy, Md.

Combats: Skirmish near Fairfax Court House, Va.

June 28.—The First Corps marched from Middletown to Frederick; the Second Corps from Barnesville to Monocacy Junction; the Third Corps* from Middletown to near Woodsborough; the Sixth Corps from near Poolesville to Hyattstown; the Eleventh Corps from Middletown to near Frederick, and the Twelfth Corps from Knoxville to Frederick. Bu-

*Major-General D. E. Sickles resumed command of the Third Corps, relieving Major-General D. B. Birney, who had been temporarily in command.

ford's Cavalry Division moved from near Jefferson to Middletown; Gregg's Cavalry Division reached Frederick and marched thence to New Market and Ridgeville. Crawford's Pennsylvania Reserves marched from the mouth of the Monocacy and joined the Fifth Corps* at Ballinger's Creek. Stahel's Cavalry Division was assigned to the Cavalry Corps, as the Third Division, under Brigadier-General Judson Kilpatrick, with Brigadier-General Elon J. Farnsworth commanding the First Brigade and Brigadier-General George A. Custer commanding the Second Brigade.

Combats: Skirmishes between Offutt's Cross-Roads and Seneca, and near Rockville, Md., and at Fountain Dale, Wrightsville, and near Oyster Point, Pa.

June 29.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Frederick to Middleburg; the First and Eleventh Corps from Frederick to Emmitsburg; the Second Corps from Monocacy Junction, via Liberty and Johnsville, to Uniontown; the Third Corps from near Woodsborough to Taneytown; the Fifth Corps from Ballinger's Creek, via Frederick and Mount Pleasant, to Liberty; the Sixth Corps from Hyattstown, via New Market and Ridgeville, to New Windsor; the Twelfth Corps from Frederick to Taneytown and Bruceville; Gamble's (First) and Devin's (Second) Brigades, of Buford's (First) Cavalry Division, from Middletown, via Boonsborough, Cavetown and Monterey Springs, to near Fairfield; Merritt's Reserve Cavalry Brigade, of the same division, from Middletown to Mechanicstown; Gregg's (Second) Cavalry Division from New Market and Ridgeville to New Windsor; Kilpatrick's (Third) Cavalry Division from Frederick to Littlestown, and the Artillery Reserve from Frederick to Bruceville.

Combats: Skirmishes at Muddy Branch and Westminster, Md., and at McConnellsburg and near Oyster Point, Pa.

June 30.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Middleburg to Taneytown; the First Corps from Emmitsburg to Marsh Run; the Third Corps from Taneytown to Bridgeport; the Fifth Corps from Liberty, via Johnsville, Union Bridge and Union, to Union Mills; the Sixth Corps from New Windsor to Manchester; the Twelfth Corps from Taneytown

*Major-General George G. Meade relinquished command of the Fifth Corps to Major-General George Sykes, and assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, relieving Major-General Joseph Hooker.

and Bruceville to Littlestown; Gamble's and Devin's Brigades, of Buford's Cavalry Division, from near Fairfield, via Emmitsburg, to Gettysburg; Gregg's Cavalry Division from New Windsor to Westminster, and thence to Manchester; Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Littlestown to Hanover, and the Artillery Reserve from Bruceville to Taneytown; Kenly's and Morris' Brigades, of French's Division, left Maryland Heights for Frederick, and Elliott's and Smith's Brigades, of the same division, moved from the Heights, by way of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, for Washington.

Combats: Action at Hanover, Pa., and skirmishes at Westminster, Md., and at Fairfield and Sporting Hill, near Harrisburg, Pa.

July 1.—The First Corps moved from Marsh Run and the Eleventh Corps from Emmitsburg to Gettysburg; the Second Corps from Uniontown, via Taneytown, to near Gettysburg; the Third Corps from Bridgeport, via Emmitsburg, to the field of Gettysburg; the Fifth Corps from Union Mills, via Hanover and McSherrytown, to Bonaughtown; the Sixth Corps from Manchester *en route* to Gettysburg, and the Twelfth Corps from Littlestown, via Two Taverns, to the field of Gettysburg. Gregg's Cavalry Division marched from Manchester to Hanover Junction, whence McIntosh's and J. I. Gregg's Brigades proceeded to Hanover, while Huey's Brigade returned to Manchester. Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division moved from Hanover, via Abbottsvile, to Berlin, and the Artillery Reserve (Ransom's and Fitzhugh's Brigades) from Taneytown to near Gettysburg. Stannard's Vermont Brigade from the Defenses of Washington, joined the First Corps on the field of Gettysburg. W. F. Smith's (First) Division of the Department of the Susquehanna, marched from the vicinity of Harrisburg to Carlisle. Kenly's and Morris' Brigades of French's Division reached Frederick.

Combats: Battle of Gettysburg (first day), and skirmish at Carlisle, Pa.

July 2.—The Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps, Lockwood's Brigade, from the Middle Department, McIntosh's and J. I. Gregg's Brigades, of D. McM. Gregg's Cavalry Division, Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division, and the Artillery Reserve reached the field of Gettysburg. Gamble's and Devin's Brigades, of

Buford's Cavalry Division, marched from Gettysburg to Taneytown, and Merritt's Reserve Brigade from Mechanicstown to Emmitsburg.

Combats: Battle of Gettysburg (second day), and skirmishes at Hunterstown and near Chambersburg, Pa.

July 3.—Gamble's and Devin's Brigades, of Buford's Cavalry Division, moved from Taneytown to Westminster; Merritt's Reserve Brigade from Emmitsburg to the field of Gettysburg, and Huey's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Manchester to Westminster.

Combats: Battle of Gettysburg (third day), and action at Fairfield, Pa.

July 4.—Gamble's and Devin's Brigades, of Buford's Cavalry Division, marched from Westminster, and Merritt's Reserve Brigade from Gettysburg, *en route* to Frederick; Huey's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Westminster, via Emmitsburg, to Monterey; J. I. Gregg's Cavalry Brigade from Gettysburg to Hunterstown, and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Gettysburg, via Emmitsburg, to Monterey. Smith's Division, of Couch's command, moved from Carlisle, via Mount Holly, to Pine Grove, and the remainder of Couch's troops from the vicinity of Harrisburg toward Shippensburg and Chambersburg. Elliott's and Smith's Brigades, of French's Division, arrived at Washington from Maryland Heights, and moved to Tennallytown. Morris' Brigade, of French's Division, marched from Frederick to Turner's Gap, in South Mountain.

Combats: Action at Monterey Gap, Pa., and skirmishes at Fairfield Gap, Pa., and near Emmitsburg, Md.

July 5. Leaving Gettysburg, the Second Corps marched to Two Taverns; the Fifth Corps to Marsh Run; the Sixth Corps to Fairfield; the Eleventh Corps to Rock Creek; the Twelfth Corps to Littlestown; McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division to Emmitsburg, and the Artillery Reserve to Littlestown. Buford's Cavalry Division reached Frederick. J. I. Gregg's Cavalry Brigade moved from Hunterstown to Greenwood. Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division and Huey's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, marched from Monterey, via Smithsburg, to Boonsborough.

Combats: Skirmishes at or near Smithsburg, Md., and Green

Oak, Mercersburg, Fairfield, Greencastle, Cunningham's Cross Roads, and Stevens' Furnace (or Caledonia Iron Works), Pa.

July 6.—The First Corps marched from Gettysburg to Emmitsburg; the Fifth Corps from Marsh Run to Moritz's Cross Roads; the Sixth Corps from Fairfield to Emmitsburg, except Neill's (Third) Brigade, of Howe's (Second) Division, which, in conjunction with McIntosh's Brigade of Cavalry, was left at Fairfield to pursue the enemy; the Eleventh Corps from Rock Creek to Emmitsburg; Buford's Cavalry Division from Frederick to Williamsport and thence back to Jones' Cross Roads; Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division and Huey's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Boonsborough, via Hagerstown* and Williamsport, to Jones' Cross Roads; McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Emmitsburg to Fairfield; and J. I. Gregg's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Greenwood to Marion; Smith's Division, of Couch's command, moved from Pine Grove to Newman's Pass; Kenly's Brigade, of French's Division, marched from Frederick *en route* to Maryland Heights; Elliott's and Smith's Brigades, of French's Division, left Tennallytown, via Washington and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, *en route* to Frederick.

Combats: Actions at Hagerstown and Williamsport, Md.

July 7.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Gettysburg to Frederick; the First Corps from Emmitsburg to Hamburg; the Second Corps from Two Taverns to Taneytown; the Third Corps from Gettysburg, via Emmitsburg, to Mechanicstown; the Fifth Corps from Moritz's Cross Roads, via Emmitsburg, to Utica; the Sixth Corps from Emmitsburg to Mountain Pass, near Hamburg; the Eleventh Corps from Emmitsburg to Middletown; the Twelfth Corps from Littlestown to Walkersville; and the Artillery Reserve from Littlestown to Woodsborough; Buford's and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Divisions and Huey's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, moved from Jones' Cross Roads to Boonsborough; J. I. Gregg's Cavalry Brigade was moving *en route* from Chambersburg to Middletown; McIntosh's Brigade of Cavalry and Neill's Brigade of the Sixth Corps, moved from Fairfield to Waynesborough; Smith's Division, of Couch's command, marched from New-

*Richmond's Brigade of Kilpatrick's Division, remained at Hagerstown, whence it retired toward Boonsborough.

man's Pass to Altodale; Kenly's Brigade, of French's Division, with other troops forwarded by Schenck from Baltimore, reoccupied Maryland Heights; Elliott's and Smith's Brigades, of French's Division, reached Frederick from Washington.

Combats: Skirmishes at Downsville and Funkstown, Md., and at Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

July 8.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Frederick to Middletown; the First Corps from Hamburg to Turner's Gap, in South Mountain; the Second Corps from Taneytown to Frederick; the Third Corps from Mechanicstown to a point three miles southwest of Frederick; the Fifth Corps from Utica to Middletown; the Sixth Corps from near Hamburg to Middletown; the Eleventh Corps from Middletown to Turner's Gap, in South Mountain, Schurz's (Third) Division being advanced to Boonsborough; the Twelfth Corps from Walkersville to Jefferson; and the Artillery Reserve from Woodsborough to Frederick; J. I. Gregg's Cavalry Brigade was moving *en route* from Chambersburg to Middletown; Smith's Division, of Couch's command, moved from Altodale to Waynesborough; Campbell's and Mulligan's Brigades, of Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, were concentrated at Hancock, whence they moved to Fairview, on North Mountain.

Combats: Action at Boonsborough and skirmish near Williamsport, Md.

July 9.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Middletown to Turner's Gap; the Second Corps from Frederick to Rohrersville; the Third Corps from near Frederick to Fox's Gap, in South Mountain; the Fifth Corps from Middletown, via Fox's Gap, to near Boonsborough; the Sixth Corps from Middletown to Boonsborough; the Twelfth Corps from Jefferson to Rohrersville; and the Artillery Reserve from Frederick to Boonsborough; J. I. Gregg's Cavalry Brigade reached Middletown from Chambersburg; Elliott's and Smith's Brigades, of French's Division, marched from Frederick to Middletown.

Combats: Skirmish at Benevola (or Beaver Creek), Md.

July 10.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Turner's Gap to Beaver Creek, beyond Boonsborough; the First Corps from Turner's Gap to Beaver Creek, where it was joined by Kenly's Brigade, of French's Division, from Maryland Heights; the Second Corps from Rohrersville to near Til-

ghmanton; the Third Corps from Fox's Gap, through Boonsborough, to Antietam Creek, in the vicinity of Jones' Cross Roads, where it was joined by Elliott's and Smith's Brigades, of French's Division, which marched from Middletown, and Morris' Brigade, of the same division, which marched from Turner's Gap; the Fifth Corps from near Boonsborough to Delaware Mills, on Antietam Creek; the Sixth Corps from Boonsborough to Beaver Creek; the Eleventh Corps from Turner's Gap to Beaver Creek, and the Twelfth Corps from Rohrersville to Bakersville; Buford's and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Divisions moved from Boonsborough to Funkstown; Huey's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Boonsborough to Jones' Cross Roads, and McIntosh's Cavalry Brigade from Waynesborough via Smithsburg and Leitersburg, to Old Antietam Forge, and back to Waynesborough.

Combats: Skirmishes at or near Old Antietam Forge (near Leitersburg), Clear Spring, Hagerstown, Jones' Cross Roads (near Williamsport), and Funkstown, Md.

July 11.—The Second Corps moved from near Tilghmanton to the neighborhood of Jones' Cross Roads; the Twelfth Corps from Bakersville to Fair Play and Jones' Cross Roads; Gamble's and Devin's Brigades, of Buford's Cavalry Division, from Funkstown to Bakersville; J. I. Gregg's Cavalry Brigade from Middletown to Boonsborough; Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Funkstown to near Hagerstown; the Artillery Reserve from Boonsborough to Benevola; Neill's Brigade, of the Sixth Corps, and Smith's Division, of Couch's command, from Waynesborough to Leitersburg.

Combats: Skirmishes at or near Hagerstown, Jones' Cross Roads (near Williamsport) and Funkstown, Md.

July 12.—The First, Sixth and Eleventh Corps moved from Beaver Creek to Funkstown; McIntosh's Cavalry Brigade from Waynesborough, via Leitersburg, to Boonsborough; Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division and Ames' (First) Division, Eleventh Corps, occupied Hagerstown; Neill's Brigade, of the Sixth Corps, moved from Leitersburg to Funkstown, where it rejoined its corps; Smith's Division (except one brigade, left at Waynesborough) from Leitersburg to Cavetown; Dana's (Second) Division, of Couch's command, from Chambersburg to Greencastle; and Averell's Cavalry Brigade, Department of West Virginia, from Cumberland *en route* to Fairview.

Combats: Skirmishes at or near Hagerstown, Jones' Cross Roads (near Williamsport) and Funkstown, Md., and Ashby's Gap, Va.

July 13.—The Sixth Corps moved from Funkstown to the vicinity of Hagerstown; the Artillery Reserve from Benevola to Jones' Cross Roads, two brigades remaining at the latter place and the others returning to Benevola; Smith's Division, of Couch's command, from Waynesborough and Cavetown to Hagerstown and Beaver Creek. Averell's Cavalry Brigade joined Kelley's infantry at Fairview.

Combats: Skirmishes at Hagerstown, Jones' Cross Roads and Funkstown, Md.

July 14.—The First Corps marched from Funkstown to Williamsport; the Second Corps from near Jones' Cross Roads to near Falling Waters; the Third Corps from Antietam Creek, near Jones' Cross Roads, across Marsh Creek; the Fifth Corps from the vicinity of Roxbury Mills, on Antietam Creek, to near Williamsport; the Sixth Corps from the neighborhood of Hagerstown to Williamsport; the Eleventh Corps from Funkstown, via Hagerstown, to Williamsport; and Williams' (First) Division of the Twelfth Corps from Jones' Cross Roads to near Falling Waters, and thence to near Williamsport. Buford's Cavalry Division moved from Bakersville to Falling Waters; McIntosh's and J. I. Gregg's Brigades of D. McM. Gregg's Cavalry Division from Boonsborough to Harper's Ferry; Huey's Brigade of same division, from Jones' Cross Roads, via Williamsport to Falling Waters; and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Hagerstown, via Williamsport, to Falling Waters. Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, marched from Fairview to Williamsport.

Combats: Action at Falling Waters, Md., and skirmishes near Williamsport, Md., and Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

July 15.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Beaver Creek to Berlin; the First Corps from Williamsport to Rohrersville; the Second Corps from near Falling Waters to near Sandy Hook; the Third Corps from Marsh Creek to near Burnside's Bridge, on the Antietam; the Fifth Corps from near Williamsport to Burkittsville; the Sixth Corps from Williamsport to Boonsborough; the Eleventh Corps from Williamsport, via Hagerstown, to Middletown; and the Twelfth Corps from Fair Play and near Williamsport to Sandy Hook.

Two Brigades of the Artillery Reserve moved from Jones' Cross Roads, and joining the remainder of the reserve at Benevola, the whole command marched thence, via Middletown, to Berlin. Buford's Cavalry Division moved from Falling Waters to Berlin; McIntosh's and J. I. Gregg's Brigades, of D. McM. Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Harper's Ferry, via Halltown, to Shepherdstown; Huey's Brigade of same division from Falling Waters to Boonsborough; and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Falling Waters, via Williamsport and Hagerstown, to Boonsborough. Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, marched from Williamsport to Indian Springs.

Combats: Skirmishes at Halltown and Shepherdstown, W. Va.

July 16.—The First Corps marched from Rohrersville to near Berlin; the Third Corps from Burnside's Bridge to Pleasant Valley, near Sandy Hook; the Fifth Corps from Burkittsville, via Petersville, to near Berlin; the Sixth Corps from Boonsborough to near Berlin; the Eleventh Corps from Middletown, via Jefferson, to Berlin; and the Twelfth Corps from Sandy Hook to Pleasant Valley. Buford's Cavalry Division moved from Berlin to Petersville; Huey's Brigade of Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Boonsborough, via Harper's Ferry, to Shepherdstown; and Kilpatrick's Division from Boonsborough to Berlin, whence De Forest's (First) Brigade proceeded to Harper's Ferry.

Combats: Action at Shepherdstown and skirmish at Shanghai, W. Va.

July 17.—The Third Corps moved from near Sandy Hook, crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and proceeded to a point three miles south of the Ferry; the Fifth Corps moved from near Berlin to Lovettsville, crossing the Potomac at Berlin. Gregg's Cavalry Division marched from Shepherdstown to Harper's Ferry, Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Berlin and Harper's Ferry to Purcellville; Custer's Brigade crossing the Potomac at Berlin and De Forest's Brigade the Shenandoah at Harper's Ferry. Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, moved from Indian Springs, Md., to Hedgesville, W. Va., crossing the Potomac at Cherry Run.

Combats: Skirmishes near North Mountain Station, W. Va., and near Snicker's Gap, Va.

July 18.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from

Berlin, Md., to Lovettsvile, Va.; the First Corps from near Berlin to Waterford, crossing the Potomac at Berlin; the Second Corps from near Sandy Hook to Hillsborough, crossing the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers at Harper's Ferry; the Third Corps from near Harper's Ferry to Hillsborough; the Fifth Corps from Lovettsville to near Purcellville; the Artillery Reserve from Berlin to Wheatland; and Buford's Cavalry Division from Petersville to Purcellville, crossing the Potomac at Berlin.

Combats: Skirmishes at and near Hedgesville and Martinsburg, W. Va.

July 19.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Lovettsville to Wheatland; the First Corps from Waterford to Hamilton; the Second and Third Corps from Hillsborough to Wood Grove; the Fifth Corps from near Purcellville to a point on the road to Philomont; the Sixth Corps from near Berlin to Wheatland, and the Eleventh Corps from Berlin to near Hamilton, both corps crossing the Potomac at Berlin; the Artillery Reserve from Wheatland to Purcellville; and the Twelfth Corps from Pleasant Valley to near Hillsborough, crossing the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers at Harper's Ferry. Buford's Cavalry Division moved from Purcellville, via Philomont, to near Rector's Cross Roads. McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, moved from Harper's Ferry toward Hillsborough and Huey's and J. I. Gregg's Brigades of the same division, from Harper's Ferry to Lovettsville. Kilpatrick's Division of Cavalry marched from Purcellville to Upperville. Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, fell back from Hedgesville to the Maryland side of the Potomac at Cherry Run.

Combats: Skirmishes at and near Hedgesville and Martinsburg, W. Va.

July 20.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Wheatland to Union; the First Corps from Hamilton to Middleburg; the Second and Third Corps from Wood Grove, the former going to Bloomfield and the later to Upperville; the Fifth Corps from a point on the Purcellville and Philomont road, via Union, to Panther Skin Creek; the Sixth Corps from Wheatland to near Beaver Dam; the Eleventh Corps from near Hamilton, via Mt. Gilead, to Mountville; the Twelfth Corps from near Hillsborough, via Wood Grove, to Snickersville; and

the Artillery Reserve from Purcellville to Union; Buford's Cavalry Division moved from near Rector's Cross Roads to Rectortown, Gamble's Brigade going thence to Chester Gap, Devin's Brigade to Salem and Merritt's Brigade to Manassas Gap; McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, reached Hillsborough and marched thence toward Purcellville; Huey's and J. I. Gregg's brigades, of same division, moved from Lovettsville to Goose Creek.

Combats: Skirmishes near Berry's Ferry and at Ashby's Gap, Va.

July 21.—Huey's and J. I. Gregg's Brigades, of D. McM. Gregg's Cavalry Division, moved from Goose Creek to Bull Run; McIntosh's Brigade returned to Hillsborough; Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, recrossed the Potomac from Maryland into Virginia at Cherry Run.

Combats: Skirmishes at Manassas and Chester Gaps, Va.

July 22.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Union to Upperville; the First Corps from Middleburg to White Plains; the Second Corps from Bloomfield to Paris; the Third Corps from Upperville, via Piedmont, to Linden; the Fifth Corps from Panther Skin Creek to Rectortown; and the Sixth Corps from near Beaver Dam to Rectortown; Devin's Brigade, of Buford's Cavalry Division, moved from Salem to Barbee's Cross Roads; Huey's and J. I. Gregg's Brigades, of D. McM. Gregg's Cavalry Division, from Bull Run to Broad Run; and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Upperville to Piedmont.

Combats: Skirmishes at Manassas and Chester Gaps, Va.

July 23.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Upperville to Linden; the First Corps from White Plains to Warrenton; the Second Corps from Paris to Linden; the Third Corps from Linden to Manassas Gap; the Fifth Corps from Rectortown, via Markham Station, Farrowsville and Linden, to Manassas Gap; the Sixth Corps from Rectortown to White Plains and Barbee's Cross Roads; the Eleventh Corps from Mountville to New Baltimore; the Twelfth Corps from Snickersville to Ashby's Gap and thence to Markham Station; and the Artillery Reserve from Union to near Rock Creek; Buford's Cavalry Division concentrated at Barbee's Cross Roads; McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, moved from

Hillsborough to Snickersville; and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Piedmont to Amissville.

Combats: Action at Wapping Heights, Manassas Gap, and skirmishes near Gaines' Cross Roads, Snicker's Gap and Chester Gap, Va.

July 24.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Linden to Salem; the Second Corps from Linden to Markham Station; the First Division (Wright's), Sixth Corps, from White Plains to New Baltimore; the Second Division (Howe's), Sixth Corps, from Barbee's Cross Roads to Markham Station and thence to Orleans; the Third Division (Bartlett's), Sixth Corps, from Barbee's Cross Roads to Thumb Run; and the Twelfth Corps from Markham Station to Linden, countermarching, via Markham Station, to Piedmont; Huey's and J. I. Gregg's Brigades, of D. McM. Gregg's Cavalry Division, moved from Broad Run to Warrenton Junction; Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, advanced from Cherry Run to Hedgesville.

Combats: Skirmish at Battle Mountain, near Newby's Cross Roads, Va.

July 25.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac moved from Salem to Warrenton; the First Corps from Warrenton to Warrenton Junction, the Second Division (Robinson's) going on to Bealeton; the Second Corps from Markham Station to White Plains; the Third Corps from Manassas Gap to near Salem; the Fifth Corps from Manassas Gap, via Farrowsville and Barbee's Cross Roads, to Thumb Run; the Sixth Corps concentrated at Warrenton, Wright's (First) Division moving from New Baltimore, Howe's (Second) Division from Orleans, and Bartlett's (Third) Division from Thumb Run; the Eleventh Corps moved from New Baltimore to Warrenton Junction; and the Twelfth Corps from Piedmont, via Rectortown and White Plains, to Thoroughfare Gap; the Artillery Reserve reached Warrenton; Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, occupied Martinsburg.

Combats: Skirmish at Barbee's Cross Roads, Va.

July 26.—The Second Corps marched from White Plains to near Germantown; the Third Corps from near Salem to vicinity of Warrenton; the Fifth Corps from Thumb Run to vicinity of Warrenton, Crawford's (Third) Division taking position at Fayetteville; and the Twelfth Corps from Thoroughfare Gap,

via Greenwich and Catlett's Station, to Warrenton Junction; Buford's Cavalry Division took position at Warrenton and Fayetteville; McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, marched from Snickersville, via Upperville, to Middleburg; Kelley's command, Department of West Virginia, occupied Winchester.

July 27.—The Fifth Corps encamped between Warrenton and Fayetteville; McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, marched from Middleburg, via White Plains, New Baltimore and Warrenton, toward Warrenton Junction.

July 28.—McIntosh's Brigade, of Gregg's Cavalry Division, moved via Warrenton Junction, to Catlett's Station.

July 29.—D. McM. Gregg's Cavalry Division moved from Warrenton Junction and Catlett's Station to Warrenton.

July 30.—Kenly's (Third) Division, First Corps, moved from Warrenton Junction to Rappahannock Station; the Second Corps from near Germantown to Elk Run; D. McM. Gregg's Cavalry Division from Warrenton to Amissville; and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Amissville to Warrenton.

July 31.—The Second Corps marched from Elk Run to Morrisville; Howe's (Second) Division, Sixth Corps, from Warrenton to near Waterloo; the Twelfth Corps from Warrenton Junction to Kelly's Ford; and Kilpatrick's Cavalry Division from Warrenton to Warrenton Junction.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, COMMANDED BY MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE, U. S. ARMY, AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, JULY 1-3, 1863.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

COMMAND OF THE PROVOST-MARSHAL-GENERAL.

Brig. Gen. MARSENA R. PATRICK.

93d New York,* Col. John S. Crocker.
8th United States (eight companies),* Capt. Edwin W. H. Read.
2d Pennsylvania Cavalry, Col. R. Butler Price.
6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Companies E and I, Capt. James Starr.
Regular cavalry (detachments from 1st, 2d, 5th and 6th Regiments).

SIGNAL CORPS.

Capt. LEMUEL B. NORTON.

GUARDS AND ORDERLIES.

Oneida (New York) Cavalry, Capt. Daniel P. Mann.

ARTILLERY.†

Brig. Gen. HENRY J. HUNT.

ENGINEER BRIGADE.‡

Brig. Gen. HENRY W. BENHAM.

15th New York (three companies), Maj. Walter L. Cassin.
50th New York, Col. William H. Pettes.
United States Battalion, Capt. George H. Mendell.

FIRST ARMY CORPS.§

Maj. Gen. ABNER DOUBLEDAY.
Maj. Gen. JOHN NEWTON.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

1st Maine Cavalry, Company L, Capt. Constantine Taylor.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. SOLOMON MEREDITH.
Col. WILLIAM W. ROBINSON.
19th Indiana, Col. Sam'l J. Williams.
24th Michigan:
Col. Henry A. Morrow.
Capt. Albert M. Edwards.
2d Wisconsin:
Col. Lucius Fairchild.
Maj. John Mansfield.
Capt. George H. Otis.
6th Wisconsin, Lieut. Col. Rufus R. Dawes.
7th Wisconsin:
Col. William W. Robinson.
Maj. Mark Finnicum.

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. LYSANDER CUTLER.
7th Indiana, Col. Ira G. Grover.
76th New York:
Maj. Andrew J. Grover.
Capt. John E. Cook.
84th New York (14th Militia), Col. Edward B. Fowler.
95th New York:
Col. George H. Biddle.
Maj. Edward Pye.
147th New York:
Lieut. Col. Francis C. Miller.
Maj. George Harney.
56th Pennsylvania (nine companies), Col. J. Wm. Hofmann.

*Not engaged.
†See artillery brigades attached to army corps and the reserve.
‡Not engaged. With exception of the regular battalion, it was, July 1, and while at Beaver Dam Creek, Md., ordered to Washington, D. C., where is arrived July 3.
§Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds, of this corps, was killed July 1, while in command of the left wing of the army; General Doubleday commanded the corps July 1, and General Newton, who was assigned to that command on the 1st, superseded him July 2.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. JOHN C. ROBINSON.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. GABRIEL R. PAUL.
Col. SAMUEL H. LEONARD.
Col. ADRIAN R. ROOT.
Col. RICHARD COULTER.
Col. PETER LYLE.
Col. RICHARD COULTER.

16th Maine:
Col. Charles W. Tilden.
Maj. Archibald D. Leavitt.
13th Massachusetts:
Col. Samuel H. Leonard.
Lieut. Col. N. Walter Batchelder.
94th New York:
Col. Adrian R. Root.
Maj. Samuel A. Moffett.
104th New York, Col. Gilbert G. Prey.
107th Pennsylvania:
Lieut. Col. James MacThomson.
Capt. Emanuel D. Roath.

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. HENRY BAXTER.

12th Massachusetts:
Col. James L. Bates.
Lieut. Col. David Allen, Jr.
83d New York (9th Militia), Lieut. Col. Joseph A. Moesch.
97th New York:
Col. Charles Wheelock.
Maj. Charles Northrup.
11th Pennsylvania:*
Col. Richard Coulter.
Capt. Benjamin F. Haines.
Capt. John B. Overmeyer.
88th Pennsylvania:
Maj. Benezet F. Foust.
Capt. Henry Whiteside.
90th Pennsylvania:
Col. Peter Lyle.
Maj. Alfred J. Sellers.
Col. Peter Lyle.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. THOMAS A. ROWLEY.
Maj. Gen. ABNER DOUBLEDAY.

First Brigade.

Col. CHAPMAN BIDDLE.
Brig. Gen. THOMAS A. ROWLEY.
Col. CHAPMAN BIDDLE.

80th New York (20th Militia), Col. Theodore B. Gates.
121st Pennsylvania:
Maj. Alexander Biddle.
Col. Chapman Biddle.
Maj. Alexander Biddle.
142d Pennsylvania:
Col. Robert P. Cummins.
Lieut. Col. Alfred B. McCalmont.
151st Pennsylvania:
Lieut. Col. George F. McFarland.
Capt. Walter L. Owens.
Col. Harrison Allen.

Second Brigade.

Col. ROY STONE.
Col. LANGHORNE WISTER.
Col. EDMUND L. DANA.

143d Pennsylvania:
Col. Edmund L. Dana.
Lieut. Col. John D. Musser.
149th Pennsylvania:
Lieut. Col. Walton Dwight.
Capt. James Glenn.
150th Pennsylvania:
Col. Langhorne Wister.
Lieut. Col. Henry S. Huidekoper.
Capt. Cornelius C. Widdis.

Third Brigade.

Brig. Gen. GEORGE J. STANNARD.
Col. FRANCIS V. RANDALL.

12th Vermont,† Col. Asa P. Blunt.
13th Vermont:
Col. Francis V. Randall.
Maj. Joseph J. Boynton.
Lieut. Col. William D. Munson.
14th Vermont, Col. William T. Nichols.
15th Vermont,† Col. Redfield Proctor.
16th Vermont, Col. Wheelock G. Veazey.

*Transferred in afternoon of July 1 to First Brigade.
†Guarding trains and not engaged in the battle.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Col. CHARLES S. WAINWRIGHT.

Maine Light, 2d Battery (B), Capt. James A. Hall.
Maine Light, 5th Battery (E):
Capt. Greenleaf T. Stevens.
Lieut. Edward N. Whittier.
1st New York Light, Battery L:*
Capt. Gilbert H. Reynolds.
Lieut. George Breck.
1st Pennsylvania Light, Battery B, Capt. James H. Cooper.
4th United States, Battery B, Lieut. James Stewart.

SECOND ARMY CORPS.†

Maj. Gen. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.
Brig. Gen. JOHN GIBBON.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

6th New York Cavalry, Companies D and K, Capt. Riley Johnson.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. JOHN C. CALDWELL.

First Brigade.

Col. EDWARD E. CROSS.
Col. H. BOYD MCKEEN.

5th New Hampshire, Lieut. Col. Charles E. Hapgood.
61st New York, Lieut. Col. K. Oscar Broady.
81st Pennsylvania:
Col. H. Boyd McKeen.
Lieut. Col. Amos Stroh.
148th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Rob't McFarlane.

Second Brigade.

Col. PATRICK KELLY.

28th Massachusetts, Col. Richard Byrnes.
63d New York (two companies):
Lieut. Col. Rich'd C. Bentley.
Capt. Thomas Touhy.
69th New York (two companies):
Capt. Richard Moroney.
Lieut. James J. Smith.
88th New York (two companies), Capt. Denis F. Burke.
116th Pennsylvania (four companies), Maj. St. Clair A. Mulholland.

Third Brigade.

Brig. Gen. SAMUEL K. ZOOK.
Lieut. Col. JOHN FRASER.

52d New York:
Lieut. Col. C. G. Freudenberg.
Capt. William Scherrer.
57th New York, Lieut. Col. Alford B. Chapman.
66th New York:
Col. Orlando H. Morris.
Lieut. Col. John S. Hammell.
Maj. Peter Nelson.
140th Pennsylvania:
Col. Richard P. Roberts.
Lieut. Col. John Fraser.

Fourth Brigade.

Col. JOHN R. BROOKE.

27th Connecticut (two companies):
Lieut. Col. Henry C. Merwin.
Maj. James H. Coburn.
2d Delaware:
Col. William P. Baily.
Capt. Charles H. Christman.
64th New York:
Col. Daniel G. Bingham.
Maj. Leman W. Bradley.
53d Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Richards McMichael.
145th Pennsylvania (seven companies):
Col. Hiram L. Brown.
Capt. John W. Reynolds.
Capt. Moses W. Oliver.

*Battery E, 1st New York Light artillery, attached.

†After the death of General Reynolds, General Hancock was assigned to the command of all the troops on the field of battle, relieving General Howard, who had succeeded General Reynolds. General Gibbon, of the Second Division, assumed command of the corps. These assignments terminated on the evening of July 1. Similar changes in commanders occurred during the battle of the 2d, when General Hancock was put in command of the Third Corps, in addition to that of his own. He was wounded on the 3d, and Brig. Gen. William Hays was assigned to the command of the corps.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. JOHN GIBBON.
Brig. Gen. WILLIAM HARROW.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. WILLIAM HARROW.
Col. FRANCIS E. HEATH.

19th Maine:
Col. Francis E. Heath.
Lieut. Col. Henry W. Cunningham.
15th Massachusetts:
Col. George H. Ward.
Lieut. Col. George C. Joslin.
1st Minnesota:*
Col. William Colvill, Jr.
Capt. Nathan S. Messick.
Capt. Henry C. Coatès.
82d New York (2d Militia):
Lieut. Col. James Huston.
Capt. John Darrow.

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. ALEXANDER S. WEBB.

69th Pennsylvania:
Col. Dennis O'Kane.
Capt. William Davis.
71st Pennsylvania, Col. Richard Penn Smith.
72d Pennsylvania:
Col. De Witt C. Baxter.
Lieut. Col. Theodore Hesser.
106th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Wm. L. Curry.

Third Brigade.

Col. NORMAN J. HALL.

19th Massachusetts, Col. Arthur F. Devereux.
20th Massachusetts:
Col. Paul J. Revere.
Lieut. Col. George N. Macy.
Capt. Henry L. Abbott.
7th Michigan:
Lieut. Col. Amos E. Steele, jr.
Maj. Sylvanus W. Curtis.
42d New York, Col. Jas. E. Mallon.
59th New York (four companies):
Lieut. Col. Max A. Thoman.
Capt. William McFadden.

Unattached.

Massachusetts Sharpshooters, 1st company:
Capt. William Plumer.
Lieut. Emerson L. Bicknell.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. ALEXANDER HAYS.

First Brigade.

Col. SAMUEL S. CARROLL.

14th Indiana, Col. John Coons.
4th Ohio, Lieut. Col. Leonard W. Carpenter.
8th Ohio, Lieut. Col. Franklin Sawyer.
7th West Virginia, Lieut. Col. Jonathan H. Lockwood.

Second Brigade.

Col. THOMAS A. SMYTH.
Lieut. Col. FRANCIS E. PIERCE.

14th Connecticut, Maj. Theodore G. Ellis.
1st Delaware:
Lieut. Col. Edward P. Harris.
Capt. Thomas B. Hizar.
Lieut. William Smith.
Lieut. John T. Dent.
12th New Jersey, Maj. John T. Hill.
10th New York (battalion), Maj. George F. Hopper.
108th New York, Lieut. Col. Francis E. Pierce.

*2d Company Minnesota Sharpshooters attached.

Third Brigade.

Col. GEORGE L. WILLARD.
Col. ELIAKIM SHERRILL.
Lieut. Col. JAMES M. BULL.

39th New York (four companies), Maj. Hugo Hildebrandt.
111th New York:
Col. Clinton D. MacDougall.
Lieut. Col. Isaac M. Lusk.
Capt. Aaron P. Seeley.
125th New York:
Lieut. Col. Levin Crandell.
126th New York:
Col. Eliakim Sherrill.
Lieut. Col. James M. Bull.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Capt. JOHN G. HAZARD.

1st New York Light, Battery B:*
Lieut. Albert S. Sheldon.
Captain James McKay Rorty.
Lieut. Robert E. Rogers.
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery A, Capt. William A. Arnold.
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery B:
Lieut. T. Fred. Brown.
Lieut. Walter S. Perrin.
1st United States, Battery I:
Lieut. George A. Woodruff.
Lieut. Tully McCrea.
4th United States, Battery A:
Lieut. Alonzo H. Cushing.
Sergt. Frederick Fuger.

THIRD ARMY CORPS.

Maj. Gen. DANIEL E. SICKLES.
Maj. Gen. DAVID B. BIRNEY.

FIRST DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. DAVID B. BIRNEY.
Brig. Gen. J. H. HOBART WARD.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. CHARLES K. GRAHAM.
Col. ANDREW H. TIPPIN.

57th Pennsylvania (eight companies):
Col. Peter Sides.
Capt. Alanson H. Nelson.
63d Pennsylvania, Maj. John A. Danks.
68th Pennsylvania:
Col. Andrew H. Tippin.
Capt. Milton S. Davis [?].
105th Pennsylvania, Col. Calvin A. Craig.
114th Pennsylvania:
Lieut. Col. Frederick F. Cavada.
Capt. Edward R. Bowen.
141st Pennsylvania, Col. Henry J. Madill.

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. J. H. HOBART WARD.
Col. HIRAM BERDAN.

20th Indiana:
Col. John Wheeler.
Lieut. Col. William C. L. Taylor.
3d Maine, Col. Moses B. Lakeman.
4th Maine:
Col. Elijah Walker.
Capt. Edwin Libby.
86th New York, Lieut. Col. Benjamin L. Higgins.
124th New York:
Col. A. Van Horne Ellis.
Lieut. Col. Francis M. Cummins.
99th Pennsylvania, Major John W. Moore.
1st United States Sharpshooters:
Col. Hiram Berdan.
Lieut. Col. Caspar Trepp.
2d United States Sharpshooters (eight companies), Maj. Homer R. Stoughton.

*Transferred from Artillery Reserve, July 1; 14th New York Battery attached.

Third Brigade.

Col. P. Regis de Trobriand.

17th Maine, Lieut. Col. Charles B. Merrill.
3d Michigan:
Col. Byron R. Pierce.
Lieut. Col. Edwin S. Pierce.
5th Michigan, Lieut. Col. John Pulford.
40th New York, Col. Thomas W. Egan.
110th Pennsylvania (six companies):
Lieut. Col. David M. Jones.
Maj. Isaac Rogers.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. Andrew A. Humphreys.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Carr.

1st Massachusetts, Lieut. Col. Clark B. Baldwin.
11th Massachusetts, Lieut. Col. Porter D. Tripp.
16th Massachusetts:
Lieut. Col. Waldo Merriam.
Capt. Matthew Donovan.
12th New Hampshire, Capt. John F. Langley.
11th New Jersey:
Col. Robert McAllister.
Capt. Luther Martin.
Lieut. John Schoonover.
Capt. William H. Loyd.
Capt. Samuel T. Sleeper.
Lieut. John Schoonover.
26th Pennsylvania, Maj. Robert L. Bodine.
84th Pennsylvania,* Lieut. Col. Milton Opp.

Second Brigade.

Col. William R. Brewster.

70th New York, Col. J. Egbert Farnum.
71st New York, Col. Henry L. Potter.
72d New York:
Col. John S. Austin.
Lieut. Col. John Leonard.
73d New York, Maj. Michael W. Burns.
74th New York, Lieut. Col. Thomas Holt.
120th New York:
Lieut. Col. Cornelius D. Westbrook.
Major John R. Tappen.

Third Brigade.

Col. George C. Burling.

2d New Hampshire, Col. Edward L. Bailey.
5th New Jersey:
Col. William J. Sewell.
Capt. Thomas C. Godfrey.
Capt. Henry H. Woolsey.
6th New Jersey, Lieut. Col. Stephen R. Gilkyson.
7th New Jersey:
Col. Louis R. Francine.
Maj. Frederick Cooper.
8th New Jersey:
Col. John Ramsey.
Capt. John G. Langston.
115th Pennsylvania, Maj. John P. Dunne.

*Guarding corps trains, and not engaged in the battle.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Capt. GEORGE E. RANDOLPH.
Capt. A. JUDSON CLARK.

New Jersey Light, 2d Battery:
Capt. A. Judson Clark.
Lieut. Robert Sims.
1st New York Light, Battery D, Capt. George B. Winslow.
New York Light, 4th Battery, Capt. James E. Smith.
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery E:
Lieut. John K. Bucklyn.
Lieut. Benjamin Freeborn.
4th United States, Battery K:
Lieut. Francis W. Seeley.
Lieut. Robert James.

FIFTH ARMY CORPS.

Maj. Gen. GEORGE SYKES.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

12th New York Infantry, Companies D and E, Capt. Henry W. Ryder.
17th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Companies D and H, Capt. William Thompson.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. JAMES BARNES.

First Brigade.

Col. WILLIAM S. TILTON.

18th Massachusetts, Col. Joseph Hayes.
22d Massachusetts, Lieut. Col. Thos. Sherwin, Jr.
1st Michigan:
Col. Ira C. Abbott.
Lieut. Col. Wm. A. Throop.
118th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Jas. Gwyn.

Second Brigade.

Col. JACOB B. SWEITZER.

9th Massachusetts, Col. Patrick R. Guiney.
32d Massachusetts, Col. G. L. Prescott.
4th Michigan:
Col. Harrison H. Jeffords.
Lieut. Col. Geo. W. Lumbard.
62d Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. James C. Hull.

Third Brigade.

Col. STRONG VINCENT.
Col. JAMES C. RICE.

20th Maine, Col. Joshua L. Chamberlain.
16th Michigan, Lieut. Col. Norval E. Welch.
44th New York:
Col. James C. Rice.
Lieut. Col. Freeman Conner.
83d Pennsylvania, Capt. Orpheus S. Woodward.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. ROMEYN B. AYRES.

First Brigade.

Col. HANNIBAL DAY.

3d United States (six companies):
Capt. Henry W. Freedley.
Capt. Richard G. Lay.
4th United States (four companies), Captain Julius W. Adams, Jr.
6th United States (five companies), Capt. Levi C. Bootes.
12th United States (eight companies), Capt. Thomas S. Dunn.
14th United States (eight companies), Maj. Grotius R. Giddings.

Second Brigade.

Col. SIDNEY BURBANK.

2d United States (six companies):
Maj. Arthur T. Lee.
Capt. Samuel A. McKee.
7th United States (four companies), Capt. David P. Hancock.
10th United States (three companies), Capt. William Clinton.
11th United States (six companies), Maj. DeLancey Floyd-Jones.
17th United States (seven companies), Lieut. Col. J. Durell Greene.

Third Brigade.

Brig. Gen. STEPHEN H. WEED.
Col. KENNER GARRARD.

140th New York:
Col. Patrick H. O'Rorke.
Lieut. Col. Louis Ernst.
146th New York:
Col. Kenner Garrard.
Lieut. Col. David T. Jenkins.
91st Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Joseph H. Sinex.
155th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. John H. Cain.

THIRD DIVISION.*

Brig. Gen. SAMUEL W. CRAWFORD.

First Brigade.

Col. WILLIAM MCCANDLESS.

1st Pennsylvania Reserves (nine companies), Col. William C. Talley.
2d Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut. Col. George A. Woodward.
6th Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut. Col. Wellington H. Ent.
13th Pennsylvania Reserves:
Col. Charles F. Taylor.
Maj. William R. Hartshorne.

Third Brigade.

Col. JOSEPH W. FISHER.

5th Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut. Col. George Dare.
9th Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut. Col. James McK. Snodgrass.
10th Pennsylvania Reserves, Col. Adoniram J. Warner.
11th Pennsylvania Reserves, Col. Samuel M. Jackson.
12th Pennsylvania Reserves (nine companies), Col. Martin D. Hardin.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Capt. AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN.

Massachusetts Light, 3d Battery (C), Lieut. Aaron F. Walcott.
1st New York Light, Battery C, Capt. Almont Barnes.
1st Ohio Light, Battery L, Captain Frank C. Gibbs.
5th United States, Battery D:
Lieut. Charles E. Hazlett.
Lieut. Benj. F. Rittenhouse.
5th United States, Battery I:
Lieut. Malbone F. Watson.
Lieut. Charles C. MacConnell.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

Maj. Gen. JOHN SEDGWICK.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

1st New Jersey Cavalry, Company L,
1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, Company H, } Capt. William S. Craft.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. HORATIO G. WRIGHT.

Provost Guard.

4th New Jersey (three companies), Capt. William R. Maxwell.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. A. T. A. TORBERT.

1st New Jersey, Lieut. Col. William Henry, Jr.
2d New Jersey, Lieut. Col. Charles Wiebecke.
3d New Jersey, Lieut. Col. Edward L. Campbell.
15th New Jersey, Col. William H. Penrose.

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. JOSEPH J. BARTLETT.†

5th Maine, Col. Clark S. Edwards.
121st New York, Col. Emory Upton.
95th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Edward Carroll.
96th Pennsylvania, Maj. William H. Lessig.

*Joined corps June 28. The Second Brigade left in the Department of Washington.
†Also in command of the Third Brigade, Third Division, on July 3.

Third Brigade.

Brig. Gen. DAVID A. RUSSELL.

6th Maine, Col. Hiram Burnham.
49th Pennsylvania (four companies), Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Hulings.
119th Pennsylvania, Col. Peter C. Ellmaker.
5th Wisconsin, Col. Thomas S. Allen.

SECOND DIVISION.*

Brig. Gen. ALBION P. HOWE.

Second Brigade.

Col. LEWIS A. GRANT.

2d Vermont, Col. James H. Walbridge.
3d Vermont, Col. Thomas O. Seaver.
4th Vermont, Col. Charles B. Stoughton.
5th Vermont, Lieut. Col. John R. Lewis.
6th Vermont, Col. Elisha L. Barney.

Third Brigade.

Brig. Gen. THOMAS H. NEILL.

7th Maine (six companies), Lieut. Col. Selden Connor.
33d New York (detachment), Capt. Henry J. Gifford.
43d New York, Lieut. Col. John Wilson.
49th New York, Col. Daniel D. Bidwell.
77th New York, Lieut. Col. Winsor B. French.
61st Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Geo. F. Smith.

THIRD DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. JOHN NEWTON.
Brig. Gen. FRANK WHEATON.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. ALEXANDER SHALER.

65th New York, Col. Joseph E. Hamblin.
67th New York, Col. Nelson Cross.
122d New York, Col. Silas Titus.
23d Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. John F. Glenn.
82d Pennsylvania, Col. Isaac C. Bassett.

Second Brigade.

Col. HENRY L. EUSTIS.

7th Massachusetts, Lieut. Col. Franklin P. Harlow.
10th Massachusetts, Lieut. Col. Jos. B. Parsons.
37th Massachusetts, Col. Oliver Edwards.
2d Rhode Island, Col. Horatio Rogers, Jr.

Third Brigade.

Brig. Gen. FRANK WHEATON.
Col. DAVID J. NEVIN.

62d New York:
Col. David J. Nevin.
Lieut. Col. Theodore B. Hamilton.
93d Pennsylvania, Maj. John I. Nevin.
98th Pennsylvania, Maj. John B. Kohler.
102d Pennsylvania,† Col. John W. Patterson.
139th Pennsylvania:
Col. Frederick H. Collier.
Lieut. Col. William H. Moody.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Col. CHARLES H. TOMPKINS.

Massachusetts Light, 1st Battery (A), Capt. William H. McCartney.
New York Light, 1st Battery, Capt. Andrew Cowan.
New York Light, 3d Battery, Capt. William A. Harn.
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery C, Capt. Richard Waterman.
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery G, Capt. George W. Adams.
2d United States, Battery D, Lieut. Edward B. Williston.
2d United States, Battery G, Lieut. John H. Butler.
5th United States, Battery F, Lieut. Leonard Martin.

*No First Brigade in division.
†Guarding wagon train at Westminster, and not engaged in the battle.

ELEVENTH ARMY CORPS.*

Maj. Gen. OLIVER O. HOWARD.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

1st Indiana Cavalry, Companies I and K, Capt. Abram Sharra.
8th New York Infantry (one company), Lieut. Hermann Foerster.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brig. Gen. ADELBERT AMES.

First Brigade.

Col. LEOPOLD VON GILSA.

41st New York (nine companies), Lieut. Col. Detleo von Einsiedel.
54th New York:
Maj. Stephen Kovacs.
Lieut. Ernest Both [?].
68th New York, Col. Gotthilf Bourry.
153d Pennsylvania, Maj. John Frueauff.

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. ADELBERT AMES.
Col. ANDREW L. HARRIS.

17th Connecticut:
Lieut. Col. Douglas Fowler.
Maj. Allen G. Brady.
25th Ohio:
Lieut. Col. Jeremiah Williams.
Capt. Nathaniel J. Manning.
Lieut. William Maloney.
Lieut. Israel White.
75th Ohio:
Col. Andrew L. Harris.
Capt. George B. Fox.
107th Ohio:
Col. Seraphim Meyer.
Capt. John M. Lutz.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. ADOLPH VON STEINWEHR.

First Brigade.

Col. CHARLES R. COSTER.

134th New York, Lieut. Col. Allan H. Jackson.
154th New York, Lieut. Col. D. B. Allen.
27th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Lorenz Cantador.
73d Pennsylvania, Capt. D. F. Kelley.

Second Brigade.

Col. ORLAND SMITH.

33d Massachusetts, Col. Adin B. Underwood.
136th New York, Col. James Wood, Jr.
55th Ohio, Col. Charles B. Gambee.
73d Ohio, Lieut. Col. Richard Long.

THIRD DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. CARL SCHURZ.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. ALEX. SCHIMMELFENNIG.
Col. GEORGE VON AMSBERG.

82d Illinois, Lieut. Col. Edward S. Salomon.
45th New York:
Col. George von Amsberg.
Lieut. Col. Adolphus Dobke.
157th New York, Col. Philip P. Brown, Jr.
61st Ohio, Col. Stephen J. McGroarty.
74th Pennsylvania:
Col. Adolph von Hartung.
Lieut. Col. Alex. von Mitzel.
Capt. Gustav Schleiter.
Capt. Henry Krauseneck.

Second Brigade.

Col. W. KRZYZANOWSKI.

58th New York:
Lieut. Col. August Otto.
Capt. Emil Koenig.
119th New York:
Col. John T. Lockman.
Lieut. Col. Edward F. Lloyd.
82d Ohio:
Col. James S. Robinson.
Lieut. Col. David Thomson.
75th Pennsylvania:
Col. Francis Mahler.
Maj. August Ledig.
26th Wisconsin:
Lieut. Col. Hans Boebel.
Capt. John W. Fuchs.

*During the interval between the death of General Reynolds and the arrival of General Hancock, on the afternoon of July 1, all the troops on the field of battle were commanded by General Howard, General Schurz taking command of the Eleventh Corps and General Schimmelfennig of the Third Division.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Maj. THOMAS W. OSBORN.

1st New York Light, Battery I, Capt. Michael Weidrich.
New York Light, 13th Battery, Lieut. William Wheeler.
1st Ohio Light, Battery I, Capt. Hubert Dilger.
1st Ohio Light, Battery K, Capt. Lewis Heckman.
4th United States, Battery G:
Lieut. Bayard Wilkeson.
Lieut. Eugene A. Brancroft.

TWELFTH ARMY CORPS.

Maj. Gen. HENRY W. SLOCUM.*
Brig. Gen. ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS.

PROVOST GUARD.

10th Maine (four companies), Capt. John D. Beardsley.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS.
Brig. Gen. THOMAS H. RUGER.

First Brigade.

Col. ARCHIBALD L. MCDOUGALL.

5th Connecticut, Col. Warren W. Packer.
20th Connecticut, Lieut. Col. William B. Wooster.
3d Maryland, Col. Joseph M. Sudsburg.
123d New York:
Lieut. Col. James C. Rogers.
Capt. Adolphus H. Tanner.
145th New York, Col. E. Livingston Price.
46th Pennsylvania, Col. James L. Selfridge.

Second Brigade.†

Brig. Gen. HENRY H. LOCKWOOD.

1st Maryland, Potomac, Home Brigade, Col. William P. Maulsby.
1st Maryland, Eastern Shore, Col. James Wallace.
150th New York, Col. John H. Ketcham.

Third Brigade.

Brig. Gen. THOMAS H. RUGER.
Col. SILAS COLGROVE.

27th Indiana:
Col. Silas Colgrove.
Lieut. Col. John R. Fesler.
2d Massachusetts:
Lieut. Col. Charles R. Mudge.
Maj. Charles F. Morse.
13th New Jersey, Col. Ezra A. Carman.
107th New York, Col. Nirom M. Crane.
3d Wisconsin, Col. William Hawley.

---

*Exercised command of the right wing of the army during a part of the battle.
†Unassigned during progress of battle; afterward attached to First Division as Second Brigade. The command theretofore known as the Second (or Jackson's) Brigade had previously been consolidated with the First Brigade.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. JOHN W. GEARY.

First Brigade.

Col. CHARLES CANDY.

5th Ohio, Col. John H. Patrick.
7th Ohio, Col. William R. Creighton.
29th Ohio:
Capt. Wilbur F. Stevens.
Capt. Edward Hayes.
66th Ohio, Lieut. Col. Eugene Powell.
28th Pennsylvania, Capt. John Flynn.
147th Pennsylvania (eight companies), Lieut. Col. Ario Pardee, Jr.

Second Brigade.

Col. GEORGE A. COBHAM, Jr.
Brig. Gen. THOMAS L. KANE.
Col. GEORGE A. COBHAM, Jr.
29th Pennsylvania, Col. William Rickards, Jr.
109th Pennsylvania, Capt. F. L. Gimber.
111th Pennsylvania:
Lieut. Col. Thos. M. Walker.
Col. George A. Cobham, Jr.
Lieut. Col. Thos. M. Walker.

Third Brigade.

Brig. Gen. GEORGE S. GREENE.

60th New York, Col. Abel Godard.
78th New York, Lieut. Col. Herbert von Hammerstein.
102d New York:
Col. James C. Lane.
Capt. Lewis R. Stegman.
137th New York, Col. David Ireland.
149th New York:
Col. Henry A. Barnum.
Lieut. Col. Charles B. Randall.

ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Lieut. EDWARD D. MUHLENBERG.

1st New York Light, Battery M, Lieut. Charles E. Winegar.
Pennsylvania Light, Battery E, Lieut. Charles A. Atwell.
4th United States, Battery F, Lieut. Sylvanus T. Rugg.
5th United States, Battery K, Lieut. David H. Kinzie.

CAVALRY CORPS.

Maj. Gen. ALFRED PLEASONTON.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. JOHN BUFORD.

First Brigade.

Col. WILLIAM GAMBLE.

8th Illinois, Maj. John L. Beveridge.
12th Illinois (four cos.), } Col. Geo. H.
3d Indiana (six cos.), } Chapman.
8th New York, Lieut. Col. William L. Markell.

Second Brigade.

Col. THOMAS C. DEVIN.

6th New York, Maj. W. E. Beardsley.
9th New York, Col. William Sackett.
17th Pennsylvania, Col. J. H. Kellogg.
3d West Virginia (two companies), Capt. Seymour B. Conger.

Reserve Brigade.

Brig. Gen. WESLEY MERRITT.

6th Pennsylvania, Maj. James H. Haseltine.
1st United States, Capt. Richard S. C. Lord.
2d United States, Capt. T. F. Rodenbough.
5th United States, Capt. Julius W. Mason.
6th United States:
Maj. Samuel H. Starr.
Lieut. Louis H. Carpenter.
Lieut. Nicholas Nolan.
Capt. Ira W. Claflin.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. DAVID McM. GREGG.

Headquarters Guard.

1st Ohio, Company A, Capt. Noah Jones.

First Brigade.

Col. JOHN B. McINTOSH.

1st Maryland (eleven companies), Lieut. Col. Jas. M. Deems.
Purnell (Maryland) Legion, Company A, Capt. Robert E. Duvall.
1st Massachusetts,* Lieut. Col. Greely S. Curtis.
1st New Jersey, Maj. M. H. Beaumont.
1st Pennsylvania, Col. John P. Taylor.
3d Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. E. S. Jones.
3d Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, Section Battery H,† Capt. W. D. Rank.

Second Brigade.‡

Col. PENNOCK HUEY.

2d New York, Lieut. Col. Otto Harhaus.
4th New York, Lieut. Col. Augustus Pruyn.
6th Ohio (ten companies), Maj. William Stedman.
8th Pennsylvania, Capt. William A. Corrie.

Third Brigade.

Col. J. IRVIN GREGG.

1st Maine (ten companies), Lieut. Col. Charles H. Smith.
10th New York, Major M. Henry Avery.
4th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. Wm. E. Doster.
16th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. John K. Robison.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. JUDSON KILPATRICK.

Headquarters Guard.

1st Ohio, Company C, Capt. Samuel N. Stanford.

First Brigade.

Brig. Gen. ELON J. FARNSWORTH.
Col. NATHANIEL P. RICHMOND.

5th New York, Maj. John Hammond.
18th Pennsylvania, Lieut. Col. William P. Brinton.
1st Vermont, Lieut. Col. Addison W. Preston.
1st West Virginia (ten companies): Col. Nathaniel P. Richmond. Maj. Charles E. Capehart.

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. GEORGE A. CUSTER.

1st Michigan, Col. Charles H. Town
5th Michigan, Col. Russell A. Alger.
6th Michigan, Col. George Gray.
7th Michigan (ten companies), Col. William D. Mann.

HORSE ARTILLERY.

First Brigade.

Capt. JAMES M. ROBERTSON.

9th Michigan Battery, Capt. Jabez J. Daniels.
6th New York Battery, Capt. Joseph W. Martin.
2d United States, Batteries B and L, Lieut. Edward Heaton.
2d United States, Battery M, Lieut. A. C. M. Pennington, Jr.
4th United States, Battery E, Lieut. Samuel S. Elder.

Second Brigade.

Capt. JOHN C. TIDBALL.

1st United States, Batteries E and G, Capt. Alanson M. Randol.
1st United States, Battery K, Capt. William M. Graham.
2d United States, Battery A, Lieut. John H. Calef.
3d United States, Battery C,§ Lieut. William D. Fuller.

---

*Served with the Sixth Army Corps and on the right flank.
†Serving as light artillery.
‡At Westminster, etc., and not engaged in the battle.
§With Huey's Cavalry Brigade, and not engaged in battle.

ARTILLERY RESERVE.

Brig. Gen. ROBERT O. TYLER.
Capt. JAMES M. ROBERTSON.

Headquarters Guard.

32d Massachusetts Infantry, Company C, Capt. Josiah C. Fuller.

First Regular Brigade.

Capt. DUNBAR R. RANSOM.

1st United States, Battery H: Lieut. Chandler P. Eakin. Lieut. Philip D. Mason.
3d United States, Batteries F and K, Lieut. John G. Turnbull.
4th United States, Battery C, Lieut. Evan Thomas.
5th United States, Battery C, Lieut. Gulian V. Weir.

First Volunteer Brigade.

Lieut. Col. FREEMAN MCGILVERY.

Massachusetts Light, 5th Battery (E),* Capt. Charles A. Phillips.
Massachusetts Light, 9th Battery: Capt. John Bigelow. Lieut. Richard S. Milton.
New York Light, 15th Battery, Capt. Patrick Hart.
Pennsylvania Light, Batteries C and F, Capt. James Thompson.

Second Volunteer Brigade.

Capt. ELIJAH D. TAFT.

1st Connecticut Heavy, Battery B,† Capt. Albert F. Brooker.
1st Connecticut Heavy, Battery M,† Capt. Franklin A. Pratt.
Connecticut Light, 2d Battery, Capt. John W. Sterling.
New York Light, 5th Battery, Capt. Elijah D. Taft.

Third Volunteer Brigade.

Capt. JAMES F. HUNTINGTON.

New Hampshire Light, 1st Battery, Capt. Frederick M. Edgell.
1st Ohio Light, Battery H, Lieut. George W. Norton.
1st Pennsylvania Light, Batteries F and G, Capt. R. Bruce Ricketts.
West Virginia Light, Battery C, Capt. Wallace Hill.

Fourth Volunteer Brigade.

Capt. ROBERT H. FITZHUGH.

Maine Light, 6th Battery (F), Lieut. Edwin B. Dow.
Maryland Light, Battery A, Capt. James H. Rigby.
New Jersey Light, 1st Battery, Lieut. Augustin N. Parsons.
1st New York Light, Battery G, Capt. Nelson Ames.
1st New York Light, Battery K,‡ Capt. Robert H. Fitzhugh.

Train Guard.

4th New Jersey Infantry (seven companies), Maj. Charles Ewing.

---

*10th New York battery attached.
†Not engaged.
‡Eleventh New York Battery attached.

RETURN OF CASUALTIES IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, COMMANDED BY MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE, U. S. ARMY, AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, JULY 1-3, 1863.*

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.							
Staff,	.....	.....	2	2	.....	.....	4
FIRST ARMY CORPS.							
Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds. Maj. Gen. Abner Doubleday. Maj. Gen. John Newton.							
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.							
Staff,	1	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	2
1st Maine Cavalry, Company L,	.....	1	.....	2	.....	.....	3
FIRST DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. James S. Wadsworth.							
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Solomon Meredith. Col. William W. Robinson.							
Staff,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1
19th Indiana,	2	25	12	121	4	46	210
24th Michigan,	8	59	13	197	3	83	363
2d Wisconsin,	1	25	11	144	5	47	233
6th Wisconsin,	2	28	7	109	.....	22	168
7th Wisconsin,	.....	21	10	95	1	51	178
Total First Brigade,	13	158	54	666	13	249	1,153
Second Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Lysander Cutler.							
7th Indiana,	.....	2	.....	5	.....	3	10
76th New York,	2	30	16	116	.....	70	234
84th New York (14th Militia),	.....	13	6	99	.....	99	217
95th New York,	.....	7	8	54	1	45	115
147th New York,	3	57	9	135	.....	92	296
56th Pennsylvania,	1	13	5	56	1	54	130
Total Second Brigade,	6	122	44	465	2	363	1,002
Total First Division,	19	280	98	1,131	15	612	2,155
SECOND DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. John C. Robinson.							
Staff,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1

*Also includes losses in skirmishes, July 4.

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Gabriel R. Paul.							
Col. Samuel H. Leonard.							
Col. Adrian R. Root.							
Col. Richard Coulter.							
Col. Peter Lyle.							
Col. Richard Coulter.							
Staff,	.....	.....	1	1	2	1	5
16th Maine,	2	7	5	54	11	153	232
13th Massachusetts,	.....	7	4	73	3	98	185
94th New York,	.....	12	6	52	8	167	245
104th New York,	.....	11	10	81	10	82	194
11th Pennsylvania,*	.....	1	2	12	.....	.....	15
107th Pennsylvania,	.....	11	8	48	6	92	165
Total First Brigade,	2	49	36	321	40	593	1,041
Second Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Henry Baxter.							
Staff,	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1
12th Massachusetts,	2	3	7	45	3	59	119
83d New York (9th Militia),	2	4	3	15	.....	58	82
97th New York,	2	10	9	27	3	75	126
11th Pennsylvania,*	.....	5	6	46	.....	60	117
88th Pennsylvania,	.....	4	3	52	4	47	110
90th Pennsylvania,	1	7	3	42	1	39	93
Total Second Brigade,	7	33	31	227	12	338	648
Total Second Division,	9	82	68	548	52	931	1,690
Third Division.							
Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Rowley.							
Maj. Gen. Abner Doubleday.							
Staff,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1
First Brigade.							
Col. Chapman Biddle.							
Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Rowley.							
Col. Chapman Biddle.							
Staff,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1
80th New York (20th Militia),	3	32	15	96	1	23	170
121st Pennsylvania,	.....	12	5	101	1	60	179
142d Pennsylvania,	3	10	11	117	2	68	211
151st Pennsylvania,	2	49	9	202	4	71	337
Total First Brigade,	8	103	41	516	8	222	898
Second Brigade.							
Col. Roy Stone.							
Col. Langhorne Wister.							
Col. Edmund L. Dana.							
143d Pennsylvania,	1	20	11	130	.....	91	253
149th Pennsylvania,	1	52	14	158	4	107	336
150th Pennsylvania,	2	33	10	142	4	73	264
Total Second Brigade,	4	105	35	430	8	271	853

*Transferred on afternoon of July 1 from the Second to the First Brigade. Its losses after July 1 are reported with the latter brigade.

Command.	Killed. Officers.	Killed. Enlisted men.	Wounded. Officers.	Wounded. Enlisted men.	Captured or Missing. Officers.	Captured or Missing. Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
Third Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. George J. Stannard. Col. Francis V. Randall.							
Staff,			2				2
13th Vermont,		10	4	99		10	123
14th Vermont,	1	18	1	66		21	107
16th Vermont,		16	5	97		1	119
Total Third Brigade,	1	44	12	262		32	351
Total Third Division,	13	252	89	1,208	16	525	2,103
Artillery Brigade.							
Col. Charles S. Wainwright.							
Maine Light, 2d Battery (B),				18			18
Maine Light, 5th Battery (E),		3	2	11		7	23
1st New York Light Battery L,*		1	1	14		1	17
1st Pennsylvania Light, Battery B,		3	1	8			12
4th United States, Battery B,		2	2	29		3	36
Total Artillery Brigade,		9	6	80		11	106
Total First Army Corps,	42	624	262	2,969	83	2,079	6,059
SECOND ARMY CORPS.							
Maj. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock. Brig. Gen. John Gibbon.							
General Headquarters.							
Staff,			3				3
6th New York Cavalry, Companies D and K,		1		3			4
First Division.							
Brig. Gen. John C. Caldwell.							
First Brigade.							
Col. Edward E. Cross. Col. H. Boyd McKeen.							
Staff,			1				1
5th New Hampshire,	1	26	4	49			80
61st New York,		6	6	50			62
81st Pennsylvania,		5	5	44		8	62
148th Pennsylvania,	1	18	6	95		5	125
Total First Brigade,	2	55	22	238		13	330
Second Brigade.							
Col. Patrick Kelly.							
28th Massachusetts,		8	1	56		35	100
63d New York,		5	1	9	1	7	23
69th New York,		5	1	13		6	25
88th New York,	1	6	1	16		4	28
116th Pennsylvania,		2		11	1	8	22
Total Second Brigade,	1	26	4	105	2	60	198

*Battery E, 1st New York Artillery, attached.

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
Third Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Samuel K. Zook. Lieut. Col. John Fraser.							
Staff,	1						1
52d New York,	1	1	3	23		10	38
57th New York,		4	2	26		2	34
66th New York,	2	3	5	24	1	9	44
140th Pennsylvania,	3	34	8	136	3	57	241
Total Third Brigade,	7	42	18	209	4	78	358
Fourth Brigade.							
Col. John R. Brooke.							
27th Connecticut,	2	8	4	19		4	37
2d Delaware,	2	9	7	54		12	84
64th New York,	4	11	7	57		19	98
53d Pennsylvania,		7	11	56		6	80
145th Pennsylvania,		11	9	60		10	90
Total Fourth Brigade,	8	46	38	246		51	389
Total First Division,	18	169	82	798	6	202	1,275
Second Division.							
Brig. Gen. John Gibbon. Brig. Gen. William Harrow.							
Staff,			3				3
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. William Harrow. Col. Francis E. Heath.							
Staff,			1				1
19th Maine,	1	28	11	159		4	203
15th Massachusetts,	3	20	8	89		28	148
1st Minnesota,*	3	47	14	159		1	224
82d New York (2d Militia),	3	42	12	120	1	14	192
Total First Brigade,	10	137	46	527	1	47	768
Second Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Alexander S. Webb.							
69th Pennsylvania,	4	36	8	72	2	15	137
71st Pennsylvania,	2	19	3	55	3	16	98
72d Pennsylvania,	2	42	7	139		2	192
106th Pennsylvania,	1	8	9	45		1	64
Total Second Brigade,	9	105	27	311	5	34	491
Third Brigade.							
Col. Norman J. Hall.							
19th Massachusetts,	2	7	9	52		7	77
20th Massachusetts,	2	28	8	86		3	127
7th Michigan,	2	19	3	41			65
42d New York,		15	6	49		4	74
59th New York,		6	3	25			34
Total Third Brigade,	6	75	29	253		14	377

*2d Company Minnesota Sharpshooters attached.

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
Unattached.							
1st Company Massachusetts Sharpshooters,	.....	2	.....	6	.....	.....	8
Total Second Division,	25	319	105	1,097	6	95	1,647
THIRD DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. Alexander Hays.							
First Brigade.							
Col. Samuel S. Carroll.							
14th Indiana,	.....	6	3	22	.....	.....	31
4th Ohio,	2	7	1	16	.....	5	31
8th Ohio,	1	17	10	73	.....	1	102
7th West Virginia,	.....	5	1	40	.....	1	47
Total First Brigade,	3	35	15	151	.....	7	211
Second Brigade.							
Col. Thomas A. Smyth. Lieut. Col. Francis E. Pierce.							
14th Connecticut,	.....	10	10	42	.....	4	66
1st Delaware,	1	9	10	44	1	12	77
12th New Jersey,	2	21	4	79	.....	9	115
10th New York (battalion),	.....	2	.....	4	.....	.....	6
108th New York,	3	13	10	76	.....	.....	102
Total Second Brigade,	6	55	34	245	1	25	366
Third Brigade.							
Col. George L. Willard. Col. Eliakim Sherrill. Lieut. Col. James M. Bull.							
39th New York,	1	14	3	77	.....	.....	95
111th New York,	3	55	8	169	.....	14	249
125th New York,	2	24	6	98	.....	9	139
126th New York,	5	35	9	172	.....	10	231
Total Third Brigade,	11	128	26	516	.....	33	714
Total Third Division,	20	218	75	912	1	65	1,291
ARTILLERY BRIGADE.							
Capt. John G. Hazard.							
1st New York Light, Battery B,*	1	9	1	15	.....	.....	26
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery A,	.....	3	1	27	.....	1	32
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery B,	1	6	1	18	.....	2	28
1st United States, Battery I,	.....	1	1	23	.....	.....	25
4th United States, Battery A,	1	5	1	31	.....	.....	38
Total Artillery Brigade,	3	24	5	114	.....	3	149
Total Second Army Corps,	66	731	270	2,924	13	365	4,369

*Transferred from Artillery Reserve, July 1; 14th New York Battery attached.

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
THIRD ARMY CORPS							
Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles.							
Maj. Gen. David B. Birney.							
Staff,			2				2
FIRST DIVISION.							
Maj. Gen. David B. Birney.							
Brig. Gen. J. H. Hobart Ward.							
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Charles K. Graham.							
Col. Andrew H. Tippin.							
Staff,			3				3
57th Pennsylvania,	2	9	9	37	3	55	115
63d Pennsylvania,		1	3	26		4	34
68th Pennsylvania,	3	10	9	117		13	152
105th Pennsylvania,	1	7	14	101		9	132
114th Pennsylvania,		9	1	85	3	57	155
141st Pennsylvania,		25	6	97		21	149
Total First Brigade,	6	61	45	463	6	159	740
Second Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. J. H. Hobart Ward.							
Col. Hiram Berdan.							
Staff,			1				1
20th Indiana,	2	30	9	105		10	156
3d Maine,	1	17	2	57		45	122
4th Maine,	2	9	3	56	4	70	144
86th New York,	1	10	3	48	1	3	66
124th New York,	4	24	3	54		5	90
99th Pennsylvania,	1	17	4	77		11	110
1st United States Sharpshooters,	1	5	4	33		6	49
2d United States Sharpshooters,		5	4	19	1	14	43
Total Second Brigade,	12	117	33	449	6	164	781
Third Brigade.							
Col. P. Regis de Trobriand.							
17th Maine,	1	17	7	105		3	133
3d Michigan,		7	3	28		7	45
5th Michigan,	2	17	8	78		4	109
40th New York,	1	22	4	116		7	150
110th Pennsylvania,		8	6	39			53
Total Third Brigade,	4	71	28	366		21	490
Total First Division,	22	249	106	1,278	12	344	2,011
SECOND DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. Andrew A. Humphreys.							
Staff		2	2	7			11

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Carr.							
Staff,			2				2
1st Massachusetts,	1	15	8	75		21	120
11th Massachusetts,	1	22	7	89	2	8	129
16th Massachusetts,	3	12	4	49		13	81
12th New Hampshire,	1	19	5	65		2	92
11th New Jersey,	3	14	9	115		12	153
26th Pennsylvania,	1	29	10	166		7	213
Total First Brigade,	10	111	45	559	2	63	790
Second Brigade.							
Col. William R. Brewster.							
Staff,			2				2
70th New York,		20	8	85		4	117
71st New York,	1	9	6	62		13	91
72d New York,		7	7	72		28	114
73d New York,	4	47	11	92		8	162
74th New York,		12	6	68		3	89
120th New York,	7	25	10	144		17	203
Total Second Brigade,	12	120	50	523		73	778
Third Brigade.							
Col. George C. Burling.							
2d New Hampshire,	3	17	18	119		36	193
5th New Jersey,	2	11	5	60		16	94
6th New Jersey,		1	3	29		8	41
7th New Jersey,	1	14	10	76		13	114
8th New Jersey,		7	7	31		2	47
115th Pennsylvania,		3		18		3	24
Total Third Brigade,	6	53	43	333		78	513
Total Second Division,	28	286	140	1,422	2	214	2,092
Artillery Brigade.							
Capt. George E. Randolph.							
Capt. A. Judson Clark.							
New Jersey Light, 2d Battery,		1		16		3	20
1st New York Light, Battery D,				10		8	18
New York Light, 4th Battery,		2		10		1	13
1st Rhode Island Light, Battery E,		3	2	24		1	30
4th United States, Battery K,		2	1	18		4	25
Total Artillery Brigade,		8	3	78		17	106
Total Third Army Corps,	50	543	251	2,778	14	575	4,211

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
FIFTH ARMY CORPS.							
Maj. Gen. George Sykes.							
FIRST DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. James Barnes.							
First Brigade.							
Col. William S. Tilton.							
18th Massachusetts,	.....	1	.....	23	.....	3	27
22d Massachusetts,	.....	3	3	24	.....	1	31
1st Michigan,	1	4	6	27	.....	4	42
118th Pennsylvania,	1	2	3	16	.....	3	25
Total First Brigade,	2	10	12	90	.....	11	125
Second Brigade.							
Col. Jacob B. Sweitzer.							
9th Massachusetts,	.....	1	.....	6	.....	.....	7
32d Massachusetts,	1	12	7	55	.....	5	80
4th Michigan,	1	24	9	55	1	75	165
62d Pennsylvania,	4	24	10	97	.....	40	175
Total Second Brigade,	6	61	26	213	1	120	427
Third Brigade.							
Col. Strong Vincent. Col. James C. Rice.							
Staff,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1
20th Maine,	.....	29	6	85	.....	5	125
16th Michigan,	3	20	2	32	.....	3	60
44th New York,	2	24	5	77	.....	3	111
83d Pennsylvania,	1	9	3	42	.....	.....	55
Total Third Brigade,	6	82	17	236	.....	11	352
Total First Division,	14	153	55	539	1	142	904
SECOND DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. Romeyn B. Ayres.							
First Brigade.							
Col. Hannibal Day.							
Staff,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
3d United States,	.....	6	4	62	.....	1	73
4th United States,	.....	10	2	28	.....	.....	40
6th United States,	.....	4	1	39	.....	.....	44
12th United States,	1	7	4	67	.....	13	92
14th United States,	.....	18	2	108	.....	4	132
Total First Brigade,	1	45	13	305	.....	18	382

Command.	Killed. Officers.	Killed. Enlisted men.	Wounded. Officers.	Wounded. Enlisted men.	Captured or Missing. Officers.	Captured or Missing. Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
Second Brigade							
Col. Sidney Burbank.							
2d United States,	1	5	4	51	.....	6	67
7th United States,	1	11	3	42	.....	2	59
10th United States,	1	15	5	27	.....	3	51
11th United States,	3	16	7	85	.....	9	120
17th United States,	1	24	13	106	.....	7	150
Total Second Brigade,	7	71	32	310	.....	27	447
Third Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Stephen H. Weed. Col. Kenner Garrard.							
Staff,	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
140th New York,	1	25	5	84	.....	18	133
146th New York,	.....	4	2	22	.....	.....	28
91st Pennsylvania,	.....	3	2	14	.....	.....	19
155th Pennsylvania,	.....	6	2	11	.....	.....	19
Total Third Brigade,	2	38	11	131	.....	18	200
Total Second Division,	10	154	56	746	.....	63	1,029
THIRD DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. Samuel W. Crawford.							
First Brigade.							
Col. William McCandless.							
1st Pennsylvania Reserves,	.....	8	3	35	.....	.....	46
2d Pennsylvania Reserves,	.....	3	2	31	.....	1	37
6th Pennsylvania Reserves,	.....	2	1	21	.....	.....	24
13th Pennsylvania Reserves (1st Rifles),	2	5	8	31	.....	2	48
Total First Brigade,	2	18	14	118	.....	3	155
Third Brigade.							
Col. Joseph W. Fisher.							
5th Pennsylvania Reserves,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
9th Pennsylvania Reserves,	.....	.....	.....	5	.....	.....	5
10th Pennsylvania Reserves,	.....	2	.....	3	.....	.....	5
11th Pennsylvania Reserves,	1	2	3	35	.....	.....	41
12th Pennsylvania Reserves,	.....	1	.....	1	.....	.....	2
Total Third Brigade,	1	5	3	46	.....	.....	55
Total Third Division,	3	23	17	164	.....	3	210
ARTILLERY BRIGADE.							
Capt. Augustus P. Martin.							
Massachusetts Light, 5th Battery (C),	.....	.....	.....	6	.....	.....	6
1st Ohio Light, Battery L,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
5th United States, Battery D,	1	6	.....	6	.....	.....	13
5th United States, Battery I,	.....	1	1	18	.....	2	22
Total Artillery Brigade	1	7	1	32	.....	2	43
Ambulance Corps,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
Total Fifth Army Corps,	28	337	129	1,482	1	210	2,187

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
SIXTH ARMY CORPS.							
Maj. Gen. John Sedgwick.							
FIRST DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. Horatio G. Wright.							
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Alfred T. A. Torbert.							
2d New Jersey,	.....	.....	.....	6	.....	.....	6
3d New Jersey,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
15th New Jersey,	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	3
Total First Brigade,	.....	.....	.....	11	.....	.....	11
Second Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Joseph J Bartlett.							
121st New York,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
95th Pennsylvania,	.....	1	.....	1	.....	.....	2
96th Pennsylvania,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
Total Second Brigade,	.....	1	.....	4	.....	.....	5
Third Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. David A. Russell.							
119th Pennsylvania,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
Total Third Brigade,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
Total First Division,	.....	1	.....	17	.....	.....	18
SECOND DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. Albion P. Howe.							
Second Brigade.							
Col. Lewis A. Grant.							
4th Vermont,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
Total Second Brigade,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
Third Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Neill.							
7th Maine,	.....	.....	.....	6	.....	.....	6
43d New York,	1	1	.....	2	.....	1	5
49th New York,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
61st Pennsylvania,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1	2
Total Third Brigade,	1	1	.....	11	.....	2	15
Total Second Division,	1	1	.....	12	.....	2	16

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
THIRD DIVISION.							
Maj. Gen. JOHN NEWTON. Brig. Gen. FRANK WHEATON.							
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. ALEXANDER SHALER.							
65th New York,		4		5			9
67th New York,						1	1
122d New York,		10	2	30		2	44
23d Pennsylvania,	1		1	12			14
82d Pennsylvania,				6			6
Total First Brigade,	1	14	3	53		3	74
Second Brigade.							
Col. HENRY L. EUSTIS.							
7th Massachusetts,				6			6
10th Massachusetts,			1	3		5	9
37th Massachusetts,		2	1	25		19	47
2d Rhode Island,		1		5		1	7
Total Second Brigade,		3	2	39		25	69
Third Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. FRANK WHEATON. Col. DAVID J. NEVIN.							
62d New York,		1	1	10			12
93d Pennsylvania,			1	9			10
98th Pennsylvania,			2	9			11
139th Pennsylvania,		1	3	16			20
Total Third Brigade,		2	7	44			53
Total Third Division,	1	19	12	136		28	196
ARTILLERY BRIGADE.							
Col. CHARLES H. TOMPKINS.							
New York Light, 1st Battery,		4	2	6			12
Total Artillery Brigade,		4	2	6			12
Total Sixth Army Corps,	2	25	14	171		30	242
ELEVENTH ARMY CORPS.							
Maj. Gen. OLIVER O. HOWARD.							
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.							
Staff,			1				1
1st Indiana Cavalry, Companies I and K,						3	3
FIRST DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. FRANCIS C. BARLOW. Brig. Gen. ADELBERT AMES.							
Staff,			1				1

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
First Brigade.							
Col. Leopold von Gilsa.							
Staff,	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
41st New York,	1	14	8	50	.....	2	75
54th New York,	.....	7	2	45	4	44	102
68th New York,	1	7	4	59	2	65	138
153d Pennsylvania,	1	22	7	135	.....	46	211
Total First Brigade,	4	50	21	289	6	157	527
Second Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Adelbert Ames. Col. Andrew L. Harris.							
17th Connecticut,	2	18	4	77	2	94	197
25th Ohio,	1	8	5	95	3	72	184
75th Ohio,	2	14	7	67	4	92	186
107th Ohio,	.....	23	8	103	.....	77	211
Total Second Brigade,	5	63	24	342	9	335	778
Total First Division,	9	113	46	631	15	492	1,306
second division.							
Brig. Gen. Adolph von Steinwehr.							
Staff,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1
First Brigade.							
Col. Charles R. Coster.							
134th New York,	1	41	4	147	2	57	252
154th New York,	.....	1	1	20	9	169	200
27th Pennsylvania,	2	4	3	26	1	75	111
73d Pennsylvania,	.....	7	.....	27	.....	.....	34
Total First Brigade,	3	53	8	220	12	301	597
Second Brigade.							
Col. Orland Smith.							
33d Massachusetts,	.....	7	.....	38	.....	.....	45
136th New York,	.....	17	1	88	1	2	109
55th Ohio,	.....	6	1	30	1	11	49
73d Ohio,	.....	21	3	117	.....	4	145
Total Second Brigade,	.....	51	5	273	2	17	348
Total Second Division,	3	104	14	493	14	318	946
third division.							
Maj. Gen. Carl Schurz.							
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. A. Schimmelfennig. Col. George von Amsberg.							
82d Illinois,	.....	4	1	18	4	85	112
45th New York,	.....	11	1	34	14	164	224
157th New York,	4	23	8	158	6	108	307
61st Ohio,	2	4	6	30	2	10	54
74th Pennsylvania,	2	8	4	36	2	58	110
Total First Brigade,	8	50	20	276	28	425	807

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
Second Brigade.							
Col. W. Krzyzanowski.							
58th New York,	1	1	2	13	.....	3	20
119th New York,	2	9	4	66	1	58	140
82d Ohio,	4	13	14	71	2	77	181
75th Pennsylvania,	3	16	5	84	.....	3	111
26th Wisconsin,	2	24	11	118	2	60	217
Total Second Brigade,	12	63	36	352	5	201	669
Total Third Division,	20	113	56	628	33	626	1,476
Artillery Brigade.							
Maj. Thomas W. Osborn.							
1st New York Light, Battery I,	.....	3	2	8	.....	.....	13
New York Light, 13th Battery,	.....	.....	.....	8	.....	3	11
1st Ohio Light, Battery I,	.....	.....	.....	13	.....	.....	13
1st Ohio Light, Battery K,	.....	2	1	10	.....	2	15
4th United States, Battery G,	1	1	.....	11	.....	4	17
Total Artillery Brigade,	1	6	3	50	.....	9	69
Total Eleventh Army Corps,	33	336	120	1,802	62	1,448	3,801
Twelfth Army Corps.							
Maj. Gen. Henry W. Slocum.							
Brig. Gen. Alpheus S. Williams.							
First Division.							
Brig. Gen. Alpheus S. Williams.							
Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Ruger.							
First Brigade.							
Col. Archibald L. McDougall.							
5th Connecticut,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	5	7
20th Connecticut,	.....	5	.....	22	.....	1	28
3d Maryland,	1	.....	1	6	.....	.....	8
123d New York,	.....	3	1	9	1	.....	14
145th New York,	.....	1	1	8	.....	.....	10
46th Pennsylvania,	.....	2	1	9	.....	1	13
Total First Brigade,	1	11	4	56	1	7	80
Second Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Henry H. Lockwood.							
1st Maryland, Potomac Home Brigade,	3	20	3	77	.....	1	104
1st Maryland, Eastern Shore,	.....	5	.....	18	.....	2	25
150th New York,	.....	7	.....	23	.....	15	45
Total Second Brigade,	3	32	3	118	.....	18	174
Third Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Ruger.							
Col. Silas Colgrove.							
27th Indiana,	.....	23	8	78	.....	1	110
2d Massachusetts,	2	21	8	101	.....	4	136
13th New Jersey,	.....	1	3	17	.....	.....	21
107th New York,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
3d Wisconsin,	.....	2	1	7	.....	.....	10
Total Third Brigade,	2	47	20	205	.....	5	279
Total First Division,	6	90	27	379	1	30	533

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
SECOND DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. JOHN W. GEARY.							
First Brigade.							
Col. CHARLES CANDY.							
5th Ohio,	1	1	1	15	.....	.....	18
7th Ohio,	.....	1	.....	17	.....	.....	18
29th Ohio,	2	5	.....	31	.....	.....	38
66th Ohio,	.....	.....	3	14	.....	.....	17
28th Pennsylvania,	.....	3	1	22	.....	2	28
147th Pennsylvania,	1	4	.....	15	.....	.....	20
Total First Brigade,	4	14	5	114	.....	2	139
Second Brigade.							
Col. GEORGE A. COBHAM, JR.							
Brig. Gen. THOMAS L. KANE.							
Col. GEORGE A. COBHAM, JR.							
29th Pennsylvania,	2	13	.....	43	.....	8	66
109th Pennsylvania,	.....	3	.....	6	.....	1	10
111th Pennsylvania,	.....	5	1	16	.....	.....	22
Total Second Brigade,	2	21	1	65	.....	9	98
Third Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. GEORGE S. GREENE.							
60th New York,	.....	11	2	39	.....	.....	52
78th New York,	.....	6	1	20	1	2	30
102d New York,	2	2	1	16	.....	8	29
137th New York,	4	36	3	84	.....	10	137
149th New York,	.....	6	3	43	.....	3	55
Total Third Brigade,	6	61	10	202	1	23	303
Total Second Division,	12	96	16	381	1	34	540
ARTILLERY BRIGADE.							
Lieut. EDWARD D. MUHLENBERG.							
Pennsylvania Light, Battery E,	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	3
4th United States, Battery F,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
5th United States, Battery K,	.....	.....	.....	5	.....	.....	5
Total Artillery Brigade,	.....	.....	.....	9	.....	.....	9
Total Twelfth Army Corps,	18	186	43	769	2	64	1,082
CAVALRY CORPS.							
Maj. Gen. ALFRED PLEASONTON.							
FIRST DIVISION.							
Brig. Gen. JOHN BUFORD.							
First Brigade.							
Col. WILLIAM GAMBLE.							
8th Illinois,	.....	1	1	4	.....	1	7
12th Illinois (four companies),	.....	4	3	7	.....	6	20
3d Indiana (six companies),	1	5	1	20	.....	5	32
8th New York,	.....	2	1	21	.....	16	40
Total First Brigade,	1	12	6	52	.....	28	99

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
Second Brigade.							
Col. Thomas C. Devin.							
6th New York,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	8	9
9th New York,	.....	2	.....	2	.....	7	11
17th Pennsylvania,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4	4
3d West Virginia (two companies),	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4	4
Total Second Brigade,	.....	2	.....	3	.....	23	28
Reserve Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Wesley Merritt.							
6th Pennsylvania,	.....	3	.....	7	.....	2	12
1st United States,	.....	1	.....	9	.....	5	15
2d United States,	.....	3	1	6	1	6	17
5th United States,	.....	.....	.....	4	.....	1	5
6th United States,*	.....	6	5	23	5	203	242
Total Reserve Brigade,	.....	13	6	49	6	217	291
Total First Division,	1	27	12	104	6	268	418
Second Division.							
Brig. Gen. David McM. Gregg.							
First Brigade.							
Col. John B. McIntosh.							
1st Maryland,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	1	3
1st New Jersey,	.....	.....	2	7	.....	.....	9
1st Pennsylvania,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	2
3d Pennsylvania,	.....	.....	5	10	.....	6	21
Total First Brigade,	.....	.....	7	19	.....	9	35
Third Brigade.							
Col. J. Irvin Gregg.							
1st Maine,	.....	1	.....	4	.....	.....	5
10th New York,	.....	2	.....	4	1	2	9
4th Pennsylvania,	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
16th Pennsylvania,	.....	2	.....	4	.....	.....	6
Total Third Brigade,	.....	6	.....	12	1	2	21
Total Second Division,	.....	6	7	31	1	11	56
Third Division.							
Brig. Gen. Judson Kilpatrick.							
First Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. Elon J. Farnsworth. Col. Nathaniel P. Richmond.							
Staff,	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
5th New York,	.....	1	.....	1	.....	4	6
18th Pennsylvania,	.....	2	.....	4	.....	8	14
1st Vermont,	.....	13	3	22	.....	27	65
1st West Virginia,	2	2	3	1	1	3	12
Total First Brigade,	3	18	6	28	1	42	98

*Losses occurred at Fairfield, Pa.

Command.	Killed. Officers.	Killed. Enlisted men.	Wounded. Officers.	Wounded. Enlisted men.	Captured or Missing. Officers.	Captured or Missing. Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
Second Brigade.							
Brig. Gen. George A. Custer.							
1st Michigan,	.....	10	6	37	.....	20	73
5th Michigan,	1	7	1	29	.....	18	56
6th Michigan,	.....	1	2	24	.....	1	28
7th Michigan,	.....	13	4	44	.....	39	100
Total Second Brigade,	1	31	13	134	.....	78	257
Total Third Division,	4	49	19	162	1	120	355
HORSE ARTILLERY.							
First Brigade.							
Capt. James M. Robertson.							
9th Michigan,	.....	1	.....	4	.....	.....	5
6th New York,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
2d United States, Battery M,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1
4th United States, Battery E,	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
Total First Brigade,	.....	2	1	5	.....	.....	8
Second Brigade.							
Capt. John C. Tidball.							
1st United States, Battery K,	.....	2	.....	1	.....	.....	3
2d United States, Battery A,	.....	.....	.....	12	.....	.....	12
Total Second Brigade,	.....	2	.....	13	.....	.....	15
Total Cavalry Corps,	5	86	39	315	8	399	852
ARTILLERY RESERVE.							
Brig. Gen. Robert O. Tyler. Capt. James M. Robertson.							
First Regular Brigade.							
Capt. Dunbar R. Ransom.							
1st United States, Battery H,	.....	1	1	7	.....	1	10
3d United States, Batteries F and K,	1	8	.....	14	.....	1	24
4th United States, Battery C,	.....	1	1	16	.....	.....	18
5th United States, Battery C,	.....	2	2	12	.....	.....	16
Total First Regular Brigade,	1	12	4	49	.....	2	68
First Volunteer Brigade.							
Lieut. Col. Freeman McGilvery.							
Massachusetts Light, 5th Battery (E),*	.....	4	1	16	.....	.....	21
Massachusetts Light, 9th Battery,	1	7	2	16	.....	2	28
New York Light, 15th Battery,	.....	3	2	11	.....	.....	16
Pennsylvania Light, Batteries C and F,	.....	2	5	18	.....	3	28
Total First Volunteer Brigade,	1	16	10	61	.....	5	93

*10th New York Battery attached, whose loss, here included, was 2 men killed and 3 wounded.

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
Second Volunteer Brigade.							
Capt. Elijah D. Taft.							
Connecticut Light, 2d Battery,	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	2	5
New York Light, 5th Battery,	.....	1	.....	2	.....	.....	3
Total Second Volunteer Brigade,	.....	1	.....	5	.....	2	8
Third Volunteer Brigade.							
Capt. James F. Huntington.							
New Hampshire Light, 1st Battery,	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	3
1st Ohio Light, Battery H.	.....	2	.....	5	.....	.....	7
1st Pennsylvania Light, Batteries F and G,	.....	6	1	13	.....	3	23
West Virginia Light, Battery C,	.....	2	.....	2	.....	.....	4
Total Third Volunteer Brigade,	.....	10	1	23	.....	3	37
Fourth Volunteer Brigade.							
Capt. Robert H. Fitzhugh.							
Maine Light, 6th Battery (F),	.....	.....	.....	13	.....	.....	13
New Jersey Light, 1st Battery,	.....	2	.....	7	.....	.....	9
1st New York Light, Battery G,	.....	.....	.....	7	.....	.....	7
1st New York Light, Battery K,*	.....	.....	.....	7	.....	.....	7
Total Fourth Volunteer Brigade,	.....	2	.....	34	.....	.....	36
Total Artillery Reserve,	2	41	15	172	.....	12	242

RECAPITULATION.

General headquarters,	.....	.....	2	2	.....	.....	4
First Army Corps,	42	624	262	2,969	83	2,079	6,059
Second Army Corps,	66	731	270	2,924	13	365	4,369
Third Army Corps,	50	543	251	2,778	14	575	4,211
Fifth Army Corps,	28	337	129	1,482	1	210	2,187
Sixth Army Corps,	2	25	14	171	.....	30	242
Eleventh Army Corps,	33	336	120	1,802	62	1,448	3,801
Twelfth Army Corps,	18	186	43	769	2	64	1,802
Cavalry Corps,	5	86	39	315	8	399	852
Artillery Reserve,	2	41	15	172	.....	12	242
Total Army of the Potomac,	246	2,909	1,145	13,384	183	5,182	23,049

*11th New York Battery attached

GENERAL SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES IN THE UNION FORCES DURING THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN, JUNE 3-AUGUST 1, 1863.

Location.	Killed.		Wounded.		Captured or Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
Near Fayetteville, Va., June 3,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	3	4
Franklin's Crossing or Deep Run, Va., June 5-13,	.....	9	3	45	.....	.....	57
Brandy Station (Fleetwood) and Beverly Ford, Va., June 9,	10	67	35	356	13	356	837
Stevensburg, Va., June 9,	.....	4	.....	12	.....	13	29
Berryville, Va., June 13,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	2	4
Opequon Creek, Va., June 13,	.....	2	.....	15	.....	.....	17
Bunker Hill, W. Va., June 13,	1	6	2	33	1	54	97
Winchester, Va., June 13-15,	7	88	12	336	144	3,856	4,443
Berryville, Va., June 14,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	2	3
Martinsburg, W. Va., June 14,	.....	4	1	8	6	140	159
Williamsport, Md., June 15,	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	3
Aldie, Va., June 17,	4	46	9	122	6	118	305
Catoctin Creek and Point of Rocks, Md., June 17,	.....	1	.....	3	.....	26	30
Middleburg, Va., June 17-18,	1	3	5	24	12	225	270
Middleburg, Va., June 19,	4	12	4	42	.....	37	99
Upperville, Va., June 21,	.....	12	13	117	1	66	209
Near Gainesville, Va., June 21,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	9	9
Thoroughfare Gap and Hay Market, Va., June 21-25,	.....	1	.....	6	.....	41	48
Near Aldie, Va., June 22,	.....	1	.....	2	.....	2	5
Greencastle, Pa., June 22,	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
McConnellsburg, Pa., June 25,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	10	10
Near Gettysburg, Pa., June 26,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	176	176
Near Fairfax Court House, Va., June 27,	.....	3	1	14	3	52	73
Near Rockville, Md., June 28,	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	16	19
Wrightsville, Pa., June 28,	.....	.....	.....	12	.....	11	23
Muddy Branch, Md., June 29,	.....	.....	.....	7	.....	.....	7
Westminster, Md., June 29,	.....	2	.....	8	3	36	49
Hanover, Pa., June 30,	2	17	6	67	5	118	215
Sporting Hill, near Harrisburg, Pa., June 30,	.....	.....	2	7	.....	.....	9
Carlisle, Pa., July 1,	.....	.....	.....	12	.....	.....	12
Gettysburg, Pa., July 1-4,	246	2,909	1,145	13,384	183	5,182	23,049
Fairfield Gap, Pa., July 4,	1	1	2	4	.....	13	21
Monterey Gap, Pa., July 4,	.....	1	3	9	1	29	43
Emmitsburg, Md., July 4,	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	67	68
Cunningham's Cross Roads, Pa., July 5,	.....	2	.....	.....	.....	1	3
Near Greencastle, Pa., July 5,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	18	19
Near Fairfield, Pa., July 5,	.....	2	.....	5	.....	.....	7
Smithburg, Md., July 5,	.....	.....	1	5	.....	4	10
Hagerstown, Md., July 6,	3	16	5	45	10	184	263
Williamsport, Md., July 6,	1	13	3	34	3	66	120
Downsville, Md., July 7,	.....	1	.....	1	.....	.....	2
Funkstown, Md., July 7,	.....	6	1	8	.....	50	65
Boonsborough, Md., July 8,	.....	8	5	49	.....	18	80
Near Williamsport, Md., July 8,	.....	.....	.....	4	.....	.....	4
Benevola or Beaver Creek, Md., July 9,	.....	3	.....	17	.....	5	25
Funkstown, Md., July 10-13,	.....	14	7	70	1	5	97
Hagerstown, Md., July 10-13,	.....	5	4	27	1	12	49
Jones' Cross Roads, Md., July 10-13,	.....	2	.....	7	.....	2	11
Ashby's Gap, Va., July 12,	.....	2	.....	6	2	7	17
Near Williamsport, Md., July 14,	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	5	7
Falling Waters, Md., July 14,	3	28	2	56	2	30	121
Near Harper's Ferry, W. Va., July 14,	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	24	25
Halltown, W. Va., July 15,	.....	.....	1	2	.....	2	5
Sherpherdstown, W. Va., July 15,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1

GENERAL SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES—CONTINUED.

LOCATION.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED OR MISSING.		
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Aggregate.
Sherpherdstown, W. Va., July 16,	.....	8	8	64	.....	24	104
Snicker's Gap, Va., July 17,	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	1	4
Hedgesville and Martinsburg, W. Va., July 18-19,	.....	1	.....	4	.....	.....	5
Ashby's Gap, Va., July 20,	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	3	6
Berry's Ferry, Va., July 20,	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	3	6
Manassas Gap, Va., July 21-22,	.....	9	.....	12	.....	8	29
Chester Gap, Va., July 21-22,	.....	1	.....	8	.....	16	25
Wapping Heights, Manassas Gap, Va., July 23,	3	17	2	81	.....	.....	103
Near Gaines' Cross Roads, Va., July 23,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	5	6
Near Snicker's Gap, Va., July 23,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	3	4
Battle Mountain, near Newby's Cross Roads, Va., July 24,	.....	4	1	11	.....	14	30
Brandy Station, Va., August 1,	.....	21	10	94	.....	20	145
Miscellaneous affairs *en route*,	.....	2	.....	6	8	226	242
Total,	287	3,355	1,294	15,282	407	11,418	32,043

STRENGTH AND LOSSES OF PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS AT GETTYSBURG.

ORGANIZATION.	Present.	DEAD.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED AND MISSING.		Total.
		Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Infantry.								
Eleventh,	292	.....	10	.....	62	.....	60	132
Twenty-third,	538	1	.....	1	13	.....	.....	14
Twenty-sixth,	365	1	29	10	168	.....	7	213
Twenty-seventh,	324	2	7	3	23	1	75	111
Twenty-eighth,	303	.....	6	1	19	.....	2	28
Twenty-ninth,	485	2	13	.....	43	.....	8	66
Thirtieth,	444	.....	13	3	30	.....	.....	46
Thirty-first,	273	.....	9	2	25	.....	1	37
Thirty-fourth,	334	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
Thirty-fifth,	380	.....	3	1	20	.....	.....	24
Thirty-eighth,	377	.....	.....	.....	5	.....	.....	5
Thirty-ninth,	420	.....	2	.....	3	.....	.....	5
Fortieth,	392	1	4	3	33	.....	.....	41
Forty-first,	320	.....	1	.....	1	.....	.....	2
Forty-second,	349	2	9	8	27	.....	2	48
Forty-sixth,	262	.....	2	1	9	.....	1	13
Forty-ninth,	318	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Fifty-third,	135	.....	7	11	56	.....	6	80
Fifty-sixth,	252	1	16	5	53	1	54	130
Fifty-seventh,	207	2	12	9	34	3	55	115
Sixty-first,	400	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1	2
Sixty-second,	426	4	24	10	97	.....	40	175
Sixty-third,	296	.....	1	3	26	.....	4	34
Sixty-eighth,	383	3	10	9	117	.....	13	152

STRENGTH AND LOSSES OF PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS AT GETTYSBURG—CONTINUED.

REGIMENTS.	Present.	DEAD.		WOUNDED.		CAPTURED AND MISSING.		Total.
		Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
Sixty-ninth,	329	5	44	7	64	2	15	137
Seventy-first,	331	2	23	3	51	3	16	98
Seventy-second,	458	2	60	7	133	.....	2	197
Seventy-third,	332	.....	7	.....	27	.....	.....	34
Seventy-fourth,	381	2	8	4	36	2	58	110
Seventy-fifth,	258	3	16	5	84	.....	3	111
Eighty-first,	190	.....	6	5	40	.....	8	62
Eighty-second,	320	.....	.....	.....	6	.....	.....	6
Eighty-third,	308	1	9	3	42	.....	.....	55
Eighty-fourth,	240	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Eighty-eighth,	296	.....	7	3	49	4	47	110
Ninetieth,	208	1	10	3	40	1	39	94
Ninety-first,	258	.....	4	2	13	.....	.....	19
Ninety-third,	270	.....	1	1	8	.....	.....	10
Ninety-fifth,	356	.....	1	.....	1	.....	.....	2
Ninety-sixth,	353	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
Ninety-eighth,	405	.....	1	2	8	.....	.....	11
Ninety-ninth,	339	1	24	4	70	.....	11	110
One Hundred and Second,	286	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
One Hundred and Fifth,	274	2	13	13	95	.....	9	132
One Hundred and Sixth,	335	2	10	8	43	.....	1	64
One Hundred and Seventh,	255	.....	16	8	43	6	92	165
One Hundred and Ninth,	140	.....	3	.....	6	.....	1	10
One Hundred and Tenth,	152	.....	16	6	31	.....	.....	53
One Hundred and Eleventh,	259	.....	5	1	16	.....	.....	22
One Hundred and Fourteenth,	312	.....	13	1	81	3	57	155
One Hundred and Fifteenth	182	.....	3	.....	18	.....	3	24
One Hundred and Sixteenth,	66	.....	3	.....	10	1	8	22
One Hundred and Eighteenth,	332	1	2	3	16	.....	3	25
One Hundred and Nineteenth,	466	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....	2
One Hundred and Twenty-first,	306	.....	20	5	93	1	60	179
One Hundred and Thirty-ninth,	511	1	3	2	14	.....	.....	20
One Hundred and Fortieth,	590	3	50	8	120	3	57	241
One Hundred and Forty-first,	200	1	41	5	81	.....	21	149
One Hundred and Forty-second,	362	4	27	10	100	2	68	211
One Hundred and Forty-third,	465	2	34	10	116	.....	91	253
One Hundred and Forty-fifth,	228	3	21	6	50	.....	10	90
One Hundred and Forty-seventh,	298	1	5	.....	14	.....	.....	20
One Hundred and Forty-eighth,	468	2	25	5	88	.....	5	125
One Hundred and Forty-ninth,	450	1	65	14	145	4	107	336
One Hundred and Fiftieth,	397	3	50	9	125	4	73	264
One Hundred and Fifty-first,	467	2	79	9	172	4	71	337
One Hundred and Fifty-third,	569	1	40	7	117	.....	46	211
One Hundred and Fifty-fifth,	424	.....	6	2	11	.....	.....	19
Twenty-sixth Emergency,	743	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	176	176
Cavalry.								
First,	418	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	21
Second,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	1
Third,	394	.....	1	5	9	.....	6	21
Fourth,	304	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
Sixth,	466	.....	3	.....	7	.....	2	12
Eighth,	391	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Sixteenth,	411	.....	2	.....	4	.....	.....	6
Seventeenth,	448	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4	4
Eighteenth,	599	.....	2	.....	4	.....	8	14
Artillery.								
B, First,	114	.....	3	1	8	.....	.....	12
F, First,	144	.....	7	1	12	.....	3	23
G, First,	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
C, Independent,	*105	.....	1	3	7	.....	3	14
E, Independent,	139	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	3
F, Independent,	.....	1	3	1	9	.....	.....	14
H, Third	52	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	1

*Effective force of Battery F included.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE UNION LOSSES AT GETTYSBURG BY STATES, ETC.

Command.	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.		Aggregate.
	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Officers.	Enlisted men.	
Connecticut,	4	41	18	165	2	110	340
Delaware,	3	18	17	98	1	24	161
Illinois,	.....	9	5	29	4	92	139
Indiana,	5	91	33	351	4	68	552
Maine,	7	112	36	570	15	287	1,027
Maryland,	4	25	4	103	.....	4	140
Massachusetts,	18	182	79	929	8	311	1,537
Michigan,	18	182	57	556	4	254	1,111
Minnesota,	3	47	14	159	.....	1	224
New Hampshire,	5	62	27	236	.....	38	368
New Jersey,	8	72	43	448	.....	63	634
New York,	76	802	294	3,713	69	1,692	6,746
Pennsylvania,	53	692	293	3,469	45	1,339	5,891
Ohio,	15	124	60	709	12	351	1,271
Rhode Island,	1	13	4	74	.....	5	97
Vermont,	1	57	13	285	.....	59	415
West Virginia,	2	9	4	43	1	8	67
Wisconsin,	5	100	40	473	8	180	806
Staff,	5	2	34	11	3	1	56
Ambulance Corps,	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	1
U. S. Regulars,	12	159	62	861	6	275	1,374
U. S. Volunteers,	1	10	8	52	1	20	92
Total,	246	2,909	1,145	13,384	183	5,182	23,049

CEREMONIES AT THE DEDICATION

OF THE

REGIMENTAL MONUMENTS

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

11TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 3, 1890

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN H. B. PIPER

MY Comrades:—To have taken part on the side of the Union in the late civil war is of much importance, and to have participated as a member of that grand old regiment, the Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, may be counted an honorable distinction. The part it played in the most sanguinary national tragedy of the century, was both important and conspicuous. Entering the service at the beginning, and continuing to the end, participating in the first and last battles of the war, its very name became the synonym of patriotism and bravery.

Early in April, 1861, the old Eleventh was organized as a three months' regiment under the first call for troops by the President, and saw some practical campaigning during that period, participating in the battle of Falling Waters, Va., which was the first infantry fight of the war.

It was the first Pennsylvania regiment to reorganize for three years' service. On July 25th, 1861, by official order of the Secretary of War, its services as a regimental organization were formally accepted, and it again entered on a career as one of the most faithful of all faithful military organizations placed in the field by our native State in those dark and bloody days.

Passing over all its subsequent campaigns preceding the summer of 1863, the old Eleventh, then a part of Baxter's Brigade, Second Division, First Army Corps, left Falmouth, Va., on the 12th of June, reached the state line, by way of Warrenton Junction, Herndon and Guilford Stations, Barnesville and Emmitsburg, camping at Wolford's farm on the evening of June 30th, reaching the vicinity of Gettysburg at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the next day, and were saluted by a sound of cannonading in the direction of Chambersburg. For the first time a northern army seeking a hostile foe stood inside of the boundaries of our grand old Commonwealth, and the harvest-gilded valleys of the Keystone state were reverberating the deep-throated echoes of a foeman's cannon.

The sons of hardy New England, of the Empire state and the west, were thrilled with intense and consuming interest of the hour, as much so as if the contest about to be waged was on the threshold of their own homes. But the old Eleventh, the heroes of a score of bloody conflicts, breathed their native air, trod their native vales, stretched their line of living valor along the crests of their native hills and battled for the homes of their childhood. Never did men more eagerly seek the field of carnage.

The summer sun poured down its tropic heat. The distant ridges were filled with a brave and desperate foe, and whether Virginia or Pennsylvania was to be the seat of war was an open question to be decided by the bloody arbitrament of arms.

Never had two great armies been so matched. It was a field which, like Marathon and Hastings and Waterloo, bound up in its issues the destinies of a thousand years of national life. Like Marmont's race with the English across the Spanish peninsula, the two opposing hosts had bent every collective energy to the task of reaching an advantageous position for a northern campaign. But across the path of the rebel chieftain, Meade had swung his magnificent army. Lee, careful, sleepless, tireless in his patient vigilance, mustering the pride of the Confederate hosts under his banner, strove to transplant from the bleeding bosom of his native state to the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania, the eating canker of civil war. Every man comprehended with more or less clearness the importance of the hour, and the veterans of our own gallant regiment fought only as brave and determined men can fight in defense of their homes and their country.

As they neared the position to which they were subsequently to be assigned, crossing the field and the meadow, they heard for the first time of the death of the gallant Reynolds. Having gone forward in advance of the troops to select position for the impending conflict, he was killed by a rebel bullet before the fight began. No braver, truer man ever fell in the line of duty on the brink of a great battle. Had it been his to lead the brave men, whom he had so often led, in that bloody fray that followed, those who knew him best knew full well how to the laurels already gathered he would have added imperishable fame. By noon the regiment had taken its position on Seminary Ridge, south of the railroad cut. Scarcely had it halted in this position when General Baxter received an order from General Robinson to send forward two regiments to check the enemy who was advancing on the north side of the railroad cut. The Eleventh Pennsylvania and the Ninety-seventh New York, Colonel Coulter in command, were selected for that purpose. Crossing the railroad and moving forward and to the right about a quarter of a mile, they met the advancing foe, held him in check, and prevented him from occupying the position he was so eager to obtain.

It was at this point that the old Eleventh Pennsylvania and the Ninety-seventh New York charged and captured part of a brigade of North Carolinians. But the work so well done on this part of the field, and which was so essential to the final success of the Union arms in this great contest, was not accomplished without sacrifice. A list of the casualties will give some idea of the fierceness of the conflict.

About 3 o'clock your speaker was wounded and retired to the hospital in the town of Gettysburg. Soon after this our troops fell back to Cemetery Hill, south of the town, where they participated, with the main body of the army, in the contest of the second and third days. Those of you who were present and took part in the first day's conflict will pardon me when I mention the personal bravery of that grand old man, Colonel Wheelock, of the Ninety-seventh New York. He was taken prisoner on the afternoon of the first day, but made his escape a few days later. Surviving the perils of the battle-field, he has since joined the innumerable hosts who have pitched their tents upon the eternal plains on the other side.

While occupying a hotly-contested position on Cemetery Hill, Colonel Coulter was ordered to the command of the First Brigade. Not wishing to

be separated from his regiment, he secured its transfer also, and during the remaining part of the battle, the old Eleventh was temporarily a part of the First Brigade.

The shifting changes of battle found our regiment near the Emmitsburg road supporting the Union batteries in the evening. About noon the next day, July 2d, it was relieved by the division of General Hays and fell back to replenish its exhausted cartridge boxes. In the evening the brigade was thrown farther to the left and suffered heavily from the enemy's guns.

About 10 o'clock at night it was engaged, in conjunction with a part of the Eleventh Corps, in front of Cemetery Ridge, and was only relieved at day-break on the morning of the 3d. In the afternoon the regiment gallantly supported the celebrated battery of Captain Ricketts on Cemetery Hill. Here Colonel Coulter was severely wounded, but remained in command. Though decimated and fatigued by the constant vigil of a three days' engagement, the old Eleventh, in support of the Second Corps, participated in the desperate struggle in which the Confederate chieftain was finally overthrown in his last despairing effort to win the ensanguined field. Immediately after the failure of Pickett, in his last tremendous charge, Lee began to withdraw his forces and the field of Gettysburg was won.

Years have elapsed since these hills reverberated to the thunder of the enemy's cannon. The soil, once red with patriot blood, grows rank with tangled grasses, or is starred with summer flowers. The eternal hills, lifting themselves toward the heavens, silent as though the spirit of solitude sat enthroned upon their changeless summits, give no sign of the red current of battle that, twenty-seven years ago, rolled around their rocky bases. But the level light of the western sun touches with softened ray the granite slabs and monumental shafts that mark the final resting places of the ashes into which has mouldered the brave hot hearts who fought, who fell, who died that the Union might be preserved. They were willing to wash out the footprints of the rebel foe with their blood, and count it a joy to die.

But, ah! Not here alone lie our fallen comrades of the old Eleventh. Along the bloody trail of war, at Bull Run, whose dual disaster twice made the nation tremble, on Antietam's historic field, on Fredericksburg's luckless plains, in the Wilderness, at Petersburg, on Virginia's hills and plains, wherever raged the deadly fight—there may be found the graves of our brave and honored dead. It would be a grateful task to recall the instances of personal heroism and bravery in which the history of the regiment abounds, but time would fail to speak of it all, and it would seem invidious to speak of some. I may be, I know I shall be, pardoned if I tarry here, in passing, to say, that while the records of this Commonwealth endure, Pennsylvania will do well to honor the name of General Richard Coulter. Wounded again and again, with indomitable courage and endurance, he led the old Eleventh gallantly in all its famous fights. Cool, brave, even-nerved, well-balanced, self-poised, he possessed the highest instincts of a true soldier, united with the manliest attributes of a true man. Long may he live to meet and mingle with the survivors of that gallant band he so often led to victory and never deserted in defeat.

But I cannot if I would, I would not if I could, forget the uncrowned

and unsung hero of the knapsack and the musket. History furnishes no parallel to the gallantry of our citizen soldiery, the courage and grit of the American volunteer. The perils and hardships of war were his. His were the lonely vigils of the picket beat, and the dangers by flood and field. Upon his brave heart and conscience lay the political destiny of this great republic. The nation placed her life in his hands. And on a hundred bloody battle-fields he proved himself sublimely worthy of the trust. Among this unselfish host of brave, true men, none were more brave and true than the soldiers of the old Eleventh. Their bones lie on every great battle-field of the east, and the records of southern prisons show the names of some of our gallant boys, not permitted to share a soldier's death on the field of battle, but dying like some ancient martyr in love with his God and his country. To him, to the common soldier, to our dead comrades, whether here beneath his native soil he sleeps, or under the softer skies of the sunny south-land, we turn in grateful, tearful remembrance. We rear these monuments to their honor and in their memory. But in the unborn ages yet to come, long after we too shall have passed away, a saved and grateful republic will rear in history an everlasting memorial to their devotion and their valor, more changeless than brass and more enduring than marble, and that shall exist as long as these voiceless hills bear testimony to Gettysburg's fateful day; and among the immortal names preserved as those the nation delights to honor in all the future, a high and honored place shall be forever held by the old "Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers."

And now, to the memory of our fallen companions of the old "Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers," the heroic dead who lost their lives in the service of their country, and to the regiment in whose ranks they fell, this monument is solemnly dedicated by their surviving comrades. May its silent presence teach more eloquently than language can express, the lessons of patriotism and self-sacrificing devotion to country.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

23D REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 12, 1889

ADDRESS OF COLONEL JOHN F. GLENN

COMRADES:—We assemble here to-day to unveil a statue that surmounts our monument, that we had the honor to dedicate some two years ago, and it is with feelings of gratification that I extend congratulations to the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers and comrades of Shaler's Brigade, for such a large attendance of their survivors on this hallowed ground—and in their name I most heartily thank our friends who have honored the occasion by their presence. To the State of Pennsylvania we extend our grateful thanks for the gift which I now unveil, that

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

of a Birney Zouave—and in saying this I assure the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania of the gratitude of all the survivors of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

ADDRESS OF PRIVATE WILLIAM J. WRAY.

MR. Secretary and Members of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association:—On August 6, 1886, the Survivors' Association of the Twenty-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and their friends, had the honor to dedicate and turn over to the keeping of your Association this tablet, that marks the position of the Twenty-third during the action of July 3, 1863. On that occasion, General Alexander Shaler, as orator of the day, after reviewing the action of Gettysburg, and history of the regiment, in most eloquent words, generously paid tribute to the command as its brigade commander.

Since that time the State of Pennsylvania has appropriated for the erection of monuments the sum of $1,500 to each Pennsylvania command that participated in the action. Our association appointed the required committee—selected a design of a statue to surmount their tablet. The Pennsylvania State Commission on Gettysburg Monuments having approved of our selection, the work was ordered done, and we are here to-day to transfer to the keeping of the Battle-field Memorial Association, this granite work of art, just unveiled—a statue of a "Birney Zouave." You will observe the figure represents a youthful soldier, who, advancing up the slope at trail arms, grasps his musket impulsively as he suddenly receives the fire of the enemy. It is quite a departure from the dress parade figure usually cut in granite, and while not regulation as to the position of the musket, it is realistic—thus showing the soldier under fire—and one more appropriate on a battle-field. The surroundings being woodland—the figure is supported by a broken tree, apparently struck by a piece of shell—all details as to uniform and accoutrements have been brought artistically out, and in placing this work of art in the keeping of your Association, we deem it a pleasant duty we owe to thank you for the faithful manner in which you have labored for the preservation of this field—and in the name of the survivors of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, we gratefully acknowledge the gift of the State of Pennsylvania, who so generously appropriated the funds for its erection.

ORATION OF BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER SHALER.

COMRADES:—We meet to-day upon historic grounds. Some of us have met here before. Twenty-five years ago, within a few days, two great armies confronted each other in this vicinity. One in defense of state rights, the other in defense of United States rights. One assaulted the Union, the other defended it.

I shall not attempt to describe in full the great battle which ensued,

relate the causes which led to it, nor discuss the effect upon the country of the resulting victory of the Union army, but content myself with a brief synopsis of the part taken in this and other battles by that portion of the Sixth Corps in which we had the honor of serving.

Let us go back to the autumn of 1861. The "tocsin of war had sounded." The cry to arms had reverberated throughout the land. Fathers, husbands, brothers and sons turned their backs upon their children, their wives, their parents and all that was dearest to them on earth, and rushed impulsively to the defense of the Union. To show how spontaneous and how general this outburst of patriotism was, it may be stated that between July 27, 1861, and October 27 (a period of three months), there were added to the army then organizing, about 120,000 men; and that in December following there were in the vicinity of Washington and in the Shenandoah Valley over 200,000 men in battle array.

Washington and its suburbs was one grand encampment. Troops from every loyal state were being marshalled and prepared for active service. General George B. McClellan, whom we familiarly called "Little Mac," owing to his success in West Virginia, in the summer of 1861, had been called to Washington to organize and command an army for the double purpose of defending the Capital and of taking the field. As regiment after regiment arrived, they were organized into brigades and divisions without much reference to the states from which they came, and were encamped contiguous to each other. At Queen's Farm, on the Bladensburg road, just on the outskirts of the city, the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, Colonel Birney; the Thirty-first Pennsylvania, which afterwards became the Eighty-second Pennsylvania, Colonel Williams; the Sixty-fifth New York, Colonel Cochrane, and the Sixty-seventh New York, Colonel Adams, were encamped, and formed what was known as Graham's Brigade, under the command of Brigadier-General Pike Graham, an officer formerly of the United States cavalry service. This brigade formed part of the division commanded by General Don Carlos Buell.

As early as October, 1861, the organization of the army was practically completed, and from that time until April, 1862, when the Peninsular campaign was begun, were drilled and schooled in the practices of war. The monotonous routine of camp life was varied only by an occasional wild rumor of approaching rebels, and a reconnaissance of the surrounding country.

With the exception of a skirmish at Lewinsville, Virginia, just beyond Chain bridge, in which a part of the brigade (the Chasseur Regiment) was engaged, the troops had so far experienced only the drudgery and the jollities of camp life. But this was ended in the spring of 1862, by the cry of "On to Richmond," when our brigade, with the rest of the army, took transports at Alexandria for Fortress Monroe. In the meantime the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, Colonel Rippey, had joined us.

The campaign was begun with three corps of the army, to wit:—the Second, commanded by General Sumner; the Third, commanded by General Heintzelman, and the Fourth, commanded by General Keyes. Couch's Division, to which we were attached, belonged to Keyes' Corps. Our advance up the Peninsula was slow and tedious, although no enemy was seen

until we reached Yorktown. Pending the siege of that place we were occupied in watching Warwick river. The battle of Williamsburg followed the evacuation of Yorktown, and our brigade, after marching all day through a drizzling rain and mud ankle-deep, reached the battle-field in time to support some of Hooker's troops in making their final charge.

Before we had advanced far enough from Fortress Monroe to see the enemy, General Graham was relieved from duty and General Wessells, also of the regular army, put in command of the brigade. General Wessells was in a short time succeeded by another regular officer, General Abercrombie, who was with us at Fair Oaks, and retained the command until after the second battle of Bull Run, fought by General Pope.

We crossed the Chickahominy at Bottom's bridge about the 25th of May, and advanced within five miles of Richmond, where, at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, on the 31st of May, was fought the first important and severe battle of the campaign. In this battle the regiments of our brigade were separated. We were encamped along the Nine Mile road, extending from Seven Pines, on the Williamsburg pike, to Fair Oaks Station, on the Richmond and York River railroad.

Owing to the suddenness of the enemy's attack, the Twenty-third Pennsylvania and the Sixty-seventh New York were thrown forward, while marching towards Fair Oaks on the Nine Mile road, into a dense pine grove on the left, through which the enemy was advancing. They succeeded, with the Thirty-first Pennsylvania and Sixty-first Pennsylvania, already in line, in checking that advance, but were subsequently forced to retire with very heavy losses. In this onslaught the Sixty-first Pennsylvania lost its colonel (Rippey) and was badly cut up. Their resolute stand, however, enabled the rest of the brigade to reach Fair Oaks Station, where, after holding position a short time, the Thirty-first Pennsylvania and Sixty-first Pennsylvania having previously taken position in advance of their camps near the railroad station, they were withdrawn under the personal supervision of General Couch, the division commander, with a section of Brady's Battery, the Sixty-second New York, Colonel Riker, and the Seventh Massachusetts, Colonel Russell, along the road leading to the Grape Vine bridge, so far as the Adams House.

The Thirty-first Pennsylvania, the Sixty-fifth New York and two companies of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, which had been on the picket-line, were posted in the order named on the right of the road facing and on the edge of a dense woods, while the Sixty-second New York, Brady's guns and the Seventh Massachusetts were posted in the order named on the left of the road, on a knoll overlooking an open field and flanking the woods along which the first-named regiments had been formed.

The enemy's advance through the piece of woods was resolute and persistent. Regiment after regiment was brought forward to drive us back and get on the flank of Brady's guns, but without avail. The dogged tenacity with which the men of the Thirty-first Pennsylvania, the Chasseurs and the Sixty-first Pennsylvania clung to their position, outmatched the fierceness of the enemy's assault.

Despairing of success in their efforts to flank the artillery, the enemy essayed a direct attack, but with no better success, although a few dead

rebels were found within twenty-yards of the muzzles of the guns. This attack was made about two o'clock in the afternoon, and so sudden that the brigade commander, General Abercrombie, was caught in the woods between the lines and received a slight wound in the face. Between four and five o'clock the leading brigade of Sedgwick's Division and Kirby's Battery of twelve-pounders, which had crossed the Chickahominy on the Grape Vine bridge, arrived on the field.

The infantry were posted on the right and in the rear of our line, and the artillery on the knoll beside Brady's two guns. Other infantry were put in position on the left of the artillery, and connection made with the troops which had been forced back by the impetuosity of the assault. Fresh troops were advanced by the enemy and the battle raged until dark, but not an inch of ground was yielded. The conduct of our men in this battle furnishes an example of the benefits derived from proper instruction and rigid discipline. Under guidance of their officers, they reserved their fire until the enemy could be seen through the thicket in front of them. As a result, a large proportion of the shots were effective. The Chasseur Regiment captured a battle flag and the next morning buried over one hundred rebels found in their front.

The following day the brigade was again united and moved to an advanced position. On the 26th of June the extreme right of our army at Mechanicsville was attacked by the rebels in force, and from that time until July 1st, when the battle of Malvern Hill was fought, we experienced all the trials and sufferings incident to a forced march of six days, without sleep, shelter or regular food. At Malvern Hill, our division, having been among the first to arrive, was naturally assigned the most important position. Three several times it was assailed by the rebels, who were repulsed with fearful loss. On the right of the line, held by Couch's Division, the Chasseur Regiment was at one time compelled to change front under fire, and did it with such wonderful coolness and precision as to command the admiration and the compliments of the brigade commander.

The six weeks encampment of the Army of the Potomac at Harrison's Landing, on the James river, its transfer to the city of Washington, the part it took in supporting Pope's army in the second battle of Bull Run, and its subsequent reorganization by General McClellan, furnish nothing of special note in reference to our brigade, except that Brigadier-General John Cochrane, who had been promoted from the colonelcy of the Chasseur Regiment after the battle of Fair Oaks, was put in command of our brigade in the place of General Abercrombie, who had been assigned to duty at Centerville, after Pope's campaign, and Couch's Division was transferred to the Sixth Corps, commanded by General Franklin.

In the reorganization of the army, early in September, while on the march, the One Hundred and twenty-second New York regiment, Colonel Silas Titus, was added to our brigade, and we became the First Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Corps.

After the defeat of Pope at Manassas, Lee boldly struck out northward, in the direction of Leesburg, necessitating great caution on the part of McClellan, who had been again *verbally* placed in command of the troops about Washington, embracing those designated as the Army of Virginia.

The battle-field of Antietam was reached by our brigade early in the afternoon of the 17th of September, after a tramp through Pleasant Valley and up to the top of Maryland Heights, in search of the rebel General McLaws, on one of the hottest days and over the dustiest road we had ever marched. At Antietam we relieved that part of the line to the right of a corn-field and immediately in front of Dunker Church. This line we occupied until the morning of the 19th, when our division was put in pursuit of the fleeing rebels, the rear guard of which we had a fight with, and drove across the river at Williamsport.

McClellan's tardiness after the battle of Antietam caused much uneasiness and great dissatisfaction with the authorities at Washington, and resulted in his being relieved at Warrenton, and General Burnside being placed in command of the Army of the Potomac on the 9th of November, 1862.

Upon the reorganization of the army which followed, General Couch was assigned to the command of the Second Corps and General John Newton to the command of the Third Division, Sixth Corps.

In the calamitous failure of Burnside's attack on Fredericksburg, December 13th to 15th, the Sixth Corps, then in command of General W. F. Smith, popularly known as "Baldy Smith," formed a part of the Left Grand Division, commanded by General Franklin.

We crossed the Rappahannock about three miles below the city, near the Bernard House, and supported General Meade in his attack upon the enemy's right, without serious loss, although constantly under a heavy artillery fire. On the 20th of January following, General Burnside considered that "the auspicious moment had arrived" and issued his orders for recrossing the Rappahannock at Banks' Ford. No sooner had the troops broken camp than the rain commenced to fall in torrents, and, after floundering around a whole day, they returned to camp at night, having added nothing to our prestige or that of the commanding general, and nothing to history, except the record of a "mud march."

General Burnside's retirement from the command of the army soon followed, and General Hooker, already known as "Fighting Joe" for his gallant and persistent assaults upon the rebel earthworks at Williamsburg, on the Peninsula, and at South Mountain and Antietam, superseded him. Then followed another reorganization of the army, in which the Sixty-first Pennsylvania was taken from our brigade and made a part of the Light Brigade, organized for special purposes.

The resignation of General Cochrane, on the 1st of March, 1863, placed the speaker in command of the brigade. General Hooker's first field operation was an effort to crush the Army of Northern Virginia at Chancellorsville.

It was a part of his plan to have Sedgwick, who now commanded the Sixth Corps, assault and carry the Heights of Fredericsburg, move out on the road to Chancellorsville, and strike the rear of Lee's army while he, Hooker, engaged it in front. For that purpose the Sixth Corps crossed the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, near the old Franklin crossing, on April 29th, and on the night of Saturday, May 2d, at 1 a. m., commenced a flank march into Fredericksburg.

Our brigade was honored with the advance and instructed to let nothing impede the march through the town, over the heights and out on the Chancellorsville road; an easy order for a general to give, but not easy of execution, in the presence of a wide-awake enemy, holding earthworks across your path, an effort to take which had already cost fifteen thousand lives. After driving in the outposts, in which the Chasseur Regiment, under the lamented Hamblin, showed conspicuous gallantry, losing many men and leaving Major Healy on the ground mortally wounded, as was supposed, we continued our march until the enemy's line of defenses at the foot of Marye's Heights was encountered, when, by an order of the division commander, the head of the column entered the city, leaving one of our regiments, the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, deployed in the open field facing the never-to-be-forgotten stone wall. When daylight appeared the men of the Twenty-third found themselves exposed to the enemy's fire, and for five long hours, without an opportunity to even make a cup of coffee, they maintained this harrassing position. About 10 o'clock Sunday morning the columns and deployed lines were formed by General Newton for storming the heights. The column on the extreme right was composed of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania and Forty-third New York, of the Light Brigade, under the command of Colonel Spear, and was supported by the Eighty-second Pennsylvania and the Sixty-seventh New York, of our brigade, under command of the speaker. The Twenty-third Pennsylvania formed a part of the deployed line on the left of the second column of attack. The Chasseur Regiment and the One hundred and twenty-second New York were directed to follow with the rest of our division and join the brigade after the heights had been carried.

Upon the opening of Newton's batteries both columns debouched from under cover, and the deployed lines advanced to the assault. Spear's column on the right was enfiladed by batteries stationed in the road at the top of the hill and in the works on each side of the road;rifle-pits at the base of the hill also confronted him. The column moved out on the double-quick, but the road was narrow and before the column had passed over half the distance it was literally swept away by the iron hail showered upon it. Colonel Spear fell mortally wounded. Major Bassett, with the Eighty-second Pennsylvania, found himself at the head of the column, and struggled manfully to carry his men forward, and finally, encouraged by the presence of their brigade commander with his two aides, Lieutenants Armstrong and Johnson, rushed forward with the Sixty-seventh New York and carried the heights, capturing two pieces of the Washington battery of artillery, one officer and a number of men. The Twenty-third Pennsylvania, in deployed line, with the Fifth Wisconsin, Sixth Maine and Thirty-first New York, moved gallantly to the charge. An eye-witness belonging to the Second Division, in speaking of this line, says, "Four more gallant regiments could not be found in the service. Leaving everything but guns and ammunition they started forward, ecountering a shower of bullets, grape and canister as soon as they rose above a slight knoll. It was a noble spectacle and filled our hearts with pride for our brave comrades."

The brigade was subsequently united and marched out on the road to Chancellorsville. The enemy's occupation of Salem Heights stopped our ad-

vance, and in the battle which ensued we took position in an open field to the right of the road, which was held until the evening of the 4th, when the whole corps recrossed the Rappahannock at Banks' Ford and returned to our old camps. Throughout this short campaign the conduct of the officers and men of our brigade was everything that could be desired; and it was through no fault of theirs or any other part of the Sixth Corps, that Hooker's first campaign came to such an inglorious end.

Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had so improved the *morale* of the rebel army which had been reinforced by two of Longstreet's divisions from the James river and a large number of conscripts from Richmond, that Lee determined upon an invasion of the North. This threw the Army of the Potomac on the defensive. So, on the 13th of June, Hooker broke up his camp on the Rappahannock and moved northward. The Sixth Corps had, on the 6th of that month, again crossed the river at the Bernard House, and for a week observed the movements of the rebels who occupied the defenses of Fredericksburg Heights, but recrossed and followed the main army on the 14th by forced marches until the vicinity of Washington was reached. The Potomac river was crossed at Edwards' Ferry on the 26th of June, and the march of the army directed on Frederick City. About this same time differences arose between General Halleck at Washington and General Hooker, in relation chiefly to the disposition of the forces at Harper's Ferry, and General Hooker asked to be relieved. General George G. Meade, then commanding the Fifth Corps, was immediately placed in command of the army.

From Frederick City our corps marked to Manchester, which would have been the extreme right of the army if Meade's line of battle had been formed along Pipe creek, as some suppose he had intended. But events occurred which determined Gettysburg to be the ground upon which was to be fought the mightiest and most sanguinary battle of modern times. The operations of the First and Eleventh Corps on Seminary Ridge, where Reynolds lost his life, on the 1st of July, were important, in that they prevented the rebels from occupying the favorable ground upon which our army was subsequently formed for battle.

On the night of the 1st of July our corps was at Manchester thirty-six miles away. At 9 o'clock in the evening we started for Gettysburg and did not halt for any length of time until we reached Rock creek which crosses the Baltimore pike about a mile from here. There we rested and made coffee. Resuming the march we moved to the base of Little Round Top, where the Fifth Corps was stemming the rebel current which had forced back portions of the Third Corps. Two of our brigades were immediately thrown forward to the relief of the Fifth Corps, while the rest were placed in a line of reserve. Before leaving Manchester, our division commander, General Newton, took leave of us and went immediately to the front to assume command of the First Corps in the place of General Reynolds, who had been killed that morning, and General Wheaton, by virtue of his rank assumed command of this division.

This march of the Sixth Corps, of thirty-six miles in seventeen hours on a sultry summer night and morning, is probably the most memorable one of the war. When we consider the load which a soldier carries on the

march, even in light marching order, the absence in the field of all comforts which he enjoyed at home, and the peril to life and limb which constantly surrounds him, we cannot but admire the pluck and courage with which he undertakes the most difficult and perilous tasks and honor him for the sacrifices he makes.

About sunrise on the morning of the 3d, our brigade was ordered to Culp's Hill to aid General Geary of the Twelfth Corps, in retaking the works on the extreme right, occupied by the enemy during the previous night. The seriousness of Longstreet's attack upon our left induced General Meade to order reinforcements from General Slocum, commanding on this part of the field, which necessitated the evacuation of a part of the line before established. These works were seized by the wily enemy, and at daylight our troops undertook to dislodge him and drive him back.

Upon reporting to General Geary, our brigade was formed in the open field, just in rear of the line of defenses, in a column of battalions deployed. After a personal reconnaissance by General Geary and the brigade commander, the One Hundred and twenty-second New York, Colonel Titus commanding, was directed to relieve the One Hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania, then occupying a position in the front line. This position they held for two hours and a half under a very severe fire, losing many in killed and wounded, and were then relieved by the Eighty-second Pennsylvania, Colonel Bassett. At 9.20 a. m., the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Glenn commanding, was placed in position to support the front line. Three hours later five companies of this regiment, under a galling fire of musketry, were advanced into the breastworks and, after silencing the enemy's fire, sent out a line of skirmishers, which, however, were promptly recalled, the enemy still being in line of battle in close proximity to our works. At 11 a. m. the Sixty-seventh New York, Colonel Cross, marched into the breastworks from which the enemy were then fleeing, and succeeded in capturing about twenty prisoners. At 11.15 a. m., the Chasseur Regiment (Sixty-fifth New York), Colonel Hamblin, occupied a position in support of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania. About 3 p. m. all of our regiments were relieved by others belonging to the Twelfth Corps.

Longstreet's attack upon our left, and Ewell's attack upon our right had both failed; and now a desperate attempt to pierce our center was to be made. As a prelude to the grand assault of Pickett's Division, one hundred and fifteen pieces of artillery opened their murderous fire upon our lines, and were responded to by about eighty of our own guns. With the order and steadiness of troops on parade, Pickett's lines moved out in view and commenced to advance across the open field to a point just south of the Cemetery grounds marked by a clump of trees. No sooner was the point of his attack made manifest, than every available Union battery was trained upon his columns. The carnage which ensued was terrible; but on they came, alternately wavering, staggering, rallying and pressing forward, until the rebel General Armistead found himself pierced by a rifle shot within our own lines, followed by a few hundred of the most fortunate and courageous of his men who became prisoners of war. It was while this was being enacted, that our brigade was called from this position on the right, to traverse the field and report to General Newton, commanding

the First Corps, at the left center, near the point of Pickett's assault. After the repulse of this infantry charge, the rebel batteries kept up a tantalizing but irregular fire; and one of the last shots fired lost to the Twenty-third regiment one of its most promising young officers, Lieutenant Garsed. A solid shot literally tore him to pieces. Before darkness had shrouded the field, the roar of artillery and the rattling of musketry had ceased. The great battle of the war had been fought. The stillness of the night was broken only by the groans of the wounded and dying, and the rumbling of ammunition and commissary wagons. The losses in both armies amounted to about 50,000 men, equal to one-third of all the number engaged.

The rebel army was now compelled to abandon all the hopes which its scheme of invasion had inspired; and bitter as the alternative was, its retreat was imperative. So, after spending the fourth day in burying the dead and caring for the wounded, it silently and sullenly retired from our front on the morning of the fifth, and the Sixth Corps was sent out on the Fairfield road in pursuit. Lee's rear guard was overtaken in a pass of the South Mountain range, but was not pursued beyond it, General Meade having determined to keep his army on the east side of that range. It crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and Berlin, July 17th and 18th, and moved along the east of Blue Ridge, while Lee retreated up the Shenandoah Valley, west of Blue Ridge, and finally encamped in the vicinity of Culpeper Court House. The Army of the Potomac went into camp about Warrenton, Virginia.

In an address which I had the honor of delivering upon these grounds two years ago, on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Regiment, I took occasion to refer to an injustice which had been unintentionally done us in the report of the battle by the army commander. As the remarks I then made in reference to the Twenty-third Regiment are applicable to each and all the regiments of our brigade, I quote them *verbatim.* After speaking a word of praise in behalf of General Doubleday, of the First Corps, and General Sickles, of the Third Corps, for the services they rendered on the first and second days respectively, I say, "And while claiming this special recognition for them, I have a less pleasing, but to you a more important duty, to perform, and that is, to demand an official recognition of the services, in this battle, of the brigade to which you were attached. The student who in future years peruses the official reports and records in the War Department, will there find recorded, over the signature of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, that in the battle of Gettysburg Wheaton's Brigade was ordered to the right, to aid in driving back the enemy and in retaking the works. In other words, the troops of Wheaton's Brigade were credited, in the official report of the battle, with the service performed by your brigade. Upon learning of this error, I spoke to General Meade about it, at an army reunion, held in Boston nine years after the battle, and he promised to have his report corrected. I spoke also to General Wheaton of the credit he had received at another's expense, and of the injustice done the regiments of the First Brigade. He promised that he would write to General Meade upon the subject, but I am not informed that either of the

promises were fulfilled. As our great lamented President (Lincoln) said, in commenting upon the battle. 'There was glory enough for all.' No excuse, therefore, can be given for withholding from any of the troops engaged the full measure of credit due them, much less should one organization be glorified at the expense of another. In justice to the memory of those brave men whose heroic services you this day commemorate, and in justice to you who have been permitted to survive them, and to perform this act of soldierly love and friendship, I protest against the wrong which has been done. I may be answered that it matters little, so far as the brigade is concerned, since the survivors have erected tablets upon one of the grounds they occupied in this battle. Is it of no consequence to the relatives and friends of those who have died for their country, to their comrades who have survived them, to the officers who commanded them, that the official reports are silent as to the services of the organization with which they fought and died? Nay, more; that such reports should actually give to another organization credit for services which cost them so many lives? For years and perhaps ages to come, the archives of the war will be perused and studied by historians and military students in search of material with which to compile history or solve military problems; and must it be said to them, that the records are unreliable—that to ascertain the services of any particular organization of the army, a visit must be made to the battle-fields, and the monuments and tablets consulted? Such a confession would be humiliating, but it must be made, so far as it relates to the services of the First Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Corps, in the battle of Gettysburg. And, if I am correctly informed, in reference to other organizations also. A greater value attaches, therefore, to the testimonials you this day dedicate, than you probably anticipated, for it corrects the record; more than that, it stands alone as the only record accessible to all, that our brigade fought and suffered in this part of the field in the greatest battle of the war."

On the 7th of November following, an advance movement was ordered, and the right wing of the army, composed of the Fifth and Sixth Corps under the command of General Sedgwick, was moved to a point on the river called Rappahannock Station, at which point the enemy occupied a series of earthworks on the north side of the river, consisting of two or three redoubts and a long line of rifle-pits or trenches. The approach to these works was over an open field, which could be swept by the enemy's guns for a considerable distance in every direction, and as the head of our columns debouched from the woods to deploy in line of battle, they furnished a splendid target for the rebel gunners' practice. The scene was grand beyond description. When the speaker entered the open field, the Fifth and part of the Sixth Corps were already in line of battle, with flags flying and bayonets glistening in the sunlight of a beautiful autumn day, having the appearance of troops on dress parade rather than formed for deadly conflict. Like Humphreys' tactical movements of his division on the field of Gettysburg, our brigade was closed up and, without halting, advanced and deployed in the position assigned it, having only the sound of the enemy's guns to keep step with. Without delay our brigade was ordered to drive in the rebel sharpshooters and secure the possession of a knoll in the right

and front for the occupation of a battery. This was quickly done, and soon after the battery was established, a column of attack was formed from the Sixth Corps and put in command of General Russell. Colonel Upton led the column with his regiment, and made one of the most brilliant and successful charges ever made upon any field. He not only captured the whole line of works, but with it some sixteen hundred prisoners, six battle-flags and many pieces of artillery and small arms. His attacking column numbered only fifteen hundred. The services of our brigade as well as those of Upton's troops, were made the subject of a complimentary order from corps headquarters.

The next move of importance was Meade's effort to interpose his army between the two wings of Lee's army, and for that purpose directed the various corps to cross the Rapidan at different points, the Sixth at Jacobs' Mill Ford, which they did on the 27th of November. Our division was ordered to report to General Warren, to aid him in outflanking, if possible, the enemy's right.

Sunday, November 29th, found us in what was then considered a favorable position from which to attack, and orders were issued for Warren to do so at 8 o'clock next morning. But when morning came things were changed. Lee had entrenched himself in our front and planted batteries on our left. The flankers were outflanked, and Warren's heart failed him. As he told the speaker afterwards, "he had not the courage to attack." But he had the courage to sacrifice himself rather than his men. He assumed the responsibility of suspending the attack, and General Meade subsequently justified him. Thus ended the brief winter campaign of Mine Run and we returned to our old camps.

During December, 1863, while in camp at Brandy Station, the Government called upon the three-years' men, two years of service having expired, to re-enlist for three years from that date or the war. This call was responded to by the men of our regiments, with remarkable unanimity and promptitude, nearly two-thirds in the aggregate voluntarily offering to continue their services until the last rebel laid down his arms.

In January, 1864, our brigade was ordered to Sandusky, Ohio, to prevent an anticipated attempt to liberate the rebel officers confined on Johnson's Island, Sandusky Bay, and remained there until the 12th of April, 1864, when brigade headquarters and three regiments (the Sixty-fifth, Sixty-seventh and One Hundred and twenty-second New York) proceeded to rejoin the army at Brandy Station. During our absence from the army, the old Third Division was disbanded, and we were assigned to the First Division commanded by General H. G. Wright, constituting the Fourth Brigade of that division.

Grant's overland campaign to Richmond began at midnight, the 3d of May. Our brigade, or rather the three regiments of it in camp, crossed the Rapidan on the 4th in charge of an ammunition train which was parked a short distance in rear of the line of battle formed by the Fifth and Sixth Corps in the Wilderness, and at midnight on the 5th, moved forward and reported to our division commander. He assigned us to a position on the extreme right in support of General Seymour, who commanded the troops at that point. An advance of the line about 8 o'clock in the morning of

the 6th, so shortened it that in order to retain possession of a prominence on our flank, our regiments had to be placed in the front line, thus presenting to the enemy a single attenuated line where a strong, well-supported one should have been. Early in the day we were called upon to send a regiment a little to the left, to the aid of General Neill's Brigade which was being hard pressed.

The Sixty-seventh New York was sent in, and returned in about an hour, having lost about one hundred men in that short time. Much anxiety was felt throughout the day for the safety of this flank which was practically in the air, guarded only by a skirmish line thrown around the rear, and subsequent events justified that anxiety. The attention of corps headquarters was repeatedly called to its weakness, but for reasons unknown to the speaker no troops were sent to us, and it was an easy matter, therefore, when a brigade of Ewell's Corps, under General Gordon, about 6 o'clock in the evening, drove in our skirmishers, to also double up our single line of infantry. A few officers and men of each of our three regiments were captured, and many killed and wounded. The able-bodied who escaped capture, reformed a line along the wood road which crossed our line of battle perpendicularly, a few yards to the left.

The brigade commander in reconnoitering on the borders of this road, with more zeal than caution rode into the enemy's lines and was captured. This terminated his services with the brigade in which he had served since the organization of the army, and to which he had become dearly attached. The command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Nelson Cross, of the Sixty-seventh New York.

In the successful assaults at Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor, and the defense of North Anna, which followed the battle of the Wilderness, its reputation was fully sustained. Throughout the trials encountered in the change of base to the south side of the James, and the besieging of Petersburg, its patience and its power of endurance was manifest; and when a detached column under General Early, early in July again threatened the National Capital, the confidence of the army commander in its prowess, and its devotion to the cause secured the transfer of the Sixth Corps to the point of danger. The old residents of Washington will never forget with what celerity the rebel general was made to retire from the front of the Capital and subsequently beat an inglorious retreat up the Shenandoah Valley, before the war-scarred veterans of the Sixth Corps, which, by the celerity of its movements, had become known as Sedgwick's Cavalry.

After this short campaign we find the brigade back again among its veteran comrades of the army, hammering away at the defenses of Petersburg, until on Sunday morning, April 2d, the final charge upon the works is made. The signal success of the Sixth Corps in this charge, not only carrying the line of defense in their front, but sweeping to the left and capturing a long line, thousands of prisoners and many guns, and subsequently turning to the right again, driving everything before it, until the enemy were encircled within their last cordon of defenses, was the first of the series of staggering blows which ultimately determined the fate of the Confederacy. The parallel race with Lee's army, which soon followed, gave another proof of its marching qualities. But it was at Sailor's Creek,

a few days later, where the fortunes of war gave to the Sixth Corps the final opportunity to make still more brilliant its record by crushing forever and utterly destroying its ancient antagonist. It is not a little remarkable, but the fact is without dispute, that the Sixth Corps was confronted, in its four years of battling, oftener by Ewell's Corps than by any other in the rebel army. There seemed, therefore, a providential dispensation in the circumstances which placed it in the power of the Sixth Corps, at Sailor's Creek, Virginia, on the 6th of April, 1865, to compel General Ewell and all that remained of his corps, to lay down their arms and become prisoners of war. The crowning glory of a brilliant record.

During the period of its services, the integrity of our brigade was preserved from beginning to end. While, by reorganizations of the army, and the necessities of the service, whole corps and divisions were broken up and disbanded, our brigade organization continued intact. Regiments were added to it and taken from it, indeed, to such an extent that but one of the original regiments retained its identity in the brigade until the disbandment of the corps and final muster out. The Twenty-third Pennsylvania was mustered out at the close of the Valley campaign, its re-enlisted men being transferred to the Eighty-second Regiment. The Thirty-first Pennsylvania became the Eighty-second Pennsylvania. The Sixty-seventh New York was mustered out at the end of three years, and the re-enlisted men were transferred to the Sixty-fifth New York. The One Hundred and twenty-second New York was not an original member, but joined in the summer of 1862, and was transferred to Bidwell's Brigade of the Second Division, Sixth Corps, in the summer of 1864. The Sixty-first Pennsylvania was taken to make up a Light Brigade, and never returned to us. The Sixty-fifth New York (First United States Chasseurs, as it was called), was, therefore, the only one of all of the original members which retained its identity through four long years of war, and until the final disbandment of the army and muster out. It is said that this was the last regiment of the Army of the Potomac mustered out.

Upon the muster out of the Sixty-seventh New York, Colonel Cross retired from the service, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Joe E. Hamblin, of the Sixty-fifth New York, than whom a more gallant and faithful officer could not be found in the service.

In this hastily prepared and imperfect record of the services of our brigade, it may be considered not improper to speak of the qualities of some of the colonels of the regiments which composed it. It is a matter of historical record, which may be alluded to here, without disparagement to others. Most of them showed a capacity and talent for military service which sooner or later secured for them deserved promotion. Colonel David B. Birney, of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, was made brigadier-general and major-general of volunteers. Colonel Thomas H. Neill, of the same regiment, was made brigadier-general and brevet major-general. Colonel John Ely, also of the same regiment, was made a brevet brigadier-general and brevet major-general. Colonel Nelson Cross, of the Sixty-seventh New York, was made brevet brigadier-general and brevet major-general. Colonel John Cochrane, of the Sixty-fifth New York, was made brigadier-general.

Colonel Alexander Shaler and Colonel Joe E. Hamblin, of the same regiment, were made brigadier-generals and brevet major-generals of volunteers.

Having through the fortunes of war been separated from the brigade during the last year of its service, a period in which promotions would be most likely to occur, I have referred to those only of which I have personal knowledge. No brigade in the army was more fortunate in the quality of its officers; and, very many, too many to refer to here by name, were, for their superior talent and ability, for their gallant conduct, and for long and faithful services, promoted to higher grades, detailed to staff duty, and assigned to other special and honorable services.

The case of Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight, of the One Hundred and twenty-second New York, was one of unrewarded merit. He gallantly commanded the regiment in nearly all its battles, and until it was reduced below the number for which a colonel could be mustered, and was finally killed in front of Petersburg, without having received the promotion which he had repeatedly earned and was justly entitled to.

The brigade was equally fortunate in the composition of its staff, Captain William P. Roome, assistant adjutant-general; Captain Samuel Truesdell, assistant inspector-general; Captain George W. Ford, assistant quartermaster, and Captain Nat. Ellmaker, commissary of subsistence, were all officers of the highest qualities, possessing especial fitness for their respective positions. They served throughout with unsurpassed zeal and faithfulness, and retired honored and respected by all with whom they had intercourse.

To commemorate the services of this noble body of men upon this field of battle, and to dedicate memorials to their fallen comrades we have met to-day. In looking back, visions pass before us like a dream. We see the demon of war with haughty mien uplift his arm to assail our national existence. Rebellious hordes are marshalled for unholy conquest. With rapid strides and swift approaches the swelling ranks besiege our capital. Indignant loyalty with glaring astonishment nerves herself for defense. Liberty is fettered and affrighted peace seeks safety in flight.

> To arms! to arms! the people cry,
> The danger to our Capital is nigh.

With sentiments akin to filial love, the masses with one accord uprise and bid defiance. The conflict rages. Death, devastation and destruction revel. Gloom and sorrow prevail. Portentous clouds of darkness envelop us. Evil spirits, with hellish intent, pursue unchallenged their damnable ways. The angels mourn, and all nature in darkness weeps. But see, a silver lining appears. Peering with hopeful aspect, Peace, with olive branch extended, seeks audience. In the distance seething masses of armed men struggle for mastery. With diminished force rebellion aims her blows, and finally sinks to rise no more. Victory perches on Loyalty's crest. Homeward turns the Spartan band, heroes all! Halos of glory illumine the sky. Loved ones meet in joyous ecstacy. Liberty and peace have resumed their places. The dream has passed, but stern reality bids us inquire, where is father, brother and son? In yonder graves they lie, victims of disloyalty and martyrs for their country. Let us keep their memories green, and

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

each recurring year cover them with immortelles and sweet-scented flowers. And let us not forget the living heroes. Let us remember that to them we are indebted for the blessings of peace and prosperity which our reunited country now enjoys. Let us remember that the "stars on our banner grew suddenly dim," and that it was the private soldier who restored to them their luster, and palsied the hand which attempted their obliteration. While our children are taught to revere that emblem of unity and strength, let them also be taught the danger of assailing it. Teach them to honor its defenders, and if in after time it should again be threatened, let them emulate the patriotic example set by their fathers on this hallowed spot.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

26TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

ADDRESS OF PRIVATE THOMAS V. COOPER

COMRADES and survivors of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers—We are gathered here upon an occasion made doubly patriotic by the law and the pride of our State to perform a most patriotic work—to dedicate a monument to the valor of our dead comrades and the heroism of a regiment which was the first of the three-year organizations, and which, if patriotism can be measured, first saw that the war for the Union meant continued hardship, sacrifice and bravery. Almost its entire membership came from Philadelphia and the adjoining county of Delaware. The record of its intentions stands out as the grandest, in its example to the other long-term commands which quickly followed. The record of its deeds is synonymous with that of the Army of the Potomac, save at Gettysburg, the greatest battle known to modern history, and here it excelled all other Pennsylvania regiments in its losses in killed and wounded, in proportion to the number engaged, and the losses of the Pennsylvania commands excelled those of any other in the Union Army. You all remember how, during the long march through Virginia and Maryland to the battlefield, at the nightly bivouacs every element of State pride and likewise every feature of National love were summoned to support the universal proposition that there would be no recession upon Northern soil.

History records the fact that there was none, and it is within the personal knowledge of all the survivors of the Twenty-sixth that the Third Corps, to the last man, stood its ground, and even refused to fall back, when the fight of the evening of the second day was hottest, to ground suited to the alignment sought by General Meade, and not until the shades of night had fallen and the battle had lulled, and an understanding of the situation had been gathered, did it do so.

Gettysburg was the dealiest of the great battles of modern history, and for an organization like our own to stand out as the one losing most in

actual battle, is a distinction which the surviving members cannot forget while memory of the struggle lasts.

It is understood that those chosen to deliver the orations peculiar to this day, shall confine themselves to a brief description of the part played by the command immediately before and during the battle—this with a view to enable the Memorial Association to compile detailed historical information.

All of our comrades who participated recall the march on June 11th, 1863, to Hartwood Church, over the familiar lines of the Rappahannock; thence, on the 12th, to Bealeton, with Humphreys' division (Hooker's old and our own), advanced to the river, where we heard by our campfires the stories of skirmishes at Newtown, Cedarville and Middletown.

On the 14th our march from Bealeton to Manassas is remembered as one of the hottest, many of the division and corps falling from sunstroke, so that when night came the losses, if they had been compiled, would have held comparison with a battle. At Manassas we had to rest until the partially disabled recovered, and on the 17th we moved quietly to Centerville, over ground made familiar by the battles of Bristoe and Bull Run of the previous year. At Centerville we could hear the clash of arms at Aldie, and the next morning received the news of skirmishes in our front at the Point of Rocks, Thoroughfare Gap and Middleburg. On the 19th we moved to Gum Springs, where we remained until the 25th, then crossed the Potomac upon pontoons at Edwards' Ferry, and there began the unprecedented forced march over the long tow-path to the mouth of the Monocacy. No man who participated in that march can ever forget the driving rain, the slippery and narrow pathway, with water to the right of us, water to the left of us, water above, water below—without opportunity to halt, or rest, or eat, or drink, until the late hours of night found us at our destination. On the 26th we reached the Point of Rocks, the 27th Middletown, while on the 28th we rested near Woodsboro, with news of skirmishes near Rockville, Maryland, and at Wrightsville and Oyster Point, Pennsylvania—where blood was flowing upon the soil regarded as peculiarly our own. The 29th saw us at Taneytown, the 30th at Bridgeport, with ever-coming news of skirmishes and actions on front and flank. On July 1st we moved from Bridgeport via Emmitsburg to the field of battle, and while our gallant First Brigade was en route, late in the night, with the Twenty-sixth at the head of the column, we marched into the Confederate lines near the Black Horse Tavern, quietly gathered in the only picket post in sight, about-faced in majestic silence, and resumed the right road to Gettysburg, in time to assume our place upon the second day of the battle. In fact we arrived at the midnight closing the first and opening the second day, and, after what proved but a nap, our command was awakened, cooked all the coffee and ate the few crackers that remained of our rations, then stacked arms, deployed as unarmed skirmishers, and tore down the fences between the Baltimore pike and the Emmitsburg road—a novel proceeding, but a fit precursory to the slaughter which followed. About 3 p. m., our Third Corps moved to the front, with our brigade at the celebrated Peach Orchard, and our regiment covering the right flank of the division, separated from Hancock's Second Corps by a

gap which proved inviting to the enemy, for here immediate and repeated attempts were made to pierce our lines by bold dashes and charges. All of them were resisted, and but one came near accomplishing its destructive purpose. This was late in the evening, when a large rebel force, covered by smoke of the guns, quickly crossed the Emmitsburg road, and protected by the depression at the right of the little and now demolished stone house which flanked the Peach Orchard, with sudden rush and yell, plunged itself upon our already depleted ranks. Then the Twenty-sixth and the First Massachusetts, our gallant Yankee companions upon many battle-fields, obeyed the order of Colonel Blaisdell and Major Bodine, and changed direction by the right flank, in the very face of overpowering numbers. In this way the charge was checked, and the enemy were kept closely engaged until a division from the Second Corps came to our relief and saved the line. This struggle was the most deadly of the day and of the entire battle, and as well of any battle known to the war. Its terrific force is seen in the unprecedented numbers of killed and wounded, and the high courage of the Twenty-sixth is shown by the fact that no man ran, and but seven were captured and missing out of two hundred and thirteen lost in a total number of three hundred and sixty-five engaged. In the repeated charges of the second day nearly two out of every three of our regiment engaged, fell with a greatly superior number of the enemy close about them —and what few remained held their ground. These frightful losses were largely due to the heroic change of direction made by the two regiments named, while under fire and at close quarters—the most difficult movement known to military tactics, and the one above all others calling for quick intelligence and high courage.

Patriotic comparisons are not odious, as every soldier realizes in talks of the war with surviving comrades. Each and every man loves to tell his story of daring, and as fondly loves to hear a better one from his comrade. And none of the seventy-eight commands of Pennsylvania, which this day dedicate monuments in honor of their fallen heroes, will deem odious the comparison which history hands down as to the brave deeds and the unexampled sacrifice of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania in the battle of Gettysburg. Rothermel's great painting selects the charge of Pickett's Division and the stone angle guarded by the Second Corps under Hancock, as the dramatic point of the struggle, and it was upon the third day, but neither this point nor Little Round Top, nor Culp's Hill, nor Buford's famous dismounted men, stood a shock like that hurled against Humphreys' Division of the Third Corps, and especially against our First Brigade, and even more particularly against the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, which held the right of the line. Only the One hundred and twenty-fourth, One hundred and fortieth and Seventy-second Pennsylvania, and the One hundred and eleventh and One hundred and twenty-sixth New York in Hancock's Second Corps, approached the losses of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, and a truthful history will show that the valor and sacrifice at and near the Peach Orchard equaled any ever known to the world upon any battle-field.

The One hundred and twenty-first, One hundred and forty-second, One hundred and fifty-first, One hundred and forty-third, One hundred and forty-

ninth and One hundred and fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiments were all of the First Army Corps, and the losses of these regiments, while very great, were not so great in killed and wounded, in proportion to the number engaged, as the Twenty-sixth, and yet those which I have named suffered more than any other portion of the Union Army. They were not the subject of any painting, but if patriotic blood, shed upon this field, were needed to color the canvas, the great supply would come from them, our Pennsylvania commands, and if reasons were asked for this wonderful heroism, they would be found in the determination of our Keystone boys not to take one step backward upon their native soil.

When night had fallen upon the second day our corps obeyed the command to fall back and straighten the line. The orators of several anniversaries here, and the military critics have given much discussion to the position of the Third Corps in the battle, being advanced in the shape of a horse-shoe much beyond the main line. It is not necessary that we should enter into or enlarge upon this discussion. It is sufficient for us to know that one fact rises upon all criticism; while our losses were great, we gave as great to the enemy, and weakened them for the third and final day.

On the second and third days our division lost two thousand one hundred out of four thousand nine hundred, far the greater portion of the lossess occurring in the scenes here so crudely described. The Twenty-sixth lost few on the third day, and most of these by the explosion of a caisson at a time when the bowels of the earth seemed to be shaken by the noise of the two hundred and forty guns on each side which were then ushering in the final and fatal charge of Pickett's Division.

I need not describe what followed the great battle—the burial of the dead, the rest, the pursuit and finally the unharmed traversing some of the old ground in Virginia. The old but ever new story of the greatest event known to the lives of all the surviving members of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, is now retold, in a too general and too feeble way, but some of the points mentioned will awaken in your minds a fresh recollection of the day, of its sacrifice and of its glorious results. Let me recall an incident in closing. On the evening of the second day, with a view to excite the hopes and enthusiasm of our troops, telegrams were read to us announcing Grant's capture of Vicksburg and the cheers were loud and long. The news was premature, but two days afterward it came in full truth, and it was Vicksburg and Gettysburg which made inevitable the triumph of the Union. All, after these battles, was but useless sacrifice, which came through the lack of discernment or stubbornness of the head of the Confederacy.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since the battle we are here to commemorate. None of us can ever see its like again. If each and all could find the elixir of youth, and carry his life down the coming centuries, he could not again see the like of Gettysburg in civilized warfare. The inventions since made in deadly explosives—in dynamite, millenite, strucite—explosives which are a thousand-fold greater than any which deafened our ears upon this field, where the roar of four hundred and eighty cannon were heard, and the sharp rattle of one hundred thousand rifles—a battle like that of Gettysburg is no longer possible. Though ef-

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

fective beyond our power to measure at the time, it is well that it is the last of its kind. It served a purpose, now indisputably established, and let us hope that it was, to our people at least, the final proof of the poet's lines, wherein he says:—

"Some things are worthless, some so good
That nations which buy, buy only with blood."

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

27TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 12, 1889

THE Twenty-seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cantador, arrived at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, about noon. The regiment was at once ordered to advance from Cemetery Hill to the north of the town, to support the First Army Corps, General Reynolds having been killed, and his men overpowered by the enemy were falling back. This regiment became engaged by the enemy as soon as the line of battle was formed, but being greatly outnumbered were also compelled to fall back to Cemetery Hill. The regiment sustained severe loss in this movement.

July 2d, about 9 p. m., the batteries on East Cemetery Hill were attacked by the enemy, and this regiment took a prominent part in repelling this charge.

July 3d the regiment held the position on Cemetery Hill until ordered to support some troops in distress about 3 p. m. This regiment was also exposed to the terrible artillery fire that afternoon. It was one of the first battalions to enter Gettysburg, July 4, 1863.

The regiment was organized in Philadelphia, Pa., May 5, 1861, by Colonel M. Einstein, and participated in the following general engagements:

First Battle of Bull Run, Virginia, July 21, 1861. Cross Keys, Virginia, June 8, 1862. Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 2, 1863. Gettysburg, July 2 and 3. After the battle of Gettysburg the regiment was transferred to the West, where it took part at the battle of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Tennessee, November 25, 1863. After this battle the regiment took part in the march to Knoxville, Tennessee, to relieve General Burnside, then returned to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and went into winter quarters at Lookout Valley, Tennessee.

When General W. T. Sherman marched his column south, the regiment joined his command and took part in the battles of Buzzard Roost, Georgia, May 8, 1864, Resaca and Dug Gap, Georgia, May 12, 1864. At Dallas, Georgia, the term of the regiment expired and the regiment received transportation to return home, and was mustered out of the service at Philadelphia, Pa., on the 11th day of June, 1864.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

28TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11th, 1889

ADDRESS OF BREVET CAPTAIN JOHN O. FOERING

COMRADES of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry: We are assembled here to-day to dedicate this monument, which is to mark the position occupied by the regiment in that historic battle, which took place on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863, and we trust that the memory of our comrades, who fell on this spot, may be perpetuated so long as this granite shall endure the washings of the storms.

So much has been said and written by many able minds in the past quarter of a century of the part taken by the different corps, divisions, brigades, regiments and batteries that participated in the great struggle, that I fear anything I may say at this time may appear superfluous, but you all know that we cannot but feel a certain amount of pride in the part taken by our own command in the battle which has justly been acknowledged to have been the turning point of the rebellion, and it is well that an opportunity is here given to place on record the history of the marches and incidents of our regiment's connection with the army in that campaign, which I will endeavor to give you as briefly as possible. The Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry was attached to "Candy's" First Brigade, "Geary's" Second Division, "Slocum's" Twelfth Corps from the time of leaving Aquia Creek until its return to the Rapidan.

Early in June, 1863, while the Army of the Potomac was in camp in the vicinity of Stafford Court House and Fredericksburg, recuperating from the losses of the Chancellorsville campaign, General Lee, commander of the rebel forces, concluded upon an aggressive movement. He started his army on forced marches to invade Pennsylvania, and endeavored to outflank Hooker, enlist the sympathies of the foreign powers to further assist them, and to increase the strength of his army by the accession of a large number of rebel sympathizers in Maryland and southern Pennsylvania. How well he succeeded in this is a matter of history.

He was successful in moving past our right flank, and appeared in front of Winchester, Va., on the 14th of June, with a large force under the command of Generals Early and Longstreet, and they immediately made preparations to attack General Milroy, who was in command of the Union forces. Early and Longstreet being successful in their attack, capturing a large part of Milroy's command and scattering the balance, the valley of the Shenandoah was open for Lee's Army of Invasion.

Lee had outwitted General Hooker, and having a good start, our army was compelled to make long and rapid marches to get within reasonable distance of the rebel host.

PRINT JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

On the 13th day of June, Hooker abandoned his position opposite Fredericksburg and east to Aquia Creek, and started the Army of the Potomac on its march northward.

The first intimation of anything unusual occurring from the ordinary routine of every-day camp life was the promulgation of orders, on June 12th, to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Preparations were made at once, and the command was kept in suspense waiting for orders to march until the evening of June 13th, when, at 8 o'clock, the order to march was given. Leaving camp at Aquia Creek, Stafford Court House was reached at midnight. Continuing the march via Telegrah road, crossing the Aquia and Chopawamsic creeks, the command was halted at Dumfries at 1 p. m., June 14th, and bivouacked. Marched twenty miles.

March resumed on the morning of June 15th, at half-past three o'clock, halted at 7 o'clock for breakfast. Reaching Wolf Run Shoals the command halted for rest and dinner. Resuming the march, we crossed the Occoquan creek and reached Fairfax Court House at 8 p. m., and bivouacked. Marched twenty-two miles. This march will long be remembered as a very trying one by all who participated in it, owing to the extreme heat, dusty roads, very little shade along the roads and the great scarcity of water, the water with which the men provided themselves soon becoming unfit to drink owing to the intense heat.

On June 16th, the command was moved a short distance and went into regular camp. On June 17th, left Fairfax Court House, and marched to within a short distance of Dranesville and bivouacked. Marched eight miles. On June 18th, at 8 a. m., resumed march, passed through Dranesville, crossed Broad run and Goose creek, and encamped near Leesburg. Marched twelve miles. While on the march in the afternoon, had a heavy thunder storm, drenching the command. On June 19th, at half past ten a. m., the entire Twelfth Corps was ordered out for parade, and formed into three sides of a hollow square, to witness the execution of three men of the First Division for desertion, a terribly sad sight for a fellow soldier to witness, but a punishment made necessary to insure discipline and prevent the depletion of the army. After the men were shot, the different commands rturned to their respective camps and remained there, while General Hooker, with a portion of the army was reconnoitering in the vicinity of Aldie, Middleburg, etc., on the search for Lee and his army. A small force of the rebels attracted Hooker's attention in that locality, while Lee with the larger portion of his army was then moving on Chambersburg, Pa., and it was not until June 26th, at 5 a. m., that we left camp and started again on our march northward. It rained hard all day, making the roads almost impassable, and retarding our progress greatly. Crossed the Potomac river at Edwards' Ferry on pontoons, passed through Poolesville, encamping at the mouth of the Monocacy. Marched thirteen miles. Regiment posted on picket, where it remained until 6 a. m., June 27th, when, with the entire corps, resumed the march, en route to Harper's Ferry, to reinforce the garrison stationed there, and, with it, attack the rebel line of communication. (The order for this movement was countermanded by the authorities at Washington, and resulted in the displacement of our

much-beloved commander, General Hooker, and the appointment of General George Gordon Meade to the command of the Army of the Potomac.) The command passed through the Point of Rocks, crossed the canal and marched via the tow-path to Catoctin, recrossed the canal, passed through Petersville and encamped near Knoxville at dark. Marched twenty miles.

June 28th. "The second anniversary of the muster of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers into the service of the United States."

Left camp near Knoxville at 6 a. m., passed through Petersville, Slabtown and Jefferson, halted at the latter place to permit a brigade of cavalry to pass, resumed march and went into camp one mile from Frederick. Marched thirteen miles.

At 5 a. m., June 29th, resumed march, and marched through heavy rains and over bad roads, passing through Frederick, Walkersville, Woodsborough, Ladiesville and Bruceville, encamped near the latter place. Marched twenty-four miles. At half past seven a. m., on June 30th the march was resumed, and on quick time, passed through Taneytown. On crossing the State line you all remember with what glad hearts you pressed your feet on Pennsylvania soil, and the huzzas that were sent up as each command entered the State, and how light the step that gave outward signs of your eagerness to meet Lee's forces and defeat him on your native ground, and one of his own choosing, for had he not left his own State and dared you to follow and give him battle. How little he knew that the Potomac veterans were so close on him at that time. On reaching the outskirts of Littlestown, Pa., we were halted in the road to permit Knap's Pennsylvania Battery to pass, they having been ordered up on the double-quick to assist the cavalry, who were engaged with the enemy near Hanover. Our forces were successful there and drove the enemy some distance beyond Hanover. The residents of Littlestown received us very kindly, giving us plenty to eat, and supplied us with good clear cold water to quench our thirst, and will ever be remembered for their kindness. Passed through the town and encamped one and one-half miles beyond. Marched thirteen miles.

At 5 a. m., on July 1st, we left camp, marching through Littlestown and via the Baltimore pike to near Two Taverns where we halted, by reason of the pike being blockaded by the artillery and supply-trains of the troops preceding. The sound of battle could be distinctly heard in advance of our position, and with what suspense we anxiously awaited the news from the front. At 2 p. m. orders were received to move forward, and by as rapid marching as the blockaded roads would permit, we reached the scene of action at 4 p. m. and formed in line of battle to the left of the pike a short distance and immediately in the rear of Cemetery Hill in support of the Eleventh Army Corps, who had fallen back to this position earlier in the day. It was a night of fears and doubts; little, if any, information could be obtained as to the results of the day's battle; the silence of every one, was, if anything, confirmatory of a reverse; the knowledge of severe loss of life and apparent retirement of our forces led us to fear somewhat the coming of the morrow. Marched eleven miles.

The regiment remained in this position until 8 a. m., July 2d, when we were moved with the corps to the right of the pike, ordered into line of

battle on this "Culp's Hill," facing Rock creek, thus forming the extreme right of the line of battle.

In connection with our taking possession of Culp's Hill and forming line of battle here, I will here insert an extract from an address read before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 8, 1880, by Brevet Brigadier-General J. Wm. Hofmann, Colonel Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanding Second Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps, whose command joined our left on the summit of Culp's Hill.

"The Seventh Indiana of our brigade, detached in the morning for special duty, as I have stated, and not engaged in conflicts with the enemy, rejoined us as we were re-forming in the cemetery, and being in compact organization, it was sent at once to form a line on Culp's Hill. Major Glover, its commanding officer, established a line from the pinnacle down to the foot of the eastern slope and his on way back to the center, encountered and captured a scout of the enemy who had crossed the hill before the line was established and was on his way back when captured with the report that the hill was not occupied by our troops. Grover's line of pickets was soon reinforced into a line of battle. It has always seemed to me that without Culp's Hill in our possession, we could never have held our line on Cemetery Ridge on the second and third days of the battle."

This I cite to show the importance of the taking possession of, and the subsequent action of the troops who so gloriously defended this part of the field from the terrible onslaughts of the enemy.

The Twenty-eighth in about an hour after reaching Culp's Hill was ordered forward, deployed as skirmishers along Rock creek, immediately in front of this position. We remained there exchanging shots with the enemy, who were in large force on the opposite side of the creek, until about 7 p. m., when General Geary received orders to move his command to the left of the line of battle, in support of the Third Corps at Round Top. The Twenty-eighth, with the First and Second Brigades of "Geary's" Second Division left the position, Culp's Hill, which we had occupied all day, leaving the Third, Greene's Brigade, to cover the front occupied by the entire Twelfth Corps. In moving over to the Baltimore pike, we were obliged to cross the "swale" between our works and the pike, and were exposed to an annoying artillery cross-fire from the enemy, suffering to some extent in loss of men.

Early in the night, while we were absent, General Ewell, commanding the rebel force in front of Culp's Hill, made an attack on the position vacated by us, and history records how the enemy found a portion of our works deserted, and, exultant beyond measure, they thought victory was theirs; but they counted without their host. Old Pop Greene, with his gallant Third Brigade of "Geary's" Second Division was there and opened fire, making it very warm for them, and checking their advance in short order. The fight was short, sharp and decisive, the loss was severe on both sides, and it can safely be said, that had "Greene" and his gallant little band been defeated in this action, the battle of Gettysburg might not have been the glorious victory it was for our arms. The enemy although gaining a slight foothold in occupying a portion of the works vacated by us, were not aware that they held the key to our artillery and ammunition

reserve, which was parked only a short distance from them, and should they have captured or destroyed this, our army would in all probability have been defeated. By some misconstruction of orders or the incompetency of the guide sent to pilot General Geary to his position at Round Top, the Twenty-eighth and a large portion of the division never reached there, and were kept on the move all night. The men were weary with the incessant marching and loss of sleep, and it was not until near daylight of July 3d that the command came to a halt, when we found ourselves immediately in rear of the position on Culp's Hill, occupied on the 2d instant. General Geary having ascertained that the enemy was in possession of a portion of our works, made good disposition of his force, and at early dawn gave orders for the First and Second Brigades of his division to advance. With a hearty cheer, the wearers of the "White Star" rushed gallantly forward to the charge, and in much less time than it takes me to relate the incident, the enemy were driven beyond Rock creek, and the vacated works were again in our possession. The loss of the enemy was heavy, whilst ours was comparatively small. The Second Brigade, "Kane's," were then distributed in the works. At about 7 a. m., the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania was ordered forward and relieved the Twenty-ninth Ohio Infantry. Comrades, you will never forget what it meant to relieve a regiment deployed in the temporary works that were so rudely constructed of cordwood, stones, etc., on the lower side of the knoll on which we now stand. The rebel sharpshooters were perched on and behind the immense rocks and boulders that still remain in the immediate front of our position; how as each command was relieved, the incoming and outgoing troops were subjected to a withering and well-directed fire from their skilled marksmen, every shot from their guns made to do its deadly work; and how, when we were safely located in the works, we watched for the puffs of smoke from their rifles; how quick we were to reply, with what effect the large number of dead men and empty-handed rifles left behind in their retreat told the sorrowful tale. When once in the works it was much safer to remain, but the constant firing made it necessary for the troops to be relieved to clean their guns and replenish their supply of ammunition. It may not be amiss to mention here that on page 770 of the "preliminary print of the official records of the War of the Rebellion," it is recorded that "General Meade complained to General Slocum that General Geary was expending too much ammunition at this point, but upon investigation, he, General Slocum, was satisfied to the contrary."

The enemy made several onslaughts which were pushed with great determination, and it showed how grand a prize this portion of the field would have been to them. Each time their desperate charges came to naught; they were hurled back with terrible loss, only to be ordered forward again and again to meet the same fate. Brave men, they deserved better success for their undaunted courage.

At about half past eleven a. m., the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, having exhausted its ammunition (eighty rounds per man), was relieved by a New York regiment of "Greene's" Third Brigade, and moved to an orchard in the rear of Culp's Hill on the pike, to clean their guns and replenish ammunition. We had been in this position but a short time when the

enemy's artillery opened fire on our forces stationed on Cemetery Hill. Then and there was inaugurated one of the most terrible artillery duels in the world's history. As the fight progressed our position (which was immediately in the rear of Cemetery Hill) became untenable, as the shot and shell fell thick and fast amongst and around us, unnecessarily exposing us to great danger. General Geary being advised of our dangerous position, gave orders for us to move across the pike behind a large stone barn. Remained there until about 3 p. m., more or less exposed to the same artillery fire, when we were ordered to resume our former position in the works on Culp's Hill, relieving the Seventh Ohio Infantry. Remained in the works, keeping up a constant fire on the sharpshooters perched on and behind the rocks in our front, until about 9 p. m., when the enemy made their final assault. They were soon repulsed and the firing almost ceased for the night. Shortly after the assault the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania was relieved from the works for the purpose of receiving rations. At midnight we returned to the works, relieving the Sixtieth and Seventy-eighth New York Volunteers of "Greene's" Third Brigade. There was very little firing in our front after midnight. The night was dark, and a heavy rain falling, every one of us being drenched to the skin, just such a night as would enable an enemy to get out of the way without being disturbed, which to our surprise was the case when the morning of July 4th dawned upon us. The enemy having fled, left us in undisturbed possession of the field and the victory was ours, but how dearly bought. How many good and brave men on both sides gone forever from comradeship and companionship, from fireside never to return. How many loved ones at homes waiting anxiously to hear from the thousands on both sides who will never return. It makes one almost shudder at the thought of the misery caused by the instigators of that cruel war.

When it was ascertained to a certainty that the enemy had fled, we proceeded to the front of our works, and details were immediately set to work burying the dead. Some twelve hundred of the enemy's dead were found in front of the Second Division works, of which the division details buried near nine hundred; their loss in wounded also must have been very heavy, as the number of muskets left by them on the field on our front was very large. The ordnance officer of the First Division, Twelfth Corps, reports having collected eight hundred and four muskets and the ordnance officer of the Second Division, Twelfth Corps, reports collecting sixteen hundred and eighty muskets in addition to a large number of bayonets, etc. The Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania alone carried to the rear of our works over five hundred muskets. Our men being very much fatigued, having been without sleep for three nights, and soaked with the heavy rain of the night of the third, and having assisted in burying the dead, rested the balance of the day and prepared ourselves to be in readiness to start in pursuit of the enemy when ordered.

It has always seemed to me, and I think I will be endorsed in my opinion, when the true and just history of this battle shall have been written, that the importance of the victory of the troops of the Twelfth Corps, especially the part taken by "Geary's" Second Division, has never received the recognition and publicity it deserved. Everything that was done here and on

some other points of the field as gallantly defended, have been overshadowed by the prominence given the painting representing Pickett's charge. Without Culp's Hill in our possession, Pickett's charge would never have taken place, as the position on Cemetery Hill would have been untenable for our troops. At no portion of the field were the troops under a more constant or murderous fire than on Culp's Hill. For seven hours we were under constant fire, and at no point, nor at any time, did the line waver. The gallant Second Division, assisted by Shaler's Brigade and the Maryland Provisional Brigade, by their dauntless courage did much towards saving the Army of the Potomac from defeat. I do not want to detract anything from the heroism or valor of the troops of the Second Corps, as they were all gallant and true, but so much stress has been laid on their particular action, on the afternoon of the third, that the part taken by other troops equally deserving has not had that credit given which is their due.

When our eyes glance upward as we look at this monument, which we dedicate this day to the memory of our departed comrades, we behold the emblem, "the star," under which we stood shoulder to shoulder on the march and on the battle-fields of so many States. I cannot refrain from inserting here some extracts taken here from a work recently published by Colonel Wm. F. Fox, on the regimental losses during the war of the rebellion, which in a great measure atones for the shortcomings of some of the previous authors of war history and endeavors to deal justly with the part taken by the different commands in this battle. He writes: "The Twelfth Army Corps," "Winchester," "Port Republic," "Cedar Mountain, "Manassas," "Antietam," "Chancellorsville," "Gettysburg," "Wauhatchie," "Lookout Mountain," "Missionary Ridge," "Ringgold."

"The corps that never lost a color or a gun. When its designation was changed to the Twentieth it still preserved unbroken the same grand record. The veteran divisions of Williams and Geary wore their star badges through all the bloody battles of the Atlanta campaign and the Carolinas, and still kept their proud claim good, marching northward to the grand review with the same banners that had waved at Antietam and Lookout Mountain; with the same cannon which had thundered on the battle-fields of seven States; none were missing.

"The brunt of the battle of Chancellorsville fell on the Third and Twelfth Corps, and yet amid all the rout and confusion of that disastrous battle the regiments of the Twelfth Corps moved steadily with unbroken fronts, retiring at the close of the battle without the loss of a color; while the Corps artillery, after having been engaged in the close fighting at the Chancellorsville House, withdrew in good order, taking every gun with them. In this campaign Slocum's troops were the first to cross the Rapidan, and the last to recross the Rappahannock. Its losses at Chancellorsville were two hundred and sixty killed, one thousand four hundred and thirty-six wounded and one thousand one hundred and eighteen missing; total, two thousand eight hundred and fourteen. The hardest fighting and heaviest losses fell on Ruger's and Candy's Brigades of Williams' and Geary's Divisions."

"At Gettysburg, the Twelfth Corps distinguished itself by its gallant

defense of Culp's Hill. At one time during the battle, the corps having been ordered to reinforce a distant part of the line, Greene's Brigade of Geary's Division was left behind to hold this important point. While occupying this position, with no other troops in support, Greene was attacked by Johnson's Division, but the attack was successfully repulsed. The details of this particular action form an interesting chapter in the history of the war. Still, some of Johnson's troops effected, without opposition, a lodgement in the vacated breastworks of the Twelfth Corps, and upon the return of those troops a desperate battle ensued to drive the Confederates out. After a long, hard fight the corps succeeded in reoccupying its works. On no part of the field did the Confederate dead lie thicker than in front of the Twelfth Corps position.

"Johnson's Division, containing twenty-two regiments, official report, lost in this particular action, two hundred and twenty-nine killed, one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine wounded and three hundred and seventy-five missing; total, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three. To this loss (of Johnson's) must be added the losses in Smith's, Daniel's and O'Neal's Brigades, containing fourteen regiments, which were sent to Johnson's support, which was two hundred and twenty-nine killed, one thousand and sixty-nine wounded and two hundred and forty-seven missing. Making a total loss in the rebel forces attacking Culp's Hill of four hundred and fifty-eight killed, two thousand three hundred and thirty-eight wounded and six hundred and twenty-two missing; total loss, three thousand four hundred and eighteen. Pickett's Division, official report, lost in front of Cemetery Ridge, two hundred and thirty-two killed, one thousand one hundred and fifty-seven wounded and one thousand four hundred and ninety-nine missing; total, two thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

"The Twelfth Corps, containing twenty-eight regiments, lost two hundred and four killed, eight hundred and ten wounded and sixty-seven missing; total, one thousand and eighty-one." Less than one-third the rebel loss.

The Twelfth Corps was small, but was composed of excellent material. Among its regiments were the Second Massachusetts, Seventh Ohio, Fifth Connecticut, One hundred and seventh New York, Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, Third Wisconsin and others equally famous as crack regiments, all of them with names familiar as household words in the communities from which they were recruited.

On page 426, in the same work, referring to his statements giving the list of commands showing the greatest losses in battles, Colonel Fox says: "Among the leading regiments in point of loss at Gettysburg as given here, the Twelfth Corps is scarcely represented, and yet, the services rendered on that field by that command were unsurpassed in gallantry and important results. The remarkable losses sustained by Johnson's Confederate Division and the three brigades attached to his command were inflicted by regiments which have no place in the list of those prominent at Gettysburg, by reason of their casualties. Granted that Greene's Brigade delivered that deadly fire from behind breastworks; but, when Williams' and Geary's Divisions returned from Round Top and found that during their absence

their works had been occupied by the enemy, they became the assaulting party; they drove the enemy out of the works, re-took the position and saved the right. That, in accomplishing this, they could inflict so severe a loss and sustain so slight a one, is as good evidence of their gallantry and efficiency as any sensational aggregate of casualties."

Comrades, after such complimentary and just criticism of our actions, should we not feel proud of having been wearers of the star? I do not think it would be amiss, to insert here, an extract from the address of delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett, at the ceremonies attending the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg on the 19th day of November, 1863. Extract, Second Day.

"At eight o'clock in the evening, a desperate attempt was made by the enemy to storm the position of the Eleventh Corps on Cemetery Hill, but here, too, after a terrible conflict, he was repulsed with immense loss. Ewell, on our extreme right, which had been weakened by the withdrawal of the troops sent over to the support of our left, had succeeded in gaining a foothold within a portion of our lines near Spangler's spring (foot of Culp's Hill). This was the only advantage obtained by the rebels to compensate them for the disasters of the day, and of this, as we shall see, they were deprived.

"Such was the result of the second act of this eventful drama. A day hard fought and at one moment anxious, but, with the exception of the slight reverse just named, crowned with dearly earned but uniform success to our arms, auspicious of a glorious termination of the final struggle, on these omens the night fell. In the course of the night General Geary returned to his position on the right from which he had hastened the day before to strengthen the Third Corps. He immediately engaged the enemy, and after a sharp and decisive action drove them out of our lines, recovering the ground which had been lost on the preceding day.

"A spirited contest was kept up all the morning on this part of the line, but General Geary reinforced by Shaler's Brigade of the Sixth Corps, maintained his position and inflicted very severe losses on the rebels.

"Such was the cheering commencement of the third day's work, and with it ended all serious attempts of the enemy on our right."

Nothing of any importance occurred in our vicinity during the 4th, except the circulation of numerous camp rumors as to the whereabouts of the enemy, etc., the night was spent in the works awaiting marching orders. About 3.30 a. m., July 5th, the line of march in pursuit of the enemy was taken up, but in a different direction from that expected. The Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania on the advance of the Twelfth Corps headed for Littlestown, which we reached before noon, very weary and footsore. "The men having lost so much rest and being confined in the works such a great length of time were hardly prepared for steady marching yet." Marched ten miles. The Twenty-eighth being the advance regiment, it of course was posted on picket, and passed a very quiet night there. On the morning of July 6th, at seven o'clock, orders were received to resume the march, but by reason of General Meade having with a portion of his command encountered the rear guard of the enemy near Gettysburg, the order was countermanded. On July 7th, at 5 a. m., we left Littlestown, passed

through Taneytown, Middleburg and Walkersville, encamping a short distance beyond the latter place about 6 p. m. Marched about thirty miles, most of the distance through the fields, the road being occupied by the artillery and supply trains.

The morning of July 8th ushered itself in rainy and very disagreeable, putting the roads in bad condition, but orders to resume the march were given, and at 7 a. m. we were on the move, passed through Frederick, were halted a short time for an issue of rations, after which resumed the march, reaching Jefferson about 6 p. m. A great many men were destitute of shoes, and in consequence suffered very much, as the march this day was mostly made over a turnpike road. Marched fifteen miles.

July 9th left Jefferson, passed through Burkittsville, crossed South Mountain at Crampton's Gap and encamped near Rohrersville. Marched ten miles.

July 10th march resumed at 5 a. m., passed through Buena Vista, Keedysville, Smoketown and a portion of the Antietam battle-field, encamping at Bakersville. Marched ten miles.

July 11th left Bakersville at 3 a. m., marched to Fair Play a distance of four miles, formed line of battle in support of the Twenty-ninth Ohio, who were deployed as skirmishers in our immediate front. (The First Division of the Twelfth Corps had a skirmish with the enemy on our right.) We remained in this position until 10 a. m., July 12th, when we were ordered forward in line of battle, with the intention of engaging the enemy, but the corps commanders having met in council and deciding not to attack, we were ordered to resume our former position. The Twenty-eighth relieved the Twenty-ninth Ohio at dusk.

At daylight on July 13th the regiment was relieved from the skirmish line, moved to the right about one mile where it rejoined the brigade. At 8 a. m. were ordered back to the position vacated at daylight. Towards dusk we were ordered forward to feel the strength of the enemy and had advanced but a short distance when orders were received to abandon the attack and return to the woods. The Twenty-eighth was relieved from the skirmish line by the Seventh Ohio, and remained in reserve in close support. Rained very hard during the night, and the rebels succeeded in crossing the Potomac.

At 7 a. m. on July 14th rejoined the brigade and remained under arms in support of the First Division, which had advanced some distance to the front of our line. Later on, with the Seventh Ohio, the Twenty-eighth was ordered to reconnoitre towards Downsville, where we found the enemy's works deserted and returned with several prisoners.

On July 15th, at 5 a. m. resumed the march, passing through Fair Play and Sharpsburg, halting at half past three p. m. on the summit of Maryland Heights. Raining, roads in bad order. Marched sixteen miles.

At 5 a. m., July 16th, moved from Maryland Heights and encamped in Pleasant Valley about one-half mile back from Sandy Hook, and in close proximity to our camping ground of July, 1861. Marched four miles.

July 17th and 18th remained in camp. Shoes, clothing, etc., were issued to the different commands. The Second Corps crossed the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers.

At 5 a. m., July 19th, the line of march was again taken up, passed through Sandy Hook and Harper's Ferry. Crossing the two rivers, marched down the Piney Run Valley to near Hillsboro, Virginia, where we encamped. Marched eleven miles.

Resumed the march on July 20th, at 5 a. m., passing through Wood Grove and Purcellville, halting at Snickersville at 6 p. m. Marched eleven miles. The enemy's wagon trains were plainly visible from the crest of the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, en route down the Shenandoah Valley.

July 21st remained in camp.

July 22d remained in camp. Company inspection, the first since leaving Aquia Creek.

Left Snickersville at 6 o'clock on the morning of July 23, passed through Upperville and Paris, halting near Ashby's Gap. Pickets were posted on the Blue Ridge, and tents were pitched. At 4 p. m. orders were received to pack and move immediately; march was resumed. Leaving Paris and taking the mountain road, we continued the march to within two miles of Markham Station on the Manassas Gap railroad, where we halted at 9 p. m., pretty well exhausted with the day's march. Marched about twenty-four miles.

July 24th, at 5 a. m., resumed march, passed through Markham halting near Linden. Roads in very bad order, and weather very warm. The advance of our column met the rear guard of the enemy at Falling Waters, near Chester Gap, and after a spirited engagement the enemy fled. At 12 m. the command was called into line, and marched back through Markham to Piedmont, where we halted for the night. Marched sixteen miles.

Left Piedmont at 5 a. m. on July 25th, passing through Rectortown and White Plains, halted at White Plains about one hour, when march was resumed. Encamped at Thoroughfare Gap. Marched twenty-two miles.

July 26th, reveille at half past two a. m., marched at 4 a. m., passed Thoroughfare Gap, Haymarket, Greenwich and Catlett's Station. Halted near Warrenton Junction on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, at 7 p. m. Wood and water was very scarce at this place, and it was very late before the troops were able to prepare their scanty supper. Many of the men dropped to the ground and slept where their commands halted, too weary to undertake to make preparations for supper. Marched twenty-five miles.

July 27th moved a short distance, tents were pitched and regular camp duties resumed. Remained at this place resting from the fatigues and labors of the campaign until July 31st, when the reveille was sounded at half past three a. m. and orders to march were given at half past three a. m. Arrived at Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock river at 7 p. m., a pontoon bridge was laid and a portion of the First Brigade of Geary's Second Division crossed to the south side, encountering the enemy's pickets and after some slight skirmishing the enemy were driven off. Very warm day. Marched eighteen miles. August 2d left Kelly's Ford at 4 p. m., and marched to near Ellis' Ford, where the regiment was posted on picket. Marched five miles. August 3d regiment relieved from picket and went into regular camp.

Thus ended the marching and duties performed by the Twenty-eighth

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO., NEW YORK

Pennsylvania, in the campaign connected with the battle of Gettysburg, and the defeat of the rebel army of Northern Virginia, a fifty days' campaign, during which some four hundred miles were marched, and one of the bloodiest battles in the world's history fought by the bravest men on earth; and we meet here over twenty-six years after, to commemorate the gallantry of the men who fought, bled and died on those memorable days of July, 1863, that the grandest government on the face of the globe might not perish, and we dedicate to their memory this monument, which we trust will mark this spot for all time.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

29TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11th, 1889

ORATION OF BREVET LIEUT.-COLONEL ROBERT P. DECHERT

THE history of the world has not presented the story of a conflict greater in its results because of the interests involved than that of the battle of Gettysburg. The forces engaged between the combatants were nearly equal; the Unionists while endeavoring to prevent the further advance of the enemy northward, threw themselves into a defensive position and compelled General Lee to attack them in their works.

In the event of the success of the enemy in that battle his passage to the Susquehanna, Baltimore and perhaps Philadelphia would have been secured.

Four years ago we had the honor to dedicate upon this field a monument prepared by the survivors of our regiment, which was intended to mark the place occupied by those in rear of the works first constructed.

The generosity of the State of Pennsylvania has now enabled us to place another monument upon the line of works constructed on the night of July 1st and the morning of July 2d, and which were subsequently reoccupied on July 3d.

We are assembled upon this day on the illustrious field of Gettysburg, to commemorate the achievements of the regiment of which you and many others were members, when they occupied this field and held it during the battle. Its surroundings as it appears to us now, with the overhanging foliage and the peaceful appearance of this autumn day, would not suggest that twenty-six years ago there was fought upon this spot one of the most terrific battles of the present century.

Arriving upon the field late on the first day of the encounter, your corps was placed in position on the right of the forces that had met the enemy at the Seminary, and had afterwards fallen back on Cemetery Ridge, and on the second day of the contest you were assigned to this position on Culp's Hill, which you rendered strong by your physical exertions and indomitable will. Had you been permitted to remain here, the result on

this part of the field would not have been doubtful. The disaster to the left-center on the second day required your corps to practically vacate these works, and after you had moved to a position toward the left, you returned on the evening of the 2d of July to find them within the control of the enemy. Had they known of your evacuation of these works on the second day of the battle they could have occupied them and then easily advanced to the Baltimore pike, which would have seriously endangered communications with the supply trains. After resting on your arms on the night of that day, there was required of you on the following morning the most heroic service. At dawn you commenced the assault, and, aided by an artillery fire which was perhaps the most determined of the war, you were enabled to recover the works you had relinquished, and to hold them until the darkness of night ended the contest and carnage of battle. There was then uncertainty as to the result—it was not known what fruit the morrow would bring forth, and with steadfast hope and resolve to resist all assaults of the enemy, the troops again rested upon their arms during that night.

It was my privilege to participate in a reconnaissance early on the morning of the 4th of July under the command of General Ruger, which started from the right of Rock creek, passed in front of this position and marched beyond the town of Gettysburg, by which the commanding general was first officially informed that the enemy had abandoned the attack upon this historic ground.

Culp's Hill was one of the many memorable spots on the field of Gettysburg. While Rothermel has selected another part of it from which to picture a combat of the two armies, he might easily have selected this place to illustrate the desperate determination and bravery of the opposing forces. Upon this field your regiment lost heavily, many of your comrades gave up their lives to preserve their country's honor, whilst others have since suffered through honorable wounds received here in those dark and dismal hours.

The Twenty-ninth regiment was early organized for the war, and was selected by the Government as the fourth regiment from Pennsylvania for the three years' service. Under an experienced commander, who has since gone to his final home laden with honor, it started for the seat of war. Little did you then think that a service of three years, "unless sooner discharged," would extend into one of four years or upwards, and would embrace so large a territory as you were called upon to traverse. The experience in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia was a pleasant prelude to the active life that followed, though to many of you the recollections of Front Royal and Winchester remind you of the commencement of warlike experiences.

Some of you well remember the conflict at Cedar Mountain, the fatiguing marches and meager rations which followed it, ending with the triumph at Antietam under General McClellan. Whilst others will better recall the associations of Martinsburg, Williamsport and Hagerstown, where a portion of the regiment performed duty during the same period; and many will be reminded of the privations in prison life while in the hands of the enemy.

After Chancellorsville and Gettysburg the survivors of this regiment were transferred to the western army under Grant, where you met and repulsed the enemy at Wauhatchie and Ringgold. It was there that the charge of the troops under General Geary was made up the rocky and rugged sides of Lookout Mountain, driving the enemy before them and beyond its summit in confusion and dismay, until at last when the clouds and smoke of battle had been lifted away, there stood revealed to our gladdened hearts the nation's flag, floating grandly to the breeze upon the highest pinnacle of the mountain. The clouds which had enveloped the crest, had so completely obscured the summit from the view of the troops in the valley, that they could only trace the ascent by the firing of the musketry, the struggle appearing to be, as has been described "a battle above the clouds."

Thus commenced the memorable march on Atlanta, fruitful of good deeds and results. I cannot refrain from mentioning at this point, that when, in the early winter of 1863-64, the Government invited her soldiers to re-enlist for another term in her service, it was this regiment that achieved the honor of being the first in the entire army to offer its services as a veteran regiment.

On the expiration of the furlough of thirty days, which was granted for the purpose of re-enlistment, the regiment returned to the same army, then commanded by Sherman, and at Buzzard's Roost, Rocky Face Ridge, Tunnel Hill, Dalton and Resaca, it performed an active part. It is needless to recall the crossing of Pumpkin Vine Creek, or New Hope Church, or Pine Hill, or Peach Tree Creek, or Culp's [Kolb's] Farm, or Pine Knob, or the turning of the enemy's flank at Kenesaw, or the skilful manoeuvering and fighting in front of Atlanta. During this campaign the Twentieth Corps, under the leadership of Major-General Joe Hooker, well sustained the reputation its troops had gained in the Army of the Potomac. With an implicit faith in their commander, that army marched and toiled under Sherman, until every obstacle was overcome—Fort McAllister was captured and Savannah was occupied. A little later the campaign through the Carolinas was commenced and concluded with the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville. The end of that campaign was reached at Raleigh. There you received the glad tidings that Richmond had fallen, and that the army of Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. How much of that great result should be attributed to the bold and arduous campaigns of Sherman must be decided by posterity and history.

Shortly afterward you marched over the despoiled soil of Virginia to Washington, where you participated in the grand reviews in May, 1865, and you returned to your homes and again assumed your appropriate places in the pursuits of peace.

There are familiar names closely associated with the history of this regiment: of Murphy who organized it, and who, after a life of unusual usefulness, has been called to his final abode; of Banks, who, having served in the halls of Congress, is still prominently in public life; of Williams, who died while a member of Congress, a genial gentleman, who graced every position he filled, and served his country gallantly in two wars; of the brave and impulsive Kane, who died in our midst but a few years ago; of Geary, who, having also served in two wars, occupied the highest

civic station in our state; of Ruger, now a general officer of the army; of Hamilton, one of your early commanders; of Mansfield, who gallantly died at the head of his corps at Antietam; of Greene, a distinguished soldier and citizen, who, at advanced years, still adorns the community in which he lives; of Gordon, associated with your campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley; of Cobham and Ireland, who fell in battle in your midst; of Barnum, an able and faithful officer; of Mower, who commanded your corps and afterwards fell a victim to tropical disease; of Hooker, a fighter, who led you in the Atlanta campaign; of Slocum, the gallant commander of the Army of Georgia, who has since ably represented the country in Congress, and of Sherman, to whom the nation owes as much as to any other marshal for the successful results of the war.

In the summer of 1863 General Lee planned an invasion into Pennsylvania with a view of forcing his advance to Harrisburg, and securing the supplies and wealth of the State. Immediately the hearts of our people were fired with resolute determination to resist the invader and drive him from our soil. The purpose of the enemy was bold, the immediate results of such an invasion were apparent. The army was then inspired with greater activity. There was assigned to its command one of the ablest officers who had served with honor and distinction in many well-fought battles on the Peninsula—a Pennsylvanian, thus further impressing the army with courage and confidence. The advanced force was commanded by General Reynolds, a Pennsylvanian, who fell gallantly leading his command on the first day of the battle. The center wing of the army, after the death of Reynolds, was commanded by another heroic son of Pennsylvania whose memory is cherished by his countrymen, who died while senior major-general of the army—Hancock.

The battle of Gettysburg stands out upon the pages of history as a lasting monument to the honor and memory of Major-General George G. Meade.

The enemy was flushed with victory; he had forced our army to retire from the assaults on Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; he had removed the seat of war to northern soil, as had been predicted; his available force was as great as our own; he well knew his ability to subsist upon the rich agricultural fields of the fertile valleys of Pennsylvania; the tempting prizes of Harrisburg and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington seemed to be almost within his grasp, and with desperation he hurled his solid phalanx against the lines at the cemetery, at Round Top, on the left center and on Culp's Hill, to be repulsed again and again by the unflinching men who heroically held the works.

History has recorded no struggle of greater magnitude and more honorable to the combatants than the battle of Gettysburg. The leaders of each of the opposing forces knew that the result would be a decisive point in the progress of the war—a victory there would establish a supremacy that could not be overcome by any future successes of the vanquished, and each army was actuated by this impulse and fought with the determination of brave men.

It was however decreed by the God of battles that your works at Gettysburg should not be wrested from you, and at the same time the glorious news was given to the country of the surrender of Pemberton at Vicksburg.

You and your comrades performed your part in this struggle at Culp's Hill,—throughout the contest you rendered conspicuous services, which should ever be remembered by a grateful people. Brave men fell upon this field, and their memories are sincerely revered by their surviving comrades.

It is not our duty now to recall the animosities of the conflict. It resulted from causes which the present generation could not have influenced. The passions aroused by it have subsided; the combatants have long since "beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks." Peace has been restored to every portion of our country. We are cementing the better feelings of our intelligence and civilization, and earnestly repairing all the injuries resulting from civil war.

Remembering the honorable lives of the soldiers who fell on this hallowed and historic ground, let me utter the sentiment of the immortal poet, who said—

> "Be just and fear not,
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
> Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O'Cromwell,
> Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

The special purpose of our gathering on this day, is to mark on the pages of history, for the benefit of posterity, one of the particular places which the Twenty-ninth Regiment occupied on Culp's Hill, during the darkest periods of the progress of the battle of Gettysburg. Here, to-day, we come again to dedicate a monument in memory of our departed comrades, who sealed their devotion to the flag by yielding up their lives on this bloody field. May their memories ever remain as enduring as the granite shaft now erected to mark the spot of their heroic deeds.

ADDRESS OF COLONEL WILLIAM RICKARDS.

LADIES and gentlemen:—Comrades, when I received the letter from the chairman of the committee, notifying me that I had been chosen to make the oration at the dedication of the monument to the Twenty-ninth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, I confess I was somewhat staggered at the thought how I should proceed, and do credit to the occasion, to my comrades, and to myself.

At the dedication of the tablet erected by the Survivors' Association of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, July 3d, 1885, in the introductory address which it was my province to make, I spoke of the circumstances which led to the formation of this great American Nation; of the patriotic zeal and wisdom of its founders; of the causes and sequences which made it necessary for the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers with thousands of other brave comrades to be on this field twenty-two years before; of our victory over armed treason and rebellion and of the public opinion which had decided to consider this the typical battle of the war for the Union. That this latter view has become a national one is proven by the array of monuments placed to mark the position during the battle of the regiments engaged.

States have vied with States and regimental organizations with each

other in securing the aid of the artist to make more attractive the ground on which the advance of treason and rebellion was staggered and from which it was driven backward, beaten again and again, until its final overthrow at Appomattox.

Under some circumstances the place where men have died is repulsive. But it is not with us on the field where our comrades fell whilst making their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Whilst to individuals and families death is a separation of the tender ties of father, mother, wife, children, or friends; yet collectively those who fell in our glorious and holy cause are not dead to us. The memory of good deeds should never die, and as we meet year after year to deck the graves of our comrades with the fairest flowers of spring it should be with the feeling that we are offering incense to the spirits that muster on the parade ground of heaven.

And so when our posterity shall visit this ground which art has made so attractive, though drawn here by curiosity or admiration of the beautiful, the thought will turn back to that patriotism which offered life and sacrifice for the preservation of this glorious heritage of freedom, bequeathed us by the sires of the revolution.

The elaborate artistic effort to perpetuate the memory of this battle-field, I believe exceeds anything of the kind in the history of the world. But to completely nationalize the field of Gettysburg, and constitute it the Mecca of patriotic devotion to our Union, there should be erected on one of the many prominent positions a monument surmounted by a statue entitled "Memory." Surrounding the monument I would have representatives of the various arms of service. On the monument should be inscribed Memory protecting the records of the defenders of the Union. Tablets appropriately arranged, containing a list of the various battles, with the regiments engaged, with the number from each State, would make a permanent record in which each soldier for the Union would feel himself and his posterity honored. Memory should have a shield on which I would have emblazoned the crowning principle of National Union—"Loyalty."

I have searched ancient and modern history in vain to find a prototype of the statue of memory.

As this field is typical of the great struggle for the preservation of our union of States, so this monument would be typical of the national spirit of loyalty that inspired the thousands of brave men who rushed to the field resolved that our Union must and shall be preserved. I would not depreciate the courage of the men we met on this or other fields during the war. They started with many advantages in preparation for action not possessed by us. They were led by men whom the Government had educated in the art of war, many of whom were considered superior in military attainments. This with military spirit in their rank and file gave them a prestige which seemed to place victory within their grasp; but there was a principle involved in the struggle. It was to decide whether a government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall endure on the face of the earth. Despite the previous preparation, the military advantages, the chivalric prestige and courage, the truth of the old adage still remains, "he is doubly armed whose cause is just." And thus armed we

were prepared to give our lives if need be to preserve to our posterity this great gift of our patriotic fathers,—"One country and one flag."

Comrades, more than twenty-six years have passed since the preservation of our Union made it necessary for us as loyal citizens to meet on the field of Gettysburg the insurrection forces that were moving for its destruction. It was believed the result on this field would be the turning-point of the war. Victory on the side of the Union would send the rebellion on the downward track and show its sympathizers the folly of any further effort to advance the cause of secession, whilst defeat would give encouragement to the enemies of popular government to still aid the destruction of the Union.

This thought carries the mind back to the battle of Gettysburg as a momentous occasion in the history of our country, and the field of Gettysburg a place of intense interest as the spot where rebellion was checked in its advance for conquest and again placed on the defensive. As representatives of the State of Pennsylvania we are here to-day to aid in perpetuating the memory of those hours of trial and danger devoted to the preservation of our National Government, and I wish that every soldier who served honorably in any Pennsylvania regiment could have had the same advantages offered to him to visit this ground as those who fought here have. We are to-day to receive from our great State the testimony of her appreciation of our services in the war for the Union and especially for our action in the battle of Gettysburg fought within her borders. But a few years more and the last comrade of the grand army for the Union will have been mustered out to join the immortals. It is the usual custom to erect monuments to the dead only. Here that custom has been deviated from; and the living as well as the dead are honored and the evidence given that our services shall be preserved in the future.

In this, comrades, it is commendable egotism in us to say we are receiving from the present generation no more than a just recognition of services rendered; and are conferring a lasting benefit on our posterity by leaving them a united country, and the record of a heroism that was patriotic and a patriotism that was heroic.

SKETCH OF THE REGIMENT

COMPILED BY THE COMMITTEE, THOS. DE MAISTRE, GEORGE A. BROWN, LOUIS R. FORTESCUE, THEO. S. S. BAKER AND JOHN H. HUGHES.

In the month of May, 1861, John K. Murphy and a number of citizens met for the purpose of organizing a regiment for the war, and after a few preliminary meetings the following organization was effected:

Colonel, John K. Murphy. Lieutenant Colonel, Charles Parham. Major, Michael Scott. Adjutant, William Letford, Jr. Regimental Quartermaster, Albert S. Ashmead. Surgeon, W. J. Duffee. Chaplain, Benjamin T. Sewell. Sergeant-Major, Robert P. Dechert. Quartermaster-Sergeant, Charles Mintzer. Commissary-Sergeant, Frederick Mintzer. Hospital Steward, Eli B. Garwood. Company A—Captain, ———; First Lieuten-

ant, Louis R. Fortescue; Second Lieutenant, G. Higgens, Jr. Company B —Captain, Davis M. Lane; First Lieutenant, George B. Johnson; Second Lieutenant, Joseph Maguigan. Company C—Captain, Jesse R. Millison; First Lieutenant, W. F. Stine; Second Lieutenant, J. Jacobs. Company D—Captain, William J. Byrnes; First Lieutenant, Edward E. Burr; Second Lieutenant, John H. Byrnes. Company E—Captain, Samuel M. Zulick; First Lieutenant, Thomas T. Seal; Second Lieutenant, W. D. Rickford. Company F—Captain, Louis C. Kinsler; First Lieutenant, William A. Wood; Second Lieutenant, Alexander Cook. Company G—Captain, William D. Richardson; First Lieutenant, James C. Linton; Second Lieutenant, David Richardson, Jr. Company H—Captain, Frederick Zarracker; First Lieutenant, John W. Williams; Second Lieutenant, William Doughton. Company I—Captain, William Rickards, Jr.; First Lieutenant, Samuel C. Reeves; Second Lieutenant, Theodore K. Vogel. Company K—Captain, James E. Wenrick; First Lieutenant, William J. Augustine; Second Lieutenant, Philip A. Voorheves.

These gentlemen were commissioned on May 14th as officers of the Jackson Regiment, and when, on June 10th, eight hundred names had been inscribed upon the rolls of the different companies, the Honorable Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, notified Major C. F. Ruff, of the United States Army, to muster the men into the military service of the United States. The work of the mustering officer was delayed however, the first company not being mustered in until June 29th, and the last company on July 13th, 1861.

The uniform adopted for the enlisted men consisted of cap, jacket and pants all of grey cloth. The similarity at that time of this uniform to that worn by the rebel troops being so marked it was deemed advisable to change the color and the regulation army blue was substituted some few months afterwards.

On July 16th the regiment went into camp in Jones' Woods at Hestonville, where it remained until August 3d, when it left for Sandy Hook, Maryland, opposite Harper's Ferry, and encamped in Pleasant Valley, Maryland, being attached to the Second Brigade of General Banks' Division, Department of the Shenandoah. During the autumn and winter months of 1861-2, the regiment did considerable marching from Pleasant Valley to Darnestown, thence to Ball's Bluff, Muddy Branch and Frederick, the latter place being reached on December 25th, where it went into winter quarters at Camp Carmel. Remained until February 25th, when it broke camp the next day, the 26th, and crossed the Potomac river at Harper's Ferry. Camped on Bolivar Heights, Virginia, over night, on March 12th, then marched to Winchester, where General Jackson's troops had been defeated. The enemy retreated up the Shenandoah Valley, the Union troops advanced to Edenburg, where the regiment lost two men killed. On April 17th advanced to Mount Jackson and made a detour to the right to flank Rude's Hill, on which General Jackson had taken position. Reached there too late on the morning of the 18th to catch Jackson napping. Forded the Shenandoah river, moved on to Harrisonburg, marched back to Strasburg and went into camp and erected fortifications. May 23d Companies B and G, which had been sent to Front Royal were attacked by a large

force of Jackson's men and nearly all were captured. The Confederates' next movement was to cut our communication off with Harper's Ferry. The regiment began to move at midnight and at 3 a. m., next day, 24th, reached Middletown and turned to the right on a road leading to Front Royal, and after a march of three miles on this road the men of the company B were met who reported a large force of rebels coming. The regiment about faced and marched back to Middletown, thence to Winchester, where the Union troops (being followed by the Confederates) took position on the ridge.

On the morning of the 25th (Sunday) the enemy advanced to turn our right, the Twenty-ninth Regiment being ordered to meet and check them. The enemy advanced in columns of regimental front, our destructive firing killing and wounding about one hundred. The regiment lost one hundred and twenty-eight officers and men taken prisoners, Colonel Murphy being among the number, the regiment being the last troops to leave the ridge. The army fell back to the Potomac river and crossed over to Williamsport, the regiment under command of the major being detailed to do provost duty, three companies G, E and F, with General Pope in his Virginia campaign and the rest of the companies at Hagerstown, Maryland. Between December 10th, 1862, and April 10th, 1863, the regiment participated in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, having joined the Third Brigade, First Division, Twelfth Corps, and being confined principally to the one camping ground in the vicinity of Stafford Court House. It was while at this camp, on the latter date, that President Lincoln, accompanied by General Joe Hooker and staff, reviewed the troops, the Twenty-ninth Regiment being commended by the reviewing officers for its proficiency.

On April 27th commenced the memorable Chancellorsville campaign in which this regiment suffered in the loss of officers and men.

In the Gettysburg campaign the regiment broke camp at Aquia Creek, Virginia, June 13, 1863, crossed the Potomac river at Edwards' Ferry into Maryland on the 26th of June, and marched within sight of the town of Gettysburg on July 1st, where they turned to the left of Baltimore pike and laid on their arms all night. Early on the morning of the 2d moved forward to Round Top and formed line of battle. There being heavy firing in front, at 11 a. m. moved forward one mile and crossed to right of Baltimore pike to Culp's Hill and formed a line on right of and at right angles with Third Brigade of our corps, the Twelfth, the men throwing up breastworks. At half past six p. m. the Twenty-ninth Regiment with the remainder of the brigade were taken out of their works for the purpose of reinforcing the left on Round Top. While this movement was taking place a solid shot from the enemy's battery struck Sergeant-Major Charles Letford, who after a few hours of intense suffering expired. Between 9 and 10 o'clock p. m. the brigade received orders to return to their breastworks, but officers and men alike were surprised to find that the enemy had possession of the works.

As we were about to enter the woods nearly opposite our front position the enemy opened fire, killing Lieutenant Harvey of Company K and three men, and wounding ten others. We returned to the pike and re-entered the woods by the lane at Spangler's house following the One hundred and

ninth and One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania. The brigade halted at the left on the line of works, and on the right of General Greene's Third Brigade, the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania being at the stone wall. By direction of General Kane, a detail of skirmishers under the command of Captain Geo. E. Johnson, Company B, Twenty-ninth Regiment, was ordered to ascertain, if possible, the position of the enemy. The captain was prompt in action and soon disappeared in the darkness in the enemy's lines, where, with five of the men, he was captured. The captain made his escape near Crampton's Gap, where he rejoined the regiment and reported that on the night in question the enemy lay quiet until the detail were within their lines and were then ordered to surrender. The brigade then moved up between the breastworks and the stone wall, one-half of the Twenty-ninth Regiment remaining outside of the wall, the other in the field, halting about one hundred and fifty paces in front of the position now occupied by tablet No. 1, erected July, 1885.

All was quiet until about 2 a. m. the 3d, and although it was but half moon the position occupied by the enemy was readily distinguished and their men seen moving about. They then commenced a rapid firing which increased in force until it extended across our front, our brigade returning the fire with such spirit that that of the enemy soon ceased. General Kane then ordered the brigade to move back to the ledge of rocks, where dispositions were made to resist the assault. The line was shortened to two regiments, the third in reserve, two regiments filling the space from the works to the wall. As the day began to break the enemy opened from behind the rocks and trees and the fight became general. About 9 a. m. the Twenty-ninth, having exhausted their ammunition, were relieved by the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania, and were ordered back to the ammunition train to replenish, the men taking this time from eighty to one hundred rounds each. In about forty-five minutes they returned and again relieved the One hundred and eleventh. About half-past ten o'clock, the enemy consisting of Steuart's Brigade of Bradley Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps, advanced in battalion front to the charge, the Second Maryland Regiment in the lead. Their columns moved down on us between the breastworks and the stone wall. Our line to oppose them consisted of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania and the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania, the latter on the right extending to the wall, their front partly protected by the ledge of rocks. The left of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania extended to the breastworks. Our men had been firing at will all the morning, and when the head of the enemy's column appeared in sight did not require orders to commence firing. The enemy advanced steadily somewhat covered by the rocks and trees, until they arrived at one hundred paces from our line where the ground was more open. Noticing by the falling leaves that our men were firing too high the colonel gave the command to shoot at their knees, the effect of which was noticeable at once.

The enemy came on steadily until within sixty paces when, our fire beginning to tell on them, they began to waver. At forty paces their confidence failed them. They had expected to break through our thin line with ease, but were demoralized by the undaunted bearing of the men of the Pennsylvania Brigade of the White Star Division. It was fortunate

for the Union case that Ewell's Corps met with this repulse, for had they succeeded in breaking through the lines of the Twenty-ninth and One hundred and ninth Regiments, the road would then have been opened to the center of our position involving the capture of our ammunition trains and our hold upon Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill in the rear of our lines. They could then have taken Greene's line in the rear and have placed him between the two fires, forcing him to face the rear, when the attacking line in front would have assaulted and carried the works. Skirmish firing was kept up after this all day by the enemy on the hill above Spangler's Spring as well as in front of our works and of Greene's Brigade. The morning of the glorious Fourth of July found the enemy in full retreat never again to return to this side of the Potomac river. During this assault and repulse of the enemy the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment lost seventeen killed, forty-five wounded and six prisoners; that of Steuart's Rebel Brigade, led by the Second Maryland, fifty-two killed and one hundred and forty wounded. The pursuit of the enemy which commenced on July 5th was continued until August 3d, the troops undergoing long and fatiguing marches.

On September 28th, the Twelfth Corps, to which the Twenty-ninth Regiment belonged, left Brandy Station to reinforce General Rosecrans' army in the southwest, arriving at Nashville, Tennessee, at six p. m., of October 5th, and on the 28th of same month engaged the enemy at Wauhatchie.

November 24th the Twenty-ninth Regiment led the charge which ultimately captured Lookout Mountain, taking in that contest more prisoners than were men in their ranks. They were then moved over to Missionary Ridge, then to Ringgold, Georgia, and assisted in dislodging the rebels from Taylor's Ridge.

While in camp at Lookout Valley, December 9, 1863, this regiment decided to offer their services to the government for the war, and upon the announcement being made to headquarters were sworn in and were the first to receive the distinguished title of Veteran Union Soldiers by re-enlistment.

On December 12th, the veteran furlough of thirty days having been granted, the regiment took their departure for Philadelphia amid the cheers of the White Star Division drawn up by orders of General Geary to render the parting salute, and on December 22d they arrived at their destination, meeting with an enthusiastic reception.

After recruiting its ranks the regiment again started for the front reaching Nashville on March 21, 1864.

Taking part in the Georgia campaign they engaged the enemy on the 8th of May near Snake Gap; again from the 12th to 15th of same month at Resaca, losing in killed and wounded eighty-two men. On May 25th, moved against the rebels at New Hope church. Were engaged from June 13th to 15th at Pine Knob and in making the assault at this point lost their colonel by a serious wound through the left breast, several of our men being wounded. General Hooker's attention being called by a member of the Twenty-ninth Regiment to the enemy massing their forces in front of our First Division, the General, taking in the situation, put spurs to his horse and galloped off to the right of the line and had the First Division

placed in readiness for an attack. The attack was made and the enemy defeated with a loss of nearly two thousand men killed, wounded and prisoners.

On the 16th the brigade moved to the right to Muddy Creek and threw up breastworks, the line of works being so close to the enemy's that our men were compelled to take turns in going to the rear of our works to cook coffee. In this movement Private Sellman of Company G was killed returning to the works. On the 17th the enemy fell back and our troops advanced four miles. The enemy taking up a strong position in a clump of woods, the Sixty-eighth New York Regiment and the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment were detailed to support a battery that was ordered to open fire on the enemy three hundred yards in our front. On the 20th our corps advanced their lines. The enemy fired but were driven off the field, a large number of prisoners falling into our hands. In this encounter Colonel Cobham was killed, our brigade commander. On the 21st Captain Goldsmith was ordered to take command of the Twenty-ninth Regiment and on the 22d moved about one mile nearer to Kolb's Farm, thence to Kenesaw Mountain, driving in the enemy and building breastworks; 24th, the members of the regiment who did not re-enlist held a meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon General Hooker, to know from him if their three-years' services were up and if they were to be mustered out of the service; the committee reported that General Hooker had promised that they would be on their way home by the first of the month (July).

On the 28th our lines advanced, those who had not re-enlisted being sent to the rear in charge of Major Millison, who reported to General Geary's headquarters, the General shaking each by the hand, and were then marched eight miles to Big Shanty Station where the cars were in waiting to take them homeward. The Twenty-ninth Regiment being now left without a field officer Lieutenant-Colonel Walker was placed temporarily in command of the regiment, but on July 21st was relieved of the command by Captain Goldsmith. July 26th, the lines advanced within view of Atlanta and on the 28th General Hooker tendered his resignation which action had a depressing effect upon the troops of his corps. On the 30th Captain Goldsmith, who was in command of the regiment, was relieved by Captain Frank Zarracker, his term of service having expired. In August General Slocum resumed command of the Twentieth Corps and the troops advanced slowly but surely on Atlanta, the shells from our batteries thrown into the city setting fire to the buildings. September 2d and 3d, the troops marched through Atlanta our brigade being in the advance. The Twentieth Corps remained at Atlanta until November 15th and during this time the regiment was sent on several foraging expeditions, frequently for forty-eight hours at a time, in every instance returning to camp with long trains of wagons filled with provisions for men and horses.

November 5th, received orders at two p. m. to pack up immediately, moved out of the camp about two miles, and rested over night on the 6th discovered the enemy's cavalry reconnoitering us. On the 15th broke camp, marching eastward eighteen miles, the city of Atlanta ablaze; the fire being started by our troops. On the 19th marched through Madison and on the 23d assisted in tearing up the railroad tracks. 25th, men halted for

twenty-four hours until nine bridges were repaired which spanned the swamp near Davisboro. 26th and 27th, continued marching and destroying railroad tracks. 28th, marched back to Davisboro then to Holcomb, then to Louisville, Georgia, the troops subsisting on the country.

December 2d, met the enemy's skirmishers and repulsed them; on the 11th brigade advanced within five miles of Savannah, our left resting on the Savannah river and our men lying in ditches as a protection from the enemy's shells.

On the 18th General Sherman demanded a surrender of the city but was met by a refusal, the enemy subsequently evacuating their works. 21st, the authorities came from the city bearing a flag of truce to meet our troops which resulted in the surrender of the city of Savannah. Our regiment, being the first to enter the town, was accompanied by General Geary, division commander, and Barnum, brigade commander.

25th. Christmas dinner enjoyed by the members of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, the men being quartered in houses that had been deserted by the owners. On the 29th left Savannah and marched, keeping to the line of the Savannah and Charleston railroad, finally crossed the Savannah river into South Carolina on pontoon bridges at Sisters' Ferry on February 7th; at Black Swamp we erected bridges and constructed roads for nearly a mile across the swamp which in some places showed a depth of three feet of water.

On the 15th entered Lexington. 17th, Columbia occupied by Fifteenth Corps. 23d, marched to and crossed Catawba river on pontoon bridges, and on March 4th crossed the line into North Carolina.

The 24th witnessed the passage of the troops through Goldsboro, where a review took place by Generals Sherman and Slocum and the reading of the circular issued by order of General Sherman commanding his army. The morning of April 27th opened auspiciously to the men of the Western Army, bringing with it the glorious tidings so long contended for by them of the surrender of General Joe Johnston and his army to General William Tecumseh Sherman; carrying with it the dissolution of those forces and that inexpressibly happy termination of our troubles indicated in the words—Homeward Bound.

Between April 30th and July 13th, the Twenty-ninth Regiment as a part of the Twentieth Corps marched through North Carolina and Virginia and participated in the grand review before the President in Washington, being mustered out on the latter date.

During its service of four years its muster-rolls contained the names of over two thousand five hundred men, its casualties in killed, wounded and prisoners being eight hundred and seventy, and it returned to the custody of the Governor of the noble old State of Pennsylvania which it represented its colors untarnished and its record pure and unstained.

On July 3d, 1885, the survivors of the Twenty-ninth Regiment erected a tablet to mark the position occupied by them on July 3d, 1863. This tablet is of dark granite with polished sides traced in panels upon which the history of regiment is cut, the whole being seven feet high by four feet square at the base.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

30TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

(First Reserves)

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN W. D. STAUFFER

THhe regiment broke camp at Fairfax Station, Virginia, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, on June 25, 1863, in the early gray of the morning, and took up the line of march for Frederick City, Maryland, where we remained a short time with the main body of the Army of the Potomac. On June 29th we marched for Gettysburg, going through Hanover, York county, Pa. About five miles from Gettysburg we struck the Baltimore pike and marched direct for the battle-field, arriving about 11 o'clock in the forenoon of July 2d, when we were halted near General Meade's headquarters, stacked arms and were told to cook our coffee which we had not tasted for several days. In a very short time the bugle called us to fall in, when we were moved off to the left at a double-quick and took our position at the foot of Little Round Top, where we lay on our arms, bayonets fixed. About 3 p. m. the order to charge was given, when the First Regiment gave the enemy (who were following our retreating forces) one volley, and then at them with the cold steel and drove them through the ravine up the side of the hill over the stone wall out into the wheat field, killing and capturing many of the enemy. We remained at the stone wall all night. The next day (July 3d) the regiment was in the grand charge and flank movement by which many of the enemy were captured, and also a flag. They were driven off the field, a burial party was taken by surprise and a number were captured. They left in great haste leaving many of their dead all ready for burial, which duty our men completed for them, for which those who were present as prisoners were very thankful. A member of Company E of this regiment was killed this day in the very front line, and about the last shot fired at the regiment in the Gettysburg battle. We had one company in the regiment from Gettysburg, Company K, and many of the men fought within sight of their own firesides. On July 4th, in the morning, we marched over Little Round Top and stacked arms about where the railroad station now is, at the foot of the hill, where we lay all day and General Meade's order congratulating the army on the victory was read to us. It rained a great deal that day and night. On the morning of July 5th the regiment took up the march for Lee's retreating column, marching on the Taneytown road some distance when we left the main road, following the enemy very closely with considerable skirmishing and capturing a number of officers and men. A short distance from Falling Waters on the Potomac they made a stand but soon left. This was about July 12th as near as I can remember, when the regiment was marched by the double-quick to Williamsport, where we were assigned to our position on the left in the main line of battle. Ex-

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

pecting to make the attack at any moment, we lay on our arms waiting for orders, when, on the morning of the 14th, the report came that the enemy had disappeared, Lee had succeeded in crossing the Potomac with his army intact, which surprised us very much. The regiment took up the line of march, crossed the Potomac at Berlin, following Lee's retreating forces down through Virginia.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

31ST REGIMENT INFANTRY

(SECOND RESERVES)

ADDRESS OF MAJOR E. M. WOODWARD

COMRADES:—On the 5th of February, 1863, while we lay at White Oak Church, a telegram was received from General Doubleday, commanding our division, stating "that in consideration of the arduous services of the Reserves," they were to be withdrawn to Washington, "to rest and recruit." Leaving the Army of the Potomac, General Hooker commanding, they proceeded, via Belle Plain, to Alexandria, where the First Brigade, under Colonel Wililam McCandless, of the Second Regiment, marched to Fairfax Court House to watch Colonel Mosby and his guerrillas. Being accustomed to the freedom of soldiers in the proximity of the enemy, and being more annoyed than interested by the guerrillas, the constant drilling, restraint of camp and absence of excitement created dissatisfaction, and they longed to return to active service.

On the 15th of June General Hooker and staff passed our encampment, preceded and followed by the Army of the Potomac. To see our comrades moving to meet the enemy who we knew were heading for Pennsylvania, threatening our homes and loved ones, and for us to remain behind was mortifying, and although we had sent officers to Washington to intercede for marching orders, we met with no encouragement. We therefore prepared and forwarded the following petition which was signed by all the officers of our regiment present:

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND REGIMENT INFANTRY, P. R. V. CORPS,
"FAIRFAX STATION, VA., *June 17th, 1863.*

"To Colonel WILLIAM MCCANDLESS, *Commanding First Brigade, Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps:*

"COLONEL: We, the undersigned, officers of the Second Regiment Infantry Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps, having learned that our mother State has been invaded by a Confederate force, respectfully ask, that you will, if it be in your power, have us ordered within the border of our State for her defense.

"Under McCall, Reynolds, Meade, Seymour, Sinclair and yourself, we have more than once met and fought the enemy when he was at home. We now wish to meet him again where he threatens our homes, our families and our firesides.

"Could our wish in this behalf be realized, we feel confident that we could do some service to the State that sent us to the field, and not diminish, if we could not increase, the lustre that already atttaches to our name.

"We are, Colonel, very respecfully,
"Your obedient servants."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Our petition having been acceded to, on the 25th orders were received to move immediately, and at 5 o'clock that afternoon the Second, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Woodward, left the station and marched in a northwesterly direction through Fairfax Court House and Vienna, near which we bivouacked at 11 o'clock that night. Just as we started it commenced drizzling and continued so to do all night. The next morning at 4 o'clock we resumed our march, continuing in the same general direction, passing between Dranesville, our first battle-field and the first victory of the Army of the Potomac, and Leesburg, making Goose Creek that night. Up to four o'clock it was very warm, and we were enveloped in clouds of dust, but a grateful, though violent rain set in, which was most refreshing to the wearied boys. As we were making forced marches quite a number fell out, and did not get up to us until daylight the next morning. The Third Brigade, Colonel J. W. Fisher of the Fifth Regiment commanding, joined us in the morning from Alexandria; the Second Brigade, Colonel H. G. Sickel of the Third Regiment commanding, being retained for the defense of Washington and to join General George Crook in his West Virginia campaign. Colonel, afterwards Brevet Major-General Sickel, had commanded the division of Reserves from General Meade's assignment to the command of the Fifth Army Corps, with a short exception, until now, when Brigadier-General S. W. Crawford, U. S. Army, succeeded him.

The next morning at daylight we resumed our march, passing near a portion of the field of "Ball's Bluff," where Colonel Baker so gloriously fell, and crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry on pontoons. That night we reached the mouth of the Monocacy in spite of the heavy roads. On the 28th, at daylight, we moved off, and crossing the aqueduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal over the Monocacy, passed through Buckeystown and bivouacked about two miles from Frederick City. Here we came up with the main army, and reported to General Sykes, commanding the Fifth Army Corps, to which we were assigned. This corps until then had been commanded by General Meade, who had made application to have us sent to him, but the day of our arrival General Hooker was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac and Meade assigned to it.

We started the next day at noon, and, moving a few miles, halted in a lane nearly all the afternoon, and at 7 o'clock crossed the Monocacy Bridge on the Baltimore pike and turned up the bank of the stream, heading north. Soon after we waded the river and struck across the fields and about 10 o'clock bivouacked in a wood, having made a tiresome day's march of but ten miles. This slow marching was occasioned by our being in the rear-guard of the Reserve Artillery, which consisted of two hundred and forty-eight guns supplied with two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition each, making in all sixty-two thousand rounds. Before night that day the enemy's cavalry entered Frederick. That night heavy details were made from our regiment for a wagon guard.

The next morning we marched early, passing through Liberty, Union Bridge, and Uniontown, where a pontoon train that accompanied us created much wonderment among the rustics, who did not believe we could do much with our "gun-boats" up in the mountains. We marched twenty

miles and bivouacked near dark two miles beyond Uniontown and were mustered for pay.

The next morning, July 1st, we moved at 5 o'clock and learning the enemy's scouts had been in the neighborhood the day before, each regiment threw out flankers to the right and left, in which way we advanced until the nature of the country became such that cavalry could not operate against us. About 2 o'clock we halted within a few hundred yards of the Pennsylvania State line and rested ourselves. That day was one of the happiest of our lives, and every heart beat warm with the thought we would soon press the soil of our Mother State to whose defense we were marching. The bands and regimental drum corps poured forth their soul-inspiring airs from morning until night, and light was the tread of our feet to their notes. About 3 o'clock we were drawn up to hear a patriotic address from General Crawford, after which we marched on, and as we crossed the line cheer after cheer rang out from the regiments, which rolled over the hills and through the valleys until lost in the far distance. We soon came to a fine open woods where we halted until night, rolling on the good old soil of Pennsylvania and listening to the sweet airs of the bands. Abundance of rations and sixty rounds of cartridges per man were distributed, the former for ourselves and the latter for our friends the "Johnnies."

While lying here, through the branches above us, amidst the bright sunshine, a large star was discovered shining over us with all the brilliancy of a heavenly visitant, which was gazed upon with great interest and received as an omen of victory.

While here all our wagons were sent to Westminster, Maryland, twenty-five miles from the battle-field, and the ammunition wagons and ambulances were pushed forward. At dark we again took up our march, and a long weary one it proved. We did not rest until two the next morning, when we laid down in an open woods, having made twenty miles and being awake twenty-two hours. But in an hour's time the drums beat the reveille, and soon we were again in motion, moving slowly and cautiously along the roads and across the fields, and about noon struck the Baltimore pike, and, coming to Rock creek, filed to the left and laid down in rear of the line of battle.

The tumult of battle was raging on our left front, but we lay at rest until about 4 o'clock when we moved towards the sound of battle where our brigade took position on the western slope of Little Round Top overlooking the Sickles field. They remained here but a few moments, our front being covered with fugitives from the field followed by the victorious foe. All seemed lost, the right of our brigade opened fire almost in the face of the enemy. At the same time the Bucktails and our regiment on the extreme left attempted to change front as we moved from the second line to the brigade front, when the enemy broke in upon us. For a few moments a desperate struggle ensued, but few shots were fired on either side, the bayonet and butt of musket doing the work. The balance of our brigade charged, when we, with a yell, pushed our opponents down the top and started them over the meadow. At the stone wall they rallied, and here again they showed that desperate courage that animated them

upon every field. But it was on Pennsylvania soil we were fighting. On went the flag, three standard bearers were shot down, but up and on to victory it went. The wall was ours and the foe driven over the wheat field.

Plum run in our rear was lined on the west side by Sickles' wounded who could not cross, and on the east side by the Confederates who had strength to reach it from Little Round Top, while the bed of the run was choked with the dead and dying who attempted to cross. From it only could our boys obtain water to quench the sudden and burning thirst that follows the excitement of battle.

Until late at night we were engaged in caring for the wounded who thickly strewed the field in our front and rear, and then we sank to sleep in line of battle with muskets in our hands. For a little while, perhaps an hour, not a sound could be heard, even the wounded forgetting their pain in slumber. The bright stars twinkled in the heavens and the moon shone down in mild rays. Peace now rested over the field where the rage of demons and of hell had reigned supreme a few hours before. But the loved angel of peace was soon to vanish, the demon spirit only slept, and with the dawn's light was to burst forth with all its fury. The restless foe at Devil's Den soon commenced stirring and the half-suppressed groans of the wounded gradually increased as they awoke to consciousness and the unwelcome dawn appeared.

At daybreak the enemy's skirmishers opened with spirit, the noise of musketry almost resembling battle. Our pickets were promptly reinforced by volunteers but soon the fire slackened and settled down to common-place picket fighting, affording the boys excellent opportunities for the display of address in manoeuvering for good shots which at times created considerable amusement.

About 11 o'clock everything quieted down and for two hours no noise was heard upon the field. Suddenly a signal gun of the enemy opened the grand cannonade of over two hundred guns that hurled their bursting missiles through the air and enveloped the lines of battle for two miles in flame and smoke. As suddenly all was hushed and then Pickett's eighteen thousand men advanced to the charge. Again our guns opened upon them sweeping destruction through their ranks, yet they faltered not until with bayonet they met the fire of our infantry, when crushed, torn and bleedling, their scattered fragments fled from the field.

As we lay far in advance of our line of battle we had a full view of this magnificent and thrilling sight. The boys became restive and it was impossible for the officers to prevent some of them from slipping off and firing upon the column as it advanced and retreated. Corporal George Stewart of E, here lost his life and John Seadinger of H, was wounded.

It was then, after Pickett's charge—one of the grandest of earth—that General Crawford determined to raid the enemy's lines in our front and left, and our regiment with the brigade leaped the wall and McCandless swept over the wheat-field, crushed into the enemy's line and after a short fight stampeded McLaws' Division towards the Peach Orchard. Benning's Brigade of McLaws' Division on our left, being cut off from the main army, fought stubbornly, but after losing many in killed and wounded and over two hundred prisoners and the flag of the Fifteenth Georgia Infantry fled,

pursued by us for over half a mile to near Slyder's house, where we came near running into Hood's Brigade, which piked off on the double-quick.

Night was now fast approaching and McCandless by order withdrew the brigade to the point where we first struck the enemy's line near the southern end of Rose's woods. Here be buried our dead, and among them poor Andy Ryan, a boy who had amused us so often with his comic songs. About 2 o'clock on the "glorious Fourth" we moved over the wheat-field to the north end, and crept up through the wood, pushing the Johnnies out, neither party caring much about fighting, in fact all we wanted was the position. Here we laid until daylight when picket fighting commenced. A few shots from a battery on our left came ricochetting over the field, a line of skirmishers was sent out before whom the enemy retired, and the spiritless affair died out, the Reserves winding up the battle.

The Confederates were undoubtedly victorious over Sickles on the left, crushing out and driving from the field his gallant regiments whose arms were untarnished by their defeat, but when they were repulsed in their charge upon the Round Tops, and failed to hold the stone wall, and when their lines were raided after Pickett's charge, it seems that the Reserves somewhat tarnished "the silver lining of the cloud upon the left" which some of their authors delight in lingering upon.

About noon we were relieved by a brigade of regulars and moved back to the stone wall where, being relieved by other troops, we crossed the meadow to Little Round Top. A heavy rain set in, rations were distributed and we rested in peace until the afternoon of the next day.

Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Woodward being unable to accompany us on the field on account of wounds received at Glendale, Major P. McDonough led us in the charges.

Our regiment took into battle one hundred and forty-seven officers and men of which ten were killed and thirty-nine wounded, forty-nine in all.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th we moved off in a southwesterly direction over muddy roads, and at midnight bivouacked in an open field, and with the division was encircled with pickets. The next morning we crossed the State line, where a congratulatory address from General Meade was read and we bivouacked for the remainder of the day and night.

At four o'clock on the 7th we moved off, passing near Emmitsburg and continuing along the base of the South Mountains, marching on the fields skirting the pike and passing through Graceham and Creagerstown, and bivouacked at dark six miles from Frederick, having marched twenty-one miles over heavy roads.

On the 8th, at six o'clock, we marched, heading west, and passing over fields soon struck the Catoctin Mountains, up the rugged sides of which we clambered through a heavy rain that had been falling all night. Arriving at the summit we commenced the descent along a narrow and rough road, and had a fine view of the magnificent valley in which Middletown is situated, and a large number of troops were laying. Passing through the town which was filled with moving columns of troops and wagons, we turned to the left and bivouacked a mile south of it. During the night rations were served out to the companies.

The next morning we marched at six o'clock and crossed the South Mountains at a point where the left wing of our army had gained a victory on the 14th of September and where Reno fell. Descending the western slope we bivouacked about two miles from Keedysville, within sight of Antietam's glorious field. Through the day we heard heavy firing in the direction of Williamsport. A full supply of shoes and stockings was distributed through the night.

The next morning we commenced our march at six o'clock and soon afterwards heard heavy cannonading. Passing near Keedysville and LaRoy, we struck Antietam creek passing by Delamont Mills, where the enemy had been in the morning and some of their officers had ordered dinner which they kindly left for us to eat. Just beyond we halted and threw out cavalry and infantry skirmishers who occasionally exchanged shots with the enemy for several hours.

On the morning of the 11th we moved forward cautiously to near the Sharpsburg and Hagerstown turnpike where we deployed in line of battle and rested until four in the afternoon, at which time the division moved forward in columns of companies with the regiments at deploying distance, with a heavy body of skirmishers in front and pioneers to tear down the fences. Having advanced about two miles the division halted, and our regiment and five companies of the Fifth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Woodward, were sent out on picket. We found the Second Corps pickets engaged with the enemy on the pike for the possession of a piece of woods, and being in reserve to them did not make our connection with their line until after dark when we occupied the inner edge of the woods in dispute. The Second Corps fell back and changed their line twice through the night, and we had to alter ours to correspond.

The next morning, Sunday, we advanced our line, occupying the woods in dispute without much opposition, crossed the pike and posted our line on the elevated ground beyond, sending Companies C, Captain Byrnes, and H, Captain Mealey, to occupy a piece of heavy timber further in advance and in close proximity to the enemy's picket-pits. Soon after heavy artillery and musket firing was heard on our right, and about four o'clock orders were received to withdraw our line about half a mile to the left. Here we rejoined the division and soon afterwards were thrown out as skirmishers beyond the pike. Some sharp firing took place but without much result. The division moved back to their former position and at nine o'clock that night we were relieved and joined them. At a house behind the picket line we found our friends, the Johnnies, had again ordered for us a fine dinner which in our hunger we enjoyed very much, notwithstanding a ball occasionally whistled through the windows and one broke a pitcher on the table.

July the 13th was a rainy and disagreeable day and we did not move until nearly three in the afternoon, when we marched to a line of rifle-pits that the division had thrown up, where we laid all night. That night orders were received to march early with the greatest secrecy, but we did not move until morning, when it was discovered the enemy had evacuated their position through the night. As we advanced we found three long lines of formidable rifle-pits which the enemy had abandoned leaving many tools

behind. We also found a number of arms, and many prisoners were brought in. In this movement the "Bucktails" were posted on the right and we on the left as flankers, and at ten o'clock we arrived within sight of Williamsport on the upper Potomac. At noon we recommenced our march and proceeded to Falling Waters, where we arrived too late to participate in the brush with the enemy. Here our cavalry under Kilpatrick overtook the rear guard and captured two guns, several flags and a number of prisoners; Lee's army had crossed during the night.

The pursuit of Lee's army was not yet abandoned, but an attempt was made by General Meade to head it off through some of the gaps in the mountains to the east of the Shenandoah valley, up which Lee was marching. The next morning, the 15th, at four o'clock, we commenced our march, nearly retracing our steps, passing near Delamont and down the Hagerstown pike to the Keedysville road, and halted to make coffee about noon on the site of the "Smoketown hospital." Near by was the burial ground of the Union dead of Antietam, with a handsome wooden monument erected in the center by the convalescents. We easily recognized the point from which we turned into the fields to open the battle of Antietam on the afternoon of September 16, 1862. Moving on we crossed the Antietam, passed through Keedysville and over South Mountain by the same road we came, and encamped near its eastern base. The day was very warm and the march was over a rough and hilly country, in many places the roads very muddy, and the distance made being twenty-three miles, the men were much fatigued.

We moved the next morning about five, skirting along the base of the mountains through Burkittsville and Petersville and halting about two miles from Berlin, encamped in a fine wood about eleven o'clock. The next day our wagons came up and the officers got a change of clothing, the first they had since leaving Fairfax Station.

It rained hard all night and through the day of the 17th until four in the afternoon when we moved off and crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge at Berlin, and trod once more the soil of Virginia. Moving on to Lovettsville, three miles beyond, we bivouacked near it, being the first infantry that crossed.

The next day, the 18th, our regiment was detailed as corps wagon-train guard and reached Wheatland at three p. m. On the 19th we marched at six in the morning and passing through Purcellville bivouacked in a woods at ten o'clock. We passed a number of prisoners belonging to White's Cavalry. Our movements now were rather cautious, as we had a large train and the enemy's cavalry were in the neighborhood.

The next morning we sounded reveille at two o'clock, and moved almost over the same ground we did last year under McClellan, passing by Philomont and our old camps near Uniontown, and encamped about noon on Goose creek. Our route laid through a finely-watered and picturesque country with fine farms and houses, but all the fences were gone and roads blotted out.

The 21st was spent in camp, the boys occupying their time in writing home, bathing and washing clothes. In a stone wall in the meadow in front of us, some copperhead snakes were discovered and soon nearly half

of the division was at work with clubs hunting them, and in an incredibly short time the wall was leveled with the ground.

At two o'clock the next afternoon we marched off over the fields and along by-roads to Rectortown and encamped near the Manassas Gap railroad in a heavy woods. On the 23d we formed a field hospital, and left our wounded and sick in charge of surgeons and guard, with provisions and medicines. Among those left was Sergeant-Major Hiram C. Hostetter, who died and was buried there. He was a good soldier and exemplary young man.

The next day we marched early, keeping along the general course of the railroad, passing through Markham, Petersville and Linden. About three o'clock we reached the eastern base of the Gap, and soon skirmishing commenced on Wapping Heights, which lasted until near dark, when the enemy were driven from the Gap. Soon after we moved on past Wapping, which consisted of a defunct tavern, an empty store and several shanties, and encamped about a half mile beyond. That day we marched twenty-five miles.

Being in the presence of the enemy no "calls" were sounded. The next morning we marched up the railroad and moving to the right, formed in columns of division and moved in by the right flank and advanced up the side of a steep mountain covered with a thick growth of timber and underbrush. So steep was it that the field officers were forced to dismount. Having reached its base on the opposite side, the ascent of a still steeper and higher mountain was commenced, which required great exertion to accomplish, and by the time the command had crossed the men were completely fagged out. The day was excessively hot, several men were overcome by the heat, one broke his neck and another was accidentally shot through the head. A small force of the enemy could have held the mountains against us as they would have had every advantage. A line of skirmishers properly supported would have been more effective. Upon arriving at the western base, the men were collected and reformed in a little valley, and after an hour's rest were marched back and encamped, where fresh beef was served out.

On the 25th, we sounded reveille at three o'clock and retracing our steps for some miles turned to the right following along the foot hills of the Blue Mountains, and halting about three in the afternoon, bivouacked. The next morning at five o'clock we marched off in good spirits, passing a large number of prisoners near Orleans whom the boys hailed in friendly terms. At noon we halted in a clover field about two miles from Warrenton, having made thirteen miles with but one halt of fifteen minutes.

We had been short of provision for several days, and while we laid here General Crawford was saluted by his hungry boys with the cry of "crackers" as he passed by. This annoyed him and he rode over to General Meade and demanded rations. "Why my dear General," he replied, "you should not let that annoy you. One night at White Plains, where I marched the boys a couple of miles out of road, they actually called me a 'four-eyed old devil,' but upon my soul I could not get mad at them."

Towards dark we got into motion and marched six miles, passing to the west of Warrenton we bivouacked in a low open field, where we were

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

annoyed for the first time during the war by mosquitoes. The next morning we sounded no reveille, but woke the men up early and marched towards Fayetteville, near which we halted at eight in the morning for the day and night. On the 28th we moved about two miles to a new position where we laid until August 1st spending one day on picket. While here First Lieutenant John Taylor, commanding Company E, was appointed an aide-de-camp on Colonel McCandless' staff. Considerable cannonading was heard towards Warrenton Springs, our cavalry skirmishing with the enemy.

From there we moved to Rappahannock Station where we formed a regular encampment, and the Gettysburg campaign closed.

For ten days prior to this, we had been almost every night upon the march not getting far from our original starting point. The clink of tin cups on the bayonets and the rumbling of artillery wagons was continually heard. At every stopping place orders were issued to lay out our camps regularly, dig sinks and build bough arbors over our tents. Orders were issued that the army would be supplied with knapsacks in which we were expected to carry a large number of light rations and extra rounds of ammunition. Troops were continually arriving from a short distance up the railroad. These movements impressed the enemy with the idea we were being heavily reinforced and intended moving towards Richmond, when in fact large numbers of troops were being secretly sent to certain points in the Northern States.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

35TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

(Sixth Reserves)

September 2, 1890

ADDRESS OF PRIVATE HALSEY LATHROP

COMRADES of the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves:—We have assembled on this historic battle-field to dedicate this monument, erected by a grateful Commonwealth, in commemoration of your services as defenders of your country, generally, but especially your services on the battle-field of Gettysburg.

There are two matters of regret connected with these dedicatory services. First, that one better qualified has not been chosen as orator, and the second, that more of the survivors of the old regiment are not here to participate in these services.

I am no orator; I am but a plain, blunt man. I can only speak right on, to tell you those things that you yourselves know—point to the record you have made, and let it speak for me.

In considering what might be appropriate to say on this occasion, my mind went back to the 27th day of July, 1861, when the one thousand

men and boys (for many of us were mere boys) stood up and subscribed to that oath which transformed them from State militia to volunteer soldiers of the United States army. The memories of the three years' campaign of that regiment came up, and in my mind I followed them, first, to Tennallytown where we built that magnificent fort and named it after our own State. It stands to-day a monument of your industry and skill. Then, just as we were congratulating ourselves on its completion, and contemplating the ease with which we could repel any force that might come against us, we were moved across the Potomas, where, at Langley's X Roads we established Camp Peirpoint, where we entered upon that system of drilling which would fit us for the arduous duties that awaited us, and from which we sallied forth on the various foraging expeditions, one of which occurred December 20, 1861, and resulted in the battle of Dranesville, where you, with the other regiments of the brigade, achieved the first victory for any part of the Army of the Potomac.

Comrades, I will not take the time to particularize, as I mention your various movements—your minds will readily fill in the details. The memories of the knapsack and other drills you underwent, and especially of the battle of Dranesville, where you received your baptism of fire, no doubt clings to you with greater tenacity than even the mud of Peirpoint. You could not forget if you would, and I venture to say, would not if you could, the breaking up of Camp Pierpoint, March 10, 1862, and your march to Hunter's Mills and return to camp, near Alexandria, better known as Smoky Hollow; then your advance towards Manassas, and how easily you took that stronghold of the enemy; then, after a few days, your march down the railroad to Catlett's Station. Oh, how hot it was! and how we *did* unload those terrible knapsacks.

A few days later found us encamped on the banks of the Rappahannock, at Falmouth, where we vied with each other in fixing up the picturesque quarters which we occupied during most of the month of May.

On June 10, just three months after we broke camp at Peirpoint, we boarded transports for a voyage down the Rappahannock, up the York and Pamunkey rivers to White House Landing, where our regiment was left to guard the base of supplies for McClellan's army, which was engaged in the Peninsular campaign, which ended with the seven days' fight. About this time an eagle flew into a battery of United States artillery and lit on the shoulders of Lieutenant William Sinclair, and then it was *Colonel* Sinclair, of the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves, who, with his family, we are glad to see with us to-day.

You, no doubt, remember the beef you confiscated while there, the fort you built and what you named it, and how rapidly you evacuated your position at Tunstall's Station and marched to White House Landing, where we again took transports for an excursion down the Pamunkey and York rivers, and where we met the Army of the Potomac returning from its unsuccessful attempt to take Richmond, who, when they knew that the Sixth Pennsylvania had arrived they "thanked God and took courage." Perhaps some of you have forgotten the chickens, pigs, etc., captured when you would go on picket, on the south side of the river; but you should not be too severely censured, for the beef we drew was so tainted

with garlic that we could not eat it. Mush and milk was not very plenty, and even if we got the latter, behold the garlic was there too.

After laying there a little over a month, we descended the James, crossed the Chesapeake Bay, ascended the Potomac, landed at Aquia Creek Landing and took up our march for Fredericksburg, encamping near the spot where we had broken camp about three months before. But we did not long remain inactive. The situation of affairs demanded action. The rebel army was marching northward, so the campaign commenced which resulted in what is sometimes called the disaster of second Bull Run.

I need not stop to discuss this battle or its results, enough to know that the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves faithfully and gallantly discharged every duty that was imposed upon them, and if you did not come off from that ill-fated field with flying colors it was because the flag-staff had been broken by a missile from the enemy; but "our flag was still there."

A few days later found you at Arlington Heights, with terribly diminished ranks, but full of hope and determination for the future. The rebels, flushed with victory, still pursued their northward way. Now came the march through Maryland and Virginia, passing through a country that had not been devastated by the ruthless hand of war. We found rails were plenty, chickens did not roost so high as in Virginia, peaches, apples and other fruit were in a most desirable condition as to quality and quantity. Of course orders against foraging were very strict, and of course you strictly obeyed those orders (?). You no doubt remember the orders, to only take the top rail of the fence. This order you strictly complied with, though if often happened that so many had preceded you at the fence that the bottom rail was the top one.

Sunday morning, September 14, 1862, found you encamped on the banks of the Monocacy, near Frederick City, Maryland, with orders to "move forward." You had taken a refreshing bath in the creek the night before, and some of you even went so far as to put on a clean shirt. But I will venture to say that a whole lot more of you failed to make this change, because of a lack of that very desirable article. You were thinking how perfectly lovely it would be to attend church in Frederick this beautiful Sabbath day, but, alas! you were under contract for the magnificent sum of thirteen dollars a month to obey orders, though you perish in the attempt. The orders were, "forward march!" and that order held good until the order to "halt!" was given. The order to "halt," was given by the enemy's guns on South Mountain, but, not recognizing their authority, you pushed forward, and ere that Sabbath sun had set behind the western hills your flag floated in triumph from the summit of South Mountain, while the enemy, who had so stubbornly resisted your ascent of the mountain, were very rapidly descending the opposite slope. But I must stop right here and go to the rear, for one of my legs went on a strike just as we reached the mountain top, hence your subsequent movements, until you arrived at Fredericksburg, are unknown to me from personal observation. But I am assured that at Antietam, three days later, you nobly played your part. Of your return march, through Virginia, I will not speak. At Fredericksburg you made a record that you can point to with pride, and had the adjoining division and those who should have

supported you, properly seconded your efforts the history of Fredericksburg would have read differently from what it does.

History records how gallantly you charged across that open field, swept by the enemy's fire—took an advanced position and stubbornly held it until all hopes of reinforcements had vanished, when, with ammunition nearly gone, you yielded to overwhelming numbers and sullenly retired to your original position. Again your humble servant was knocked out just as the long-looked-for reinforcements arrived, and so I must necessarily pass over your return to the vicinity of Washington where you remained until the second attempt of the rebels to invade the Northern States, which resulted in the battle of Gettysburg. But I know you were rejoiced when you knew you received the order to march, when you knew you were to again join the Army of the Potomac in its attempt to repel the advancing hosts of Lee.

Your next meeting of the enemy, in hostile array, was at New Hope Church, on the Mine Run campaign the latter part of November, 1863 (if we omit the little difficulty at Bristoe Station where, if memory serves me, we did not play an important part), where your gallantry in deploying as skirmishers, under a withering fire from the enemy, called forth, as it deserved, the compliments of the commander of the forces there, and excited the admiration of all who beheld it; and in fact, boys, we felt a little proud of it ourselves. Our advance through that tangled second growth of pine and cedar, in the face of stubborn resistance from the enemy, you must remember well. That night, upon the skirmish line in the immediate presence of the enemy, without an opportunity of making our usual cup of coffee, was one of the episodes of active campaigning. How cheerfully we yielded our position on the skirmish line in the morning, to our relief, and with what enthusiasm we engaged in the manufacture of a cup of coffee as soon as opportunity presented itself. Then up and away for the main body of the Army of the Potomac, from which our brigade had been separated, for a short time, while on a scout with Gregg's division of cavalry. We found them on the banks of Mine Run, confronted by Lee's army, strongly fortified in a naturally strong position, and preparing for what bade fair to be the most desperate battle of the war. The contemplated charge was not made and we returned to winter quarters, near Bristoe Station and Broad Run. Your record in the Wilderness in May, 1864, is one of

> "Picket line and battle fray,
> And weary marching night and day,"

gloriously winding up your three years' term of service, May 30, 1864, at Bethesda Church, where you probably killed more rebels in one hour than you killed in any one battle in which you were engaged.

May 30, you bade your comrades, who re-enlisted and who were to continue in the service with the One hundred and ninety-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, farewell, taking with you the glorious old flag that Governor Curtin had given you at Tennallytown in 1861, faded and battle-torn to be sure, but no stripes missing, and its stars all there. You returned it to Harrisburg, where you can see it to-day, a silent but eloquent testimonial of your service in the war for the preservation of the Union.

Thus, comrades, I have briefly spoken of what is a tithe of your service in putting down the rebellion. I have not spoken of the terrible losses you sustained in the battles I have mentioned. That is the sad side of the picture. Your heroic dead lie on every battle-field on which you were engaged.

Suppose we could see arrayed in line before us now, the old regiment of 1861, only with places vacant where would stand those who lost their lives in battle and died of disease during the war? What a spectacle it would present! Then let the survivors appear in their present condition—what a change! Truly, we would say with the old song

"The boys in blue are growing gray,
Thin grows our ranks and thinner;
We've faced Death's battle many a day,
But Death to-day is winner."

And how many empty sleeves and missing legs? Those strong, athletic forms have become bowed by premature old age. The hardship of soldier life in camp, battle and prison pen, has done its work. But we must not pause to contemplate, lest we be overcome with emotion. While we drop a tear to the memory of the dead, let us dedicate this monument to the living. So remove the drapery and let there appear the record of your services and your losses. Yes, cut the strings so that all who behold may see what the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves suffered, that the "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, might not perish from the earth."

ADDRESS OF COLONEL H. B. McKEAN.

COMRADES: You have met to-day on this heroic battle-field to perform a most interesting ceremony. The place where more than a quarter of a century ago the most terrific battle was fought that has been recorded in history. Allow me to congratulate you, my comrades, that you were members of that grand old regiment—the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves.

Its officers and men were courageous in battle and courteous in civil life. Your timely arrival at Washington, D. C., with the other regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserves, immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, in 1861, saved the Capital. The Third Brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, consisting of four regiments, was a grand body of men, commanded by that grand soldier, General E. O. C. Ord, who was made the first major-general of the brigade. Commanders Generals George G. Meade, J. F. Reynolds and Ord, you know were in the first successful engagements of the Army of the Potomac. At Dranesville, Va., December 20, 1861, Captain Ent, commander of a company in the Sixth Regiment, fired the first shot, his company acting as skirmishers.

The Sixth made the first charge, then ordered by General Ord to charge the Confederate battery under the command of the "Little Adjutant." How well you obeyed the order, capturing the battery and several prisoners.

Your loss was slight—two killed and a number wounded. Among the wounded were Captain Bradbury and Halsey Lathrop. That was your first baptism of fire.

Comrades, the great State of Pennsylvania has erected this granite monument to perpetuate the heroism of the members of the Sixth Regiment on this field of battle. A grateful people remember your heroic deeds here on that hot day, July 2, 1863. You with the other regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserves, Third Division, Fifth Corps, arriving in on the north side of yonder Little Round Top, charging the advancing Confederates and driving them back to the point where this monument stands. You held it as you always did, saving Little Round Top from capture and the field. During the three years of service you were in all the principal engagements of the Army of the Potomac—the first in and the last out.

Comrades, your military history is written in letters of gold so high on the tablet of fame that no one can erase it, and my congratulations shall be: Brave in battle, chivalrous in peace and heroic in every trait that develops true manhood.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR W. H. H. GORE.

COMRADES:—The history made by the Sixth Regiment you helped make, and are as familiar with it as I am. What I say here, or what we do here, will not alter the facts as they are handed down to future generations by the historian. I propose, on account of time, to give but a brief history of the regiment:

Organized as it was, from companies recruited from the three months' service, the companies were all recruited in the month of April, 1861, and consisted of two companies from Bradford, one each from Tioga, Susquehanna, Wayne, Columbia, Montour, Snyder, Dauphin and Franklin counties. Owing to the call being filled they remained in Camp Curtin until after the passage of the act creating the Pennsylvania Reserves, when they were organized into the Sixth Regiment, with W. W. Ricketts, colonel; W. M. Penrose, lieutenant-colonel; H. J. Madill, major; H. B. McKean, adjutant; R. H. McCoy, quartermaster; Charles Bower, surgeon, and Z. Ring Jones, assistant surgeon. They were sent to Greencastle and placed in a camp of instruction under Major Harshberger as instructor. After the disastrous battle of Bull Run, a call was made on Governor Curtin for troops, and the Reserves were rushed to Washington; the Sixth was the first regiment to arrive and was mustered into the United States service July 27, 1861, and sent to Tennallytown, D. C. While in this camp over one-half of the regiment was stricken with typhoid-fever, greatly retarding the efficiency of the regiment. While in this camp the Reserves were formed in three brigades, the Sixth with the Ninth, Tenth and Twelfth formed the Third Brigade. October 9, 1861, the division was moved across the river into Virginia and went into camp near Langley.

December 20, the Third Brigade and the First Rifles fought the battle of Dranesville—gained the first victory for the Army of the Potomac.

March 16, 1862, they broke camp and marched to the vicinity of Hunter's Mills, then back to Alexandria. In the meantime Colonel Ricketts and Lieutenant-Colonel Penrose had resigned and their places were filled by William Sinclair as colonel and H. B. McKean, lieutenant-colonel. The quartermaster also resigned and A. A. Scudder was appointed.

The division was attached to McDowell's Corps, and in April marched to Manassas, Catlett's Station, thence to Fredericksburg. In June they were on transports and went down the Rappahannock, up the York and Pamunkey rivers to White House and attached to the Fifth Army Corps. The Sixth was halted at Tunstall's Station to guard the road and keep open the communication with the front. While here Colonel Sinclair joined us and assumed command; the left wing of the regiment was sent to White House to guard the stores; the Seven Days' battle opened at Mechanicsville, and the regiment was cut off from the main army, and after destroying the vast accumulation of stores, was taken by boat, *via* Fortress Monroe and James river, to Harrison's Landing, where they were joined by the balance of the division. The Sixth Regiment was here transferred to the First Brigade which now consisted of the First, Second, Sixth, Ninth and Bucktails.

The next move was by boat from Harrison's Landing to Aquia Creek, thence by rail to Fredericksburg, thence by way of Kelly's Ford to Warrenton, where they joined Pope's army and took an active part in the battle of second Bull Run. Falling back with the army to Washington they marched through Maryland to South Mountain, and in that battle was on the extreme right of the army, and was attached to the First Corps; at this battle and Antietam the regiment met with severe loss, especially in officers. Major Madill was now promoted to the colonelcy of the One hundred and forty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Captain Ent was promoted to major.

In November the march was again resumed, ending at Fredericksburg, where, on the 13th of December, the regiment, in connection with the balance of the Reserves, made the most gallant charge of the war. Had I time I would say more about this battle, but I will pass it by leaving to future historians to give us the honors that we that day earned.

Our losses here were greater than any other battle we ever fought; we were but a handful left for duty, and the Reserves were ordered to Washington and vicinity to rest and recruit, the Sixth was sent to Fairfax Station, where it remained until June, 1863, when it again joined the army—was attached to the Fifth Corps and marched for this historic field; and here, on this ground, where we are dedicating this monument, we aided in fighting the battle of Gettysburg. Moving with the Army of the Potomac, marching and skirmishing, we finally went into winter quarters at Bristoe Station. In the meantime Colonel Sinclair had resigned and field officers were filled by promoting Ent to colonel, Dixon to lieutenant-colonel and Gore to major.

In the spring of 1864, they took in all the fighting under General Grant, through the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, North Anna river to Bethesda Church, doing their full share of the work in that arduous campaign, ending their service with the brilliant victory at Bethesda Church.

And now, comrades, I have briefly sketched the history of your regiment, its marches and hardships, its gallant fighting; it never disgraced itself; there were other regiments as good as yours, but none better. We have met here to-day to dedicate this shaft as a monument of your valor, but your history will be a monument that will last as long as the American nation exists, and until after those stones shall have crumbled into dust.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

38TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

(NINTH RESERVES)

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF FIRST LIEUTENANT ELL TORRANCE.

COMRADES of the Ninth Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves:—We have met upon historic ground, ground as sacred as our feet will ever tread. For more than one hundred years Lexington and Bunker Hill have sent forth a resplendent light to all lovers of liberty, but to us and our children at least, nothing can eclipse this field of glory.

More than a quarter of a century has passed away since we last stood here. Then angry clouds hung over our heads, and the ground was convulsed under our feet with the shock of battle, but to-day the skies are peaceful, and the sounds of war have ceased to reverberate among these hills.

We have met upon a most auspicious occasion, and for a purpose which falls only to the lot of patriots. I am not insensible to the honor you have conferred upon me. Having for more than a score of years resided in a distant Commonwealth, and never having had the privilege of meeting with you since the close of the war, it gives me inexpressible pleasure to again return to my native State, and once more look into your faces and bring to and receive from you fraternal greetings. At such a time and place as this, how inadequate is language to frame our thoughts, or give expression to the emotions of our hearts.

This monument, which we to-day dedicate, though beautiful in its proportions and workmanship, is of little intrinsic value, but who can estimate what it cost to lay the foundations for its erection. As we look upon it we see and read much more than the simple and appropriate inscriptions it bears. It represents great sacrifices—sacrifices so great that they cannot be computed—sacrifices, the cost of which lies outside the domain of any arithmetic. It represents the scattered graves of our comrades who died in defense of their country. As we stand here our memories are quickened and our vision enlarged, so that we look back through the intervening years, as if it were but yesterday, when we parted company forever with our comrades, who, on the field of battle, paid the full measure of their devotion with their lives. We have grown old since

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

then, but their faces are unchanged. Many of them sleep in unknown graves that loving feet have never yet been able to find, but they are not forgotten, and as we look upon this polished shaft, we can, underneath its shining surface, read the names of every one.

> True men they fell; and faithful to the last,
> Though overpowered by death, yet still in death unconquered,
> Forever sacred be their memories,
> And imperishable, their heroic names.

History records no sacrifices more sublime than that of the dead of the volunteer armies of the United States, and this monument will bear perpetual testimony to their devotion to a cause which they loved better than their lives.

It stands not only for the dead, but the living as well, quickening their sense of duty, stimulating their patriotism, and making it impossible that the memory of such sacrifices should perish from the hearts of men.

It will stand long after we have passed away, to speak with a persuasive voice to generations yet unborn, educating them in all that pertains to the safety, prosperity, and perpetuity of our country, and inspiring them with an exalted patriotism, and an unflinching courage in the defense of her institutions.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has acted wisely in providing for the erection of these monuments and setting apart this day for their dedication, and in calling together her sons to bear witness to the solemn and impressive services. Upon this loyal soil the defiant army of treason, under General Lee, was defeated. Around the base of these Round Tops, and upon the slopes of Cemetery and Culp's Hills, broke the topmost wave of the great Rebellion. The beginning of the end was Gettysburg, and from the 4th day of July, 1863, the friends of liberty were confident of triumphant victory. Eighteen States were represented in the Army of the Potomac upon this famous field, and most appropriately we find the Keystone State, in the person of her soldiers, everywhere present in the forefront of the battle, from its commencement to its close. During those three memorable days her voice was never silent, and through cannon, musket and sabre, she spoke in defense of human rights and constitutional law with a power and eloquence that time will only glorify. Behold her three score and ten regiments of infantry, in battle array, stretching from right to center and from center to left. See those lines of blue, with banners unfurled, steady and undismayed, in the whirlwind of strife. Listen to the thunder of her cannon as they answer the brazen mouth of treason. Hear the sharp clash of sabre as her squadrons ride down to death the ruthless invader. Well may our beloved State glory in the record made by her chivalrous sons, and perpetuate, not only in bronze and marble, but in the hearts of her children, their deeds of valor and sacrifice. As we look around us to-day, we are conscious that one thing yet remains to be done by the State of Pennsylvania—one duty is yet unperformed, and that is the erection upon this battle-field of a suitable monument to our illustrious and distinguished commander, General George G. Meade, and until that is done, the anthems of praise that continually ascend from these hills will never reach their sweetest and most complete harmony.

General Meade commanded the Army of the Potomac for almost two years, or about one-half the period of its entire existence. He was a brave soldier and a true gentleman. His patriotism was of the highest and purest type, and he was trusted and beloved by the entire army. He gave to his country, in her hour of peril, his best services, with a willing heart, and with rare courage and patience did he bear the heavy responsibilities that were placed upon him. On the soil of his native state he won undying fame, and upon this "field of monuments," made forever sacred by the blood of so many of his soldiers, should be erected to his memory, a monument that would bind together, and be the Keystone of them all. And with the name of Meade must forever stand associated the name of that magnificent soldier and Pennsylvanian, General John F. Reynolds, who laid down his life, as a morning sacrifice, at the very opening of the battle. These two names are inseparable and their fame is imperishable. Their first commands were composed of a part of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and their military glory we claim as a part of our own peculiar inheritance.

But time will not permit me to speak of Geary on the right, of Hancock in the center, of Crawford on the left and of the host of brave men who filled the gaps between.

As we withdraw our thoughts from the past and turn our faces toward the future we behold a pleasing prospect. We feel assured that in the providence of God this country is destined to occupy a pre-eminent place among the nations of the earth. This year marks the completion of our first century of constitutional liberty, and within no other period of the world's history has such progress been made in all that pertains to the highest civilization of man. We are amazed when we contemplate the rapidity and solidity of the growth of this republic. There is no halting in her onward march. Each generation pushes rapidly forward and takes a higher place than the one occupied by its predecessor.

Education has opened wide the door of hope and usefulness to all classes and conditions of men, and liberty has widened her domain, until, under the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes, representatives of all nationalities, races and civilizations dwell together as free men, and you look in vain for serf or slave.

Behold this nation of American Freemen! No titled nobility, but in its place the true nobility of manhood and womanhood. For regal splendor and the moated castle is substituted the quiet home with its hearth-stone, and the virtues and sturdy patriotism of the common people.

It is not our rulers that have made this country great—they are our servants—but the people themselves, who, each in his day and generation, well and faithfully performs his allotted task.

As we have been inspired by the example of our God-fearing, liberty-loving and self-sacrificing forefathers, and have been able in the hour of trial to stand the supreme test of loyalty to our country, so will the generations that follow us take new inspiration as they look upon this battle-field of monuments, and listen to the voice that comes in one mighty chorus from the countless graves of the loyal dead, imploring them to be true to the trust committed to their keeping.

Tremendous was the price we paid for an unbroken Union, but it was worth all it cost, for who can foretell the position of power, honor and usefulness to which the nation may attain. Those who gave their lives that the country might live did so without a murmur or regret.

Those of us who survive enjoy the consciousness of duty done. We are content with the record as it stands, and have high hope for the future. It will not be long until our work is ended and we shall finally be mustered out to join the mighty host that has preceded us. Soon we also shall sleep in the majesty of eternal repose, but we shall in our latest hours be sustained by an unfaltering trust in the stability of our institutions and in the continued prosperity and welfare of our beloved country.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT TAGGART.

COMRADES:—The Legislature of our State, during the session of 1886 and 1887, passed an act appropriating certain public moneys to be expended in the erection of memorials or monuments with which to mark the positions occupied by Pennsylvania commands on this battle-field. A Commission, composed of leading and intelligent citizens in full sympathy with the spirit of the act, was appointed to carry out its provisions.

It is well known that the members of this Commission, individually and collectively, have devoted much time and careful study to the discharge of the duties imposed on them; and yet, their actions in some instances have been severely criticised. But this is not surprising when we reflect that, in the line of their duty, they have been called upon to decide questions as to the locations of regiments, and other details of the battle, about which, in most cases, they could know nothing personally, and in the decision of which they were confronted with conflicting testimony—on the one hand that of individuals based solely on memory, and on the other, the published reports of the battle made at, or immediately after its occurrence. No doubt, in the excitement incident to the engagement, or, possibly, through a desire to appropriate to themselves and those under them, at least a full share of the honors of victory, some of the brigade and regimental commanders may have exceeded the bounds of accurate knowledge in making out their reports. But, at this late day, these reports, in the absence of positive evidence of their inaccuracy, should be accepted in preference to mere statements which may have percolated through twenty-five years of treacherous memory, and, doubtless, absorbed much of the prejudice or partiality of the minds through which they passed. The Commission seems to have been governed by this view of the matter; and, while their actions in some cases may have created dissatisfaction on the part of a few, it will be generally conceded that they have acted faithfully, intelligently and impartially in the discharge of their delicate and responsible duties, and, I believe, in the end, it will be acknowledged by all who desire to preserve intact the history of this battle, that so much of the act providing for the erection of these memorials as requires

that all important details shall be subject to the inspection and approval of the Commission, is a wise and an important provision—one which has shielded the work from much inaccurate and discordant proclamation, and imparted to it something of true historic value.

I refer to this matter for the reason that certain of the regimental committees of the "Reserve Corps"—our own included—have had some discussion, if not controversy, with the Commission touching the matter of consolidating the appropriations to which the respective organizations are entitled, for the purpose of erecting a single memorial building. You will remember that, at the reunion held in New Brighton two years ago, the committee then and there appointed was instructed, if practicable, to join with the committees of other regiments of the corps in the erection of a division memorial; or, failing in that, to proceed and erect a regimental monument. Your committee made an honest effort to meet your preference in this matter; but, after a careful study of the question in all its bearings, found they could not do so and avail themselves of the State appropriation. This conclusion was arrived at by the State Commission, was sustained by the Attorney-General of the State, and reluctantly accepted by your committee as the ultimatum for their guidance. And now, having completed the work assigned us, you have been invited to meet here to-day, and I have been requested, in behalf of the committee, to make formal presentation of this monument to you.

In discharging the duty which the partiality of my comrades has assigned me, I am well aware there are many channels in which our thoughts might be led with propriety and profit; but I feel that our presence here, or aught that we might say or do, would be but empty nothingness did we fail to grasp the true significance of this occasion. And what is this? If there is one more than another that we should learn as a lesson of the civil war, of which the battle fought here was the decisive conflict, it is that God reigns and holds within His hands the destinies of nations and of worlds, whilst we, His creatures, are but instruments whereby His power is manifest and purpose wrought. If we seek His guidance and follow His appointed ways we have assurance that He will not forsake us; but if we strive to build a Babel tower to mock His sovereign will, there are a thousand ways whereby confusion and disaster may set at naught our mightiest human efforts.

That "Man of destiny"—so called—whose meteoric rise from a humble station to an empire's throne so astonished and dazzled the world but a century ago, exemplified in his brief career the blasphemy of his own lips' utterance when he declared that "Providence is always on the side of the heaviest battalions."

In a burst of confidence he unfolded to one of the favorites of his court, the plan of a campaign on which he was about to enter, and spoke with arrogance of certain victory. Being reminded that man might propose, but that God disposes, he replied "I propose and I also dispose." Within a twelvemonth more than one-half of that grand army of five hundred thousand men with which he invaded Russia had fallen victims to the casualties of battle or exposures of the march, whilst he, in advance of his retreating columns, was hurrying back to transfer the tidings of disaster to hopeful

and expectant France; and within two years thereafter the "vain froward child of empire" was an exile, shorn of power and fretting his life away on a barren isle.

From the time that the stripling son of Jesse, with but sling and smooth stones gathered from the brook, went forth, in the name of Israel's God, to meet and vanquish the boasting giant mailed in brass and armed with sword and spear and shield, on to the time when the little army of the Athenian and Platean patriots, chanting their battle-hymn along the mountain slopes of their native land, bore down in triumph on the invading hosts, ten times their number, of Mede and Persia, down through the ages to the time when our fathers, untrained and untried in the art of war, achieved their independence—through all these centuries history's pages are written over with refutations unmistakable and conclusive of the Napoleonic blasphemy, and abound in recorded triumphs of men and nations engaged in seemingly hopeless though righteous endeavors.

From the sacred aisles of old "St. John's" in Richmond, there comes to us through more than a century of years, the echoings of that sentiment which filled our fathers' hearts with hope and nerved their arms to action. Trusting not in their human strength, or martial skill or prowess, but in firm reliance on the God of nations, they went forth to battle in a righteous cause, whilst one was chosen as their leader of whom it has been truly said "belief in God and trust in an overruling power formed the essence of his character."

We speak of Gettysburg as the most important battle of the civil war, in that secession here received its fatal wound. A wound from which it lingered, by virtue only of inherent force and courage in the hearts of those who listened to its siren voice and followed its deceptive banner. And we glory in the fact that he who led us on to victory here received his first promotion as one of our brigade commanders—one whom we had learned to love and honor for his patriotic virtues, his martial skill and manly courage. Does it not increase our admiration for General Meade, to know that, as commander, he counselled all his soldiers to reliance on an all-controlling Providence, and that in the hour of triumph he gave to God all thanks for victory?

Then, comrades, as we unveil this monument which speaks of the great event enacted here in years gone by, let us not exalt the human effort that gave to Gettysburg renown, above the cause and vital principles which were at issue in the contest, and above all let us not forget to acknowledge with becoming reverence the favor of the God of nations which gave to us the victory.

In giving special prominence to such thoughts and feelings, it does not fall on us that we should ignore the personal efforts, or lightly estimate the personal sacrifices that are interwoven with the history of the war.

It was our privilege to belong to a regiment which took part in the battle fought here, and to-day we have assembled to dedicate this monument, wrought from imperishable granite and erected on the spot where, more than a quarter of a century ago, we contended for what we then believed, for what the lapse of time, the logic of events and the just verdict of mankind have since demonstrated to be right.

It is a grand thought and glorious feeling to know that in great emergencies of life or of history we have had the privilege and embraced the opportunity of contending in a righteous cause. For the world's great crises are numbered not at stated intervals or by the changing years, but are born of epochs often hoary with the frosts of centuries, and to realize that we have been, though humble, actors in such a crisis is something that comes not in the course of every human life.

The battle fought here during those memorable July days of 1863, was one of many in a more than four-years' contest between the North and South of our land, which has been aptly described by the lamented and martyred Lincoln as a test of the endurance of human government based on the equality of man. In that marvellous epic delivered by him at the dedication of the Cemetery on yonder heights, November, 1863, he made use of this language.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation—conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are now engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure."

Such in truth was the nature of the conflict which took place here; and who can now doubt that a decision adverse to the principle for which we contended would have proved a dire, if not an irreparable, calamity to mankind. To have testified to the world that this latest and most auspicious example of popular government based on universal intelligence, free conscience and moral power, had, within the first century of its existence, generated within itself the elements of its own destruction, would have been to confess to the world that mankind in the most advanced state of civilization and under the most favorable conditions is incapable of self-government. Our name as a nation blotted from the registry of time would have checked the onward march of civilization for centuries to come, and the dark pall of oblivion would have enshrouded alike freedom's glory and man's earthly hopes.

That we were right in that contest is a feeling not only borne in the inner consciousness of every Union soldier who took part in the civil war, but is even now testified to by many of the best and bravest of those who differed from us in the past, and the courage of whose convictions was proved on many a hard-fought field. At a meeting held during the recent centennial observance in New York city, a noted Confederate general publicly declared his belief that the result of the war was fortunate for all concerned. At the same meeting the Governor of that State within the borders of which was first unfurled the banner of secession and along the shores of which re-echoed the first gun of the rebellion publicly said: "We may have been wrong, God only knows, and it now does seem as though His decision is against us."

When time shall have healed the wounds and smoothed the asperities of the war, the utterances of these two representative men of the New South will have become crystallized into positive truth, accepted in good faith, and glorified in patriotic endeavors by all citizens of the republic; and there shall be found none in this broad land to question the righteousness of that

verdict which settled in all minds and for all time, the questions of the indissolubility of the American Union.

It is therefore a matter of interest to us to meet here after the lapse of many years, to dedicate this monument which testifies to where we stood in the great crisis of our country's history. True it speaks to us in a special sense of Gettysburg; but who can read the inscriptions of other battles in which we took no unimportant part, and not indulge in retrospective thought of all the thrilling scenes and incidents of the three-years' service of the regiment.

One of America's gifted sons has characterized "midnight's holy hour" of the closing year as

"A time for memory and for tears."

If our feelings may be moved to such a depth by reflection on the changing scenes and incidents of one brief year, what must be the emotions of our hearts as we contemplate to-day the most important, the most eventful period of our lives, between which time and this a quarter of a century has intervened. In memory we recount the many times we've tramped along the mountain slopes, across their crests and through the valleys from here to Richmond; and as we review the hardships, the trials, the dangers, the sorrows; and weigh them in the balance with the joys and hallowed recollections of those years, and see around us in the growing greatness and glory of our country, such grand fruition of our hopes and efforts, we might ask ourselves, would we, with knowledge of all we then endured, again enlist as soldiers should our country call to arms? I think I hear you answer yes, as then, from a sense of duty, but not otherwise. And yet as I look into your faces and see in furrowed cheeks and whitened hairs sad permonition of declining years, I am afraid you'd not respond to every roll-call after weary marches such as those that we were wont to make. But they are over—those days have passed, and the great events with which they were prolific are written on the pages of our country's history, whilst the surviving actors in the bloody drama are journeying down life's slope towards the setting sun. But of one thing we're assured. There is no regret in any soldier's heart for having served his country in that hour of danger.

There is a well-grounded attachment on the part of the surviving members of the old Ninth Regiment to the memories that cluster around its history. But this is not surprising when we reflect that each member of that organization was animated by a spirit of patriotism, to unite in the defense of our common country. Each shared in the common dangers of camp and field, and all were bound by the ties of a comradeship that were "welded in the fires of battle." Not least among the treasured recollections of our army life is the one that our regiment was among the first to respond to the call of the President for troops. It is worth something at this time to know that the men who enlisted in the early days of 1861, when there was no enticement of a large bounty before, and no coercive power of conscription behind them, represented the typical American soldier, the free citizen of a free land, understanding and appreciating the blessings and privileges, and willing to share the responsibilities and duties of citizenship. Of such were the men who took their first lessons in the

school of the soldier in old Camp Wilkins and who were there organized as the Ninth Regiment of the "Pennsylvania Reserve Corps," an army in itself conceived in the wisdom and created through the energy of our then war Governor, Andrew G. Curtin, who still lives, ripe in years, honored by all patriotic citizens and beloved by all surviving soldiers of the war.

It may well give us pride now to look back on those years and feel that, throughout our term of service, the regiment was second to no other of the division in the good opinion of brigade and division commanders, and that, at times, it pleased them to make public acknowledgment of the fact. And it must certainly add to our appreciation of such opinions to know that they came from such sources as General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg; General Reynolds, whose life blood hallowed the memories of this field; General McCall, our organizer and first commander, and our own General Ord, under whose dashing leadership the Third Brigade won the first laurels of victory at Dranesville, that crowned any portion of the Army of the Potomac. These brave soldiers have all fought their last battles, and gone to their rewards, as have also our first field officers, Jackson, Anderson and Snodgrass. May their memories be cherished by all true patriots, as I know they are by all surviving members of the old Ninth Regiment. But it was not only our officers and commanders who shed a halo of glory around the regimental history. There was to be found among the private soldiers a degree of intelligence, courage, patriotism and moral standard, at least, unsurpassed by any other similar organization of the war.

It would be impossible, without more complete data than I have at command, to mention all the many conspicuous instances of gallantry and devotion to duty that might be gathered and woven into heroic or pathetic story if we could obtain from friends and comrades the true heart histories of all who fell from our ranks. Of these there are a few still fresh in memory to which I may be permitted to refer as illustrating something of the character of the boys of the regiment.

On the eve of the second battle of Bull Run a number of enlisted men, having been promoted for meritorious service on the Peninsula, received their commissions, with instructions to report at headquarters for assignment to duty. They were entitled to, and could have claimed, their discharges, but with that high sense of honor characteristic of the true soldier and brave man under all circumstances, they declined to turn their backs on their comrades in the hour of impending danger, and went into that fight, carrying their guns as enlisted men, while they held their commissions as officers in their pockets. One of their number, the brave John Dannals, of Company A, was killed in the fight, while two others that I know of, who are still living, honored citizens of the country they helped to save, were seriously wounded.

Just before the battle of Fredericksburg the bright and brave young soldier, John Westlake, having been for a long time on detached service with the Signal Corps, reported to his company for duty. I see him to-day, as he had just returned from a visit to his home, his trim form, handsome boyish face and bright new uniform, ready, willing and anxious to share

with his comrades whatever of danger there might be in the line of duty. Fredericksburg was his first and last battle. Those who took part in the charge on the left of our line that day, will remember with what reluctant regret we relinquished the advantage we had gained, because of the failure to send us the needed and promised support. Many were the brave boys who fell with Jackson, our general and leader in that terrible charge and disastrous retreat—and among them young Westlake. Where his body was afterwards found, there were three or four of the company rifles which the boy soldier had gathered and endeavored to bring from the field, showing that the pledge given to the citizens of Pittsburg who had presented those rifles to the company was, with him, no unmeaning obligation, but one in the fulfilment of which he offered up his life.

The night before that same battle, Lieutenant Long, who you all remember, sat beside the camp-fire with a friend and comrade, and talked of a premonition he had that he would fall in the approaching engagement. His comrade tried to lead his mind away from such forebodings, but he continued to talk of his approaching death, as that comrade afterwards informed me, in a brave, calm manner; and the last words he said that night were: "I feel sure this will be my last night with the boys of the company and regiment." He had given his watch, letters and other tokens of value to the hospital steward, with instructions to send them to his mother after the battle. He fell mortally wounded in the front of the fight and lived but a few hours. I had known Reuben Long from the time, when, as lads in our teens, we attended the same school, and as boy and man he was ever noble, true-hearted and brave. It matters not what you or I may think of premonitions such as so impressed his mind that night before the battle. This we know. As he sat beside the camp-fire, and calmly, bravely, as his friend expressed it, talked of his approaching death, he felt within his soul that to-morrow's sun would light his pathway to the tomb. Yet, when the mist was lifted from the field of Fredericksburg, and the battle line was formed on that December morning, he was present at the post of duty, nor faltered, though he heard his death knell in the command to charge across that fated field. It is easy to understand how, in the whirl of the battle's mad fury, one may encounter and despise danger, or even death with all its terrors. But in the stillness of the night, to calmly contemplate the giving up of home, and friends, and kindred, and life itself with all its hopes and joys and aspirations, and yet, in honor's name, resolve to make the sacrifice, is something that the truly brave of heart, and only they, can understand. In such heroic conduct in the very face of death, we have a clearer view of how a brave man may approach his grave

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In my own company there were three brothers—sons of a widow—one of whom, the brave, cheerful, noble-hearted William Mahaffey was among the first to fall in that fearful charge at Gaines' Mill; and to-day his mouldering remains lie somewhere, in an unknown and unmarked grave, on the Peninsula. At the battle of Bull Run that gallant soldier, Captain Shannon, received a leaden messenger of death in his forehead. Lieutenant

Kirkpatrick, ever foremost and fearless in the path of duty, was at home seriously wounded. The first lieutenant, complaining of some bodily infirmity, I know not what, was at Washington city pleading for a discharge from the service. Robert Mahaffey, one of the two remaining brothers of whom I have spoken, was first sergeant and in command of the company. Though suffering from a severe wound in the arm, received from the flying fragment of a shell, he refused to act on the advice of Dr. Phillips and go to the hospital for treatment. But, with his arm bound and carried in a sling, he led the company on that tiresome march through Maryland, up the rugged steeps of South Mountain, and on to the battle-field of Antietam, where, with Snively, Swartzlander, Scott, Lemon, McLain, Vanlier, and other brave boys like himself, who fell around the regimental colors, he poured out his life's blood in defense of the flag.

Who that lay beside this stone wall when first erected will ever forget the piteous cries for water, that came as an aftermath of the charge in this swale, from the wounded Confederates who lay in our front. They were in armed rebellion against the legally-constituted authorities of our government—sworn enemies of our country, bent on its destruction. But they were our brothers, and the ethics of our Christian civilization not only forbade that we should needlessly torture them, but demanded that we should use all reasonable measures to prevent their suffering, and there was common assent and approbation when Sergeant McMunn volunteered to carry to those wounded men the water for which they prayed. But, oh! the cruel treacherous greeting with which that act of Christian charity was met, in the worse than rebel bullet that came crashing through his face as he bent to cool with water the burning lips of a wounded helpless foe. It did not prove a fatal wound, but it would have been a blessing to our comrade had that bullet struck a vital spot, for who can measure the depth of pain and sorrow and mental anguish in which it plunged his after life, at last dethroning reason and ending in his self-destruction.

I have spoken but of the dead, and not of the many wounded living who bear in their bodies painful reminders of their devotion to country and duty, and those of whom I have spoken were not officers of exalted positions, commanding divisions and army corps, but all of them, at the time of their enlistment, numbered among the rank and file of the regiment. But I need not say to you that there marched in the ranks of our volunteer soldiers many who, as to moral and intellectual force, social standing and all the elements of true nobility of character, were peers of any and more than peers of many of those to whom they owed obedience in the line of duty, and do you tell me that these men in the humbler stations who so faithfully and courageously performed the obligations of their soldier life are deserving of honor or gratitude in less degree than those who, by chance or favor, or even by virtue of their talents, were more exalted in position? Though such a sentiment seems to accord with the spirit of the times I cannot believe it. The general who rode at the head of the columns with groom and orderly to pitch his tent wherein to sleep at night did his duty no more and no less than the private soldier who, foot-sore and weary, under the burden of his arms and accoutrements, marched through summer's heat or winter's cold, content to bivouac under

heaven's blue vault for a tent, with but a single blanket as a martial cloak to shield him from the snows, the rains and the chilly airs of night.

In a letter which the treasurer of our association received from the late William Thaw of Pittsburg, and which accompanied a liberal contribution toward the erection of this monument, the spirit which animated the boys of 1861 is referred to, though briefly, in a manner alike eloquent with truth and creditable to the patriotism of that great and good man, and this suggests a thought to which it is proper I should refer here.

The State, as you are aware, appropriated the sum of fifteen hundred dollars to each separate command that participated in this battle. Your committee, desiring to erect a more imposing monument than this sum would justfy, made an appeal, by circular letter, to members and friends of the regiment, for contributions to a supplemental fund. Mr. Thaw who was one of the early patrons of the regiment and especially of Company A, in which he took a special interest, sent his check for a large contribution, and wrote Mr. Murdock, our treasurer, as follows:

* * * "Meanwhile I send you a check for five hundred dollars, for the fund for erecting a monument at Gettysburg to the Ninth Pennsylvania Reserves, as a memorial of Mrs. Thaw to her brother, John S. Copley, killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862, and from myself also as a memorial of a large number of personal young friends who went away with the 'Pittsburg Rifles' (Company A) that summer morning in 1861 (whom I, with other of their friends and relatives marched up Penn street by their side), and who never came back, leaving their bodies scattered—and in some cases unmarked—sacrificed for their country with an intelligent and spontaneous patriotism such as was not surpassed by any organization that went into the war."

A few weeks ago, in a foreign city, the immortal spirit of William Thaw passed from earth to heaven, and but recently his body was entombed in his native city. While living, because of his generous spirit and unbounded charities, he was, perhaps, the best loved man in the State of Pennsylvania, and to-day his memory is enshrined in the hearts of thousands, not only of those who were sharers of his bounty, but also those who were admirers of his character.

Also, widely known for large beneficence and purity of life, is the widow to whom, in her sad bereavement, a multitude of mourning hearts go out in sympathy; and I know that the hearts of all who are here assembled will respond with quickened impulse to a sense of gratitude and sympathy when it is learned that this noble woman's present interest in our organization is born of what to each of us is a sad but hallowed memory of the war—the heroic death of our brave and worthy comrade, her brother, I feel that I but meet the wishes and voice the sentiments of all the comrades, when to her, and to all the friends who have so generously contributed to the erection of this monument, I make public acknowledgment of their liberality and friendly interest.

This letter of the grand man whose friendship is one of the memories of which we may well feel proud, refers to an "intelligent and spontaneous patriotism" as the inspiration that prompted the young men of the country to respond to the call of duty in 1861. I know there are many of intensely

practical temperament, whose views of life and measure of its duties are bounded by the narrow circle of selfish interests, desires and pleasures, who cannot comprehend the full and true meaning of "intelligent patriotism," or understand how such a sentiment can have a dwelling place in the heart of man. But, thank God, it has pleased him to implant in the hearts of the great majority of His rational creatures a feeling that patriotism in its true sense, as signifying those virtues which grow out of a love of country, is as much a divine attribute in the human soul, as is that love to God and humanity, on which the Master assures us, "hang all the law and the prophets." Sentiment it may be, and doubtless is, but not such according to Hume and his class of metaphysicians—a mere feeling—but rather a resultant of the co-operation of rational power and moral feeling. Why, I can no more conceive of those young men—boys in years, but men in deeds—whose familiar forms rise in memory before me to-day, as I have seen them in the hour of deadly conflicts, their pale faces seamed with the smoke and sweat of battle—doing, daring, dying for their country. I can no more conceive of them as being actuated by a wild and irrational impulse or unreasoning sentiment when they exchanged the comforts of good homes and the companionships of kind friends, for the rough, bare and common dangers of a soldiers' life, than I can conceive of them as being moved by mercenary considerations in abandoning profitable and congenial employments for the distasteful and profitless calling of arms. Say if you will, that they were moved by sentiment. It was such an one as has been the inspiration of martyrs and patriots in all ages of the world, when they have counted their lives as nothing in comparison with their convictions of right and the demands of duty. Such a sentiment as has proved an inspiration to the noblest deeds of philanthropy, of which the world has had knowledge, and through which mankind has been blessed.

The liberal contribution which accompanies this letter from our honored friend, whose lips are now sealed in death, coming as it does as the joint gift of husband and wife, suggests a thought which very seldom receives that consideration its importance demands, and this is, that there were heroines as well as heroes in our civil war; and they apart from the many noble women, whose heaven-born mission led them as ministering angels to hospital and battle-field, where with tender loving care they nursed the sick, or prayed beside the couch of dying soldier boy.

We are apt in estimating the cost as well as in apportioning the honors of the civil war, to become so absorbed in the financial and military problems wrought out in halls of legislation and on the battle-field to overlook the patient, though silent, influence that went out from the home circles of our land, where mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts toiled with willing hands and prayed with fervent spirits in our behalf. Many of you have heard one of our comrades tell how, having enlisted when under age, his father tried to prevent him from continuing in the service. During his first visit to camp the father failed to shake the boy's purpose, and the day following he returned, bringing his wife along to plead for their son's return. Failing again to make the desired impression, and finding that a threat to exercise his legal authority to compel the boy to return home was

of no avail, the father turned in despair to the little woman at his side. Reaching up and placing her hands on the broad shoulders of her boy, she said: "My son, you are dearer to me than the apple of mine eye, and yet if you feel it to be your duty to enlist and should fail to respond to your country's call, in this hour of the nation's peril, all I can say, is, you would then have none of your mother's blood in your veins."

Who can tell how much that feeling of patriotism referred to in the letter of William Thaw as the animating spirit of the boys of 1861 was inspired, encouraged and controlled by the loyal women of our land, and to what extent its spontaneity was owing to their active earnest sympathy and efforts. And is it not true that the tiresome march was made with less fatigue, that privations were borne more willingly, and dangers encountered with courage strengthened because of loved ones praying for our safety and the triumph of our cause?

We rejoiced that they were far removed from the scene of conflict and were blessed with comforts to us denied; but he has yet to learn the depth and power of woman's love, who knows not, that, in sleepless nights, in anxious fears, in patient waitings and in bitter sorrow for the loved ones lost, they suffered more than tongue can tell. God bless these mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of the war in whose approving smiles and sympathizing hearts we found such patient inspiration in the path of duty and the hour of danger.

But, comrades, the hours of the day are passing, many years have come and gone since first we looked upon the field of Gettysburg; and this is, perhaps, the last time that, as an organization, we shall gather here.

Without pretense to powers of divination, I think I may safely say your minds have largely dwelt to-day upon the strange and striking contrast between the scene as here presented and that which met the view when first we came upon this field. Then this ground, crimsoned with the mingling blood of friend and foe, trembled beneath the shock of battle as hostile forces charged and counter-charged across these fields. These hills were ablaze with the very flame of death as it belched from cannon mouth. The air was rent with cannon roar, with shriek of bursting shell and whistling bullets sound, all playing to the sad accompaniment of moan, and groan, and prayer, and imprecation from the lips of wounded, dying men, while from out the pandemonium, none knew how soon might come to him the summons to

"Take his chamber in the silent halls of death."

To-day the air is filled with peaceful sounds and odors. The ripened harvests have been gathered from the fields where the reaper death mowed with bloody scythe and fiendish joy the cannon's swath. The chirp and song of bird are undisturbed by gun report or shout of hostile army, and everywhere around we may see a token of that promised coming of the Lord, when sword and spear, the implements of war, shall be beaten into share of plough and pruning hook. "When nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Until we shall behold the glory of this prophetic vision, may we not indulge the hope and prayer that never again may we be called upon to

resort to the dread arbitrament of arms to defend the honor of our country's flag.

And now, comrades, as we part to-day, what thought or lesson of the hour shall we take with us to our homes to serve as an incentive to renewed devotion in the line of patriotic duty?

When the first great leader and lawgiver of the children of Israel was laid to rest, "in a vale in the land of Moab," Joshua, his successor, directed, as the hosts were passing over Jordan, in the presence of the priests who bore aloft the ark of the covenant of the Lord, that twelve men be chosen—one from each of the tribes that had journeyed in the wilderness, and that these men take, each, a stone from the bed of the river where the bearers of the ark had stood, and that these stones be carried to the place on the east side of Jordan where they should encamp that night, and be there erected as a memorial unto the children of Israel forever. Not as testifying to the courage and endurance of the chosen people who had wandered for forty years in a barren land, but as testifying to the mightiness of God and his faithfulness in the fulfilment of his promises. And when the stones were placed as directed, Joshua spake unto the people saying:

"When your children shall ask their fathers, in time to come, saying what mean these stones?

"Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land."

"That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty."

Standing within the shadow of these hills which were silent witnesses of the contest waged here in the ever-to-be-remembered past, and in the presence of this monument which speaks of where we stood in that hour of trial and danger, and seeing the sculptured granite with which this field is dotted, may we not imagine our children and our children's children in the years to come, asking their fathers, as did the Israelitish children of old: "What mean these stones?"

Truly may it be said to them that "the hand of the Lord is mighty" and though they may not be told that their fathers "came over this on dry land," but rather on ground drenched with the blood of wounded and slain comrades, yet may it be said they stood here devoted to the cause of human liberty and upholding the "Ark of our Covenant" of Perpetual Union; and if ever the unrighteous hand of political ambition shall again remove that ark from our midst may worse than Assyrian calamities afflict the plunderers till our treasure be restored. If ever the genius of human liberty be driven from our shores, like Noah's dove may she find no rest for the soles of her feet until she return and find a glad people ready and willing to receive, to cherish and to love her.

As testifying to the restoration of that Ark of our Covenant—to the re-enthronement of that presiding genius of our nation, and to the heroic endeavors of those who, under God's favor—though it may have been in tears, in sorrow and blood, wrought out the triumph of a righeous cause, may this monument remain a memorial unto your children forever.

ADDRESS OF SERGEANT-MAJOR A. P. MORRISON.

TWENTY-SIX years have swiftly rolled away, old comrades of the "Ninth," since we stood here on this very spot in battle line, bearing our part in that momentous three-days' struggle between the armies of the North and South, which history has already recognized and recorded as one of those great battles of the world, which change or fix and determine the destinies of nations, and the character of their civil institutions for all time.

Here, on this bloody field of Gettysburg, the surging tide of "Secession" was stayed and turned back, and the "union" of these states was saved from impending dissolution, and for all time made sure and strong. Here the most costly sacrifice of patriot blood was poured out a willing offering by the nation's sons, to the end that this great nation might live, and continue to live on and on, "to the last syllable of recorded time."

Yes, comrades, the "Ninth" stood here then, in name and fame strong as in other days of battle, to meet the foe—but in numbers how reduced. Where now—in this the very crisis of the great conflict—where now, are those ten hundred men and more, who two short years before had marched beneath the battalion banner of the "Ninth," with bounding hearts and buoyant step, away from home and friends, and all the joys of peaceful life, to battle for the right?

Here, but a handful of those brave ones stood to meet the onset of the impetuous foe, whose feet had dared invade the borders of their native State. Where had the others gone? Let Dranesville tell; let the gory fields of the seven-days' fight from Beaver Dam to Malvern Hill make truthful answers. Let the fierce fighting in the Pope campaign from Rappahannock's banks to Chantilly's woods be heard—let South Mountain and Antietam mournfully reply; and Fredericksburg with solemn voice from hill and plain, report the number of the fallen there—let all the wearing marches and the exhausting toils of duty in the field, whether the summer sun was scorching, or the frosts and piercing winds of winter chilled the lonely picket's blood—let all that this imports of hardship and physical disability and sickness unto death, make up account for the absent ones of this great day.

Ah, comrades, what a small space of ground among these grey and rugged rocks and boulders, could our good regiment cover and fight for and defend when the "battle was set in array," on that second and third day of July, 1863. Its ten companies, all told, could only place about three hundred men in line.

We believed in the inherent and ever-abiding justice of the cause for which we fought. We felt in our inmost being, then, as ever, that,

> "Right is right—since God is God,
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter, would be sin."

And, notwithstanding its depleted ranks, the "Ninth" went forward to its place in the line of battle, as steadily and firmly as if it had been itself a whole army corps.

In the Gettysburg campaign the glory of our regiment, and of the brigade as well, consisted not so much in what might be called the actual clash of arms in conflict with the rebels, as in its always getting to the right place, however perilous that place might be, at the right time—however long and exhausting the marches, the effort might require, and in its tenaciously holding the position to which it was assigned, against the very flower of the Confederate army.

The march from the defenses of Washington, begun on the 25th of June, to the battle-field of Gettysburg, not far from Little Round Top—taking into consideration the frequent, almost incessant, rains, and the heavy and slippery condition of the roads—was a very remarkable one indeed. It tested the vigor and endurance of the men to the utmost limit of their strength. If in the daytime we moved slowly and with difficulty through fields and woods, guarding, it might be, long trains of ammunition and supplies or batteries of heavy guns, which occupied and oftentimes blocked up the soft and deeply-rutted roads, when the sun went down we were pushed forward far into the night to make up for our retarded progress in the day.

To you all, soldiers of the "Ninth," I need not enter into details of that seven-days' march. Here, on this historic spot, where its goal was reached, it comes back to every mind, with all its incidents fresh and vividly as if a thing of yesterday. But you will bear with me while I read from the dim and faded pages of my own little pocket diary these few brief extracts of memoranda relating to that march:

June 24th, 1863. Our regiment was lying quietly at Vienna.

On the evening of that day we got orders to rejoin our brigade at Upton's Hill some eight miles back. We marched about 9 o'clock and reached our destination a little after midnight.

Thursday, June 25th. The "Ninth" marching with the brigade at 1 o'clock p. m., moved out in the direction of Vienna on the same road we of the "Ninth" had come in on the night before, and halted not far from where we had been encamped. This marching up the hill simply to march down again did not seem exactly right to our boys. It meant for them sixteen miles of unnecessary tramping through the rain.

Friday, 26th. Reveille at 4 o'clock in the morning; on the march at 6. Raining hard all day; roads very slippery and heavy. Made about sixteen miles and halted in the evening at Goose creek not very far from Edwards' Ferry.

Saturday, 27th. Reveille at 4 o'clock; to march at 5. Crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry on a pontoon bridge and found ourselves once more in Maryland, a part of Hooker's army. Day showery and roads muddy. Halted at night near the mouth of the Monocacy river having made at least fifteen miles.

Sunday, 28th. Reveille at 3.30; on the march at 5; crossed the Monocacy; day cloudy with a little rain; joined the Fifth Army Corps; our "Pennsylvania Reserves" having been assigned to that corps on the request of General Meade, its then commander; halted near Frederick after marching about twelve miles. Here we learned of the appointment of General Meade to the command of the "Army of the Potomac." Great news this for us

of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. We were proud to know that one of our own generals, one for whom we felt that *we* had won the "stars," should be placed in this very highest position in the army in the very crisis of the nation's fate.

We had confidence in him for we knew him to be an energetic, brave, cool and determined leader.

Monday, 29th. Reveille again at 4 a. m.; the "Ninth" fell in about 8, but did not move forward until about 1, and then marched slowly all the afternoon; the day was rainy and the road was filled up with wagon trains; about 6 o'clock in the evening the road was cleared before us and we started off almost on a "double-quick;" crossed the Monocacy and turned directly northward towards Pennsylvania, marching over very bad country roads; halted about midnight, having made some fifteen miles.

Tuesday, June 30th. Reveille at 4 o'clock; it rained on us very hard last night and this morning; marched at 7 a. m.; found the road exceedingly heavy and slippery; passed through Liberty, Johnsville, Union Bridge, Union, and halted near Union Mills, having made a big day's march, not less than twenty miles; the "Reserves" are all in high spirits about going into Pennsylvania.

Wednesday, July 1st. On the march by 6.30 this morning, moving rather slowly all day; crossed the State line into old Pennsylvania about 4 p. m. amid glad cheering and loud hurrahs; heard the dull boom of distant cannon from time to time, but did not then know that the great battle was already on; about 6.30 o'clock in the evening the division was massed, rations were issued and extra ammunition distributed to the men, and all signs indicated a coming fight; there was not much rest in this short halt, and by 8 o'clock we were again on the move; marched on without stopping until about 2 o'clock of the morning of the 2d, halting at last, after passing through Hanover, near McSherrystown.

Thursday, July 2d. After only two hours rest, reveille at 4 a. m., and marched immediately without waiting even to make a cup of coffee. Pretty hard this, but the weary men now understanding that the emergency was pressing, and forgetting the want of much-needed sleep and food and rest, pushed forward cheerfully and eagerly towards what they knew must be a bloody battle. After marching about an hour we were halted long enough to make our coffee, and then once more moved rapidly forward until about 10 o'clock we reached Rock creek, some two miles southeast of the town of Gettysburg. Here we learned of the disastrous fortunes of the preceding day to the Union forces, and worst news of all, the untimely death of one of our best loved generals, one whom the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps was proud to have claimed as its own commander—the *beau ideal* soldier, the gallant General Reynolds.

From 7 o'clock a. m., of July 1st to 11 o'clock on the 2d, twenty-eight hours, with only about three hours given to sleep and rest, our regiment had marched forty-two miles. Is it any wonder that when the halt was sounded the weary men threw themselves upon the ground, under that burning July sun and slept away the hours, while the battle was preparing?

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the fiery storm suddenly burst in fierce fury on Sickles' Third Corps. Immediately the Fifth under Sykes was

hurried forward to the succor of the Third, then badly broken up and forced back in shattered fragments from its too-far-advanced position. It must have been about 5 o'clock when our division, the Third of Sykes' Corps, under the gallant General Crawford, passed over the crest of the ridge out yonder to the right of Little Round Top, and first came under fire. How vividly the fearful scene of that dread hour comes back to you old soldiers of the "Ninth," as you now look out over yonder quiet woods and peaceful fields. The sun, a dull, red ball of fire, was going down "wrapped in drifts of lurid smoke." The appalling roar of cannon; the screaming shells exploding in mid-air; the sharp rattling and continuous crash of infantry firing; the charging masses of the enemy; the broken columns of our side slowly falling back, contesting every foot of ground, and yielding one position only to make a more stubborn stand for another; the whole atmosphere thick and heavy with the sulphurous smoke of battle. Yon field of ripened grain just ready for the harvest, "blasted below the dun hot breath of war."

Oh, comrades, it was not a cheering scene that then opened on our view. On the contrary, we might truly say that at that moment "disaster stared us in the face." The two brigades of United States Infantry, the "Regulars," had just advanced across yon piece of level ground, while our two brigades of Pennsylvania Reserves, by General Crawford's orders, were "massed in column by division," in the open space just north of this rocky spur of Round Top.

Vincent, and O'Rorke, and Hazlett, and Weed, with their gallant commands, had but a few moments before wrested this master-post of Little Round Top from the grasp of Hood.

But, oh! at what a cost! Vincent and O'Rorke, Hazlett and Weed, all four, lay dead upon this mount of glory.

The question then was, could the survivors of the terrible struggle to secure this vantage ground, thus bereft of all their leaders, could they withstand another impending charge of the now exultant rebels? The stake was great, too great to be left in doubt.

Humphreys was "changing front to the rear," but to no good purpose. Sweitzer's Brigade fiercely beset on its flank and rear was forced from its position. The "Regulars," attacked in front and flank, were compelled to fall back.

You all remember how they looked. How firmly they held themselves together, firing and falling back, firing and falling back, their front diminishing at every volley until only one-half of their charging column was left to fire!

It was just at this critical moment that our gallant General Crawford put his two brigades of Pennsylvania Reserves in motion, our Third Brigade in front. Advancing rapidly we were very soon within range and under a heavy fire from the enemy. But we had not gone more than fifty yards when the urgent call for re-inforcement for the few survivors of the gallant regiments that had at such a heavy cost plucked Little Round Top from the clutch of Hood and his Confederate veterans, and who now crippled, and exhausted by the deadly struggle, their leaders cold in death, still lying where they fell, awaited among these rocks and on this rugged

hill, the still more desperate charge the baffled rebels were preparing to overwhelm their decimated ranks and seize this granite key of the battle-field—reached General Crawford. He was not slow in responding to the call. Ours, the leading brigade, was halted and ordered to go at once to the succor of the exhausted comrades of the Vincent and O'Rorke commands. Without a moment's delay, the Fifth, Ninth, Tenth and Twelfth Regiments of Reserves changed direction and moved by the left flank, almost on a double-quick over the hill to this, its western slope, and joined the remnant of Vincent's Battalion. The movement was in the very nick of time. The plan of Hood and Law, to seize this "coigne of vantage," was foiled, for with accession of Fisher's Brigade to the gallant men who had so desperately fought for and so tenaciously held this almost impregnable position, any new attack would be madness, and could only result in a repulse more sanguinary and crushing than the first had been.

Little Round Top, found and proclaimed by Warren to be the key to the whole Union battle line, was saved—and safe—for General Meade, whatever might befall on other portions of the field.

A little later when darkness had settled over these woods, the Fifth and Twelfth Regiments were taken by Colonel Fisher, with other troops, to drive the enemy from Round Top and occupy its lofty summit, while the Ninth and Tenth were left to hold and guard this gap which Hood and Law had deemed their open gateway to our left and rear. We did not then know the supreme importance of the position we had to protect, but we do know now from General Hill's official report that "Hood's right was held as in a vise."

About 10 o'clock that night, our line being established and our pickets set a few yards in advance, we lay down, each soldier in his place and "with all his armor on" ready for any night attack the rebels might attempt; and notwithstanding an occasional shot from a picket post to remind us of impending danger, and the pitiful moaning of the wounded all around us, we slept as only exhausted soldiers can. With the earliest dawn of day on July 3d, our line was up and on the alert. How vigorously you all worked, comrades, on this stone wall! A labor of love it was, of love of life, of honor, of country; for well you knew how this low breast-work, rude and rough in form, might help to gain and save them all, in the storm of battle that then seemed sure to burst upon us ere the sun was high.

And here we lay all that long summer day awaiting calmly, yea hoping, for the charging columns of the rebels. But no attack in force was made on our position. Skirmish firing in our front and the crack of the sharp-shooters' rifle were the only sounds of war that broke the stillness of these woods, until, sudden as a flash of lightning in the sultry afternoon, these "rock ribbed hills" were made to shake and quiver by that terrific roar of three hundred cannon thundering from the opposing lines. Oh! how great and grand it was, and yet how dreadful. These rocks and woods that seemed to promise refuge and safety became an added element of danger when the iron hail that filled the air cut off large limbs from these tall trees and hurled among us granite fragments whenever a heavy round shot struck and shattered some protruding boulder. But with all that fearful shelling the casualties in the Ninth were very few. The records

show we had but two men killed and five men wounded in this great battle.

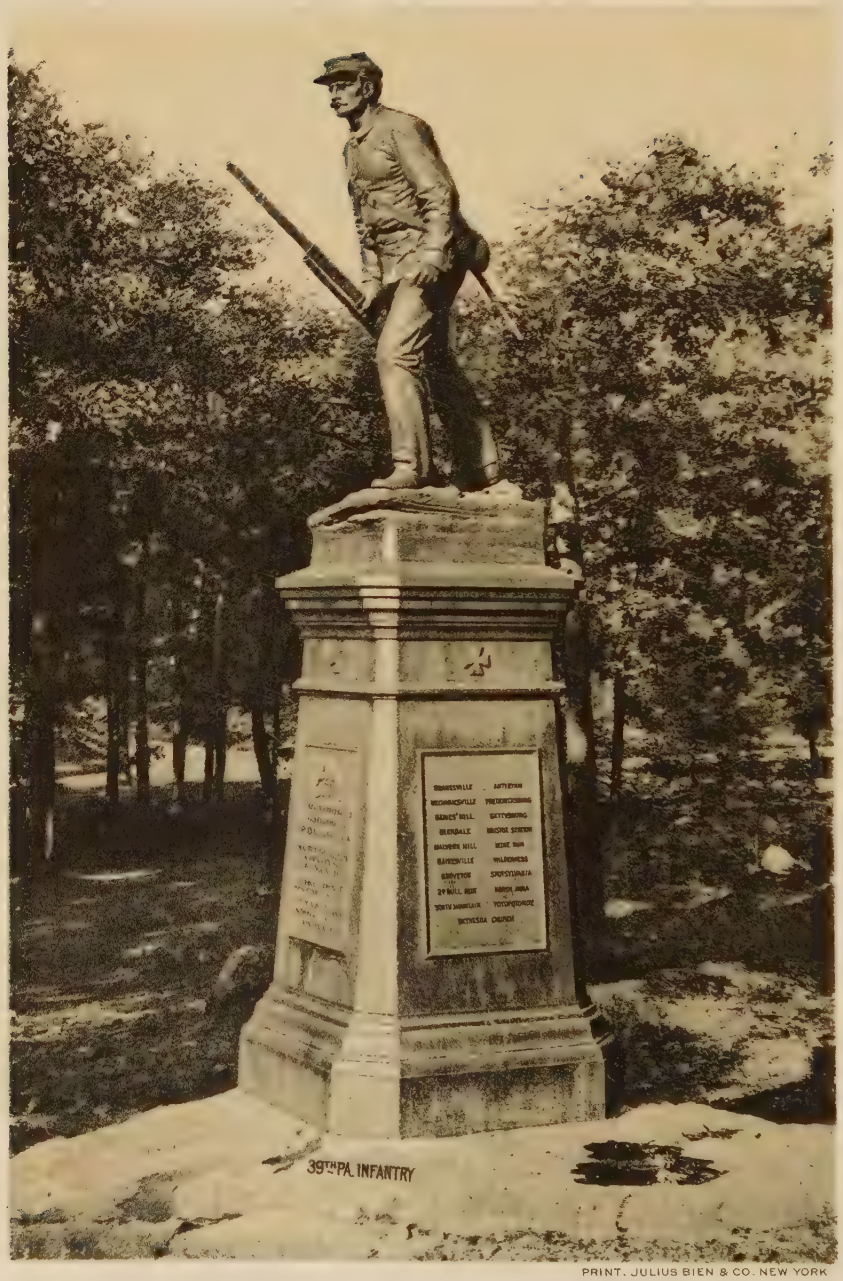
But the wounding of one of our comrades, one who but lately, "after life's fitful fever," has gone to his long rest, was an incident of that day which may have special mention. Here it was, right here, that brave and generous Sergeant McMunn of Company G, moved only by an impulse of pity for a suffering man, laying aside his gun and holding up his hand in token that he went only on a deed of peace and mercy, stepped out from the protection of our wall of stones, to carry to the parched lips of a sorely wounded foe, a cup of water. And while bending over the death-stricken body of the rebel soldier in this ministration of pity and compassion, a bullet from the rifle of some ruthless rebel sharpshooter hidden in the tree top crushed through his face. It was a most dastardly deed! But sudden and sure vengeance followed on the instant, and the rebel miscreant fell pierced by more than one ball from the sergeant's comrades of Company G.

The battle ended with the setting sun of that third day of mighty conflict and slaughter, and victory at last rested with the side which was contending for the righteous cause of our national unity and the perpetuation of that beneficent system of government which had been handed down to us, a precious legacy, by the patriotic fathers, the wise and far-seeing statesmen and sages of the old revolutionary times.

When the morning sunlight gilded these mountain heights and rugged rocks, and spread in splendor over all these blood-stained plains and ridges on that 4th of July, 1863, the ever-joyous anniversary of our nation's natal day, the nation's existence which had been ruthlessly threatened and imperiled by its Confederate enemies, was once more firmly established on its sure foundation, its underlying corner-stone, strong and enduring as this great rock of Round Top under whose shadow we now stand—that ever-living principle which appeals to the common sense of the common people among all races and in all times—the principle, namely, "of government of the people, by the people, for the people."

That, comrades, was the great stake for which we of the Union army battled here and on a hundred other glorious fields all over the Union's wide extended realm.

And may I not now, after the lapse of these many years, adopt the beautiful language of Edward Everett, the venerable and eloquent orator on the occasion of the dedication, a quarter of a century ago, of yonder National Cemetery to the sacred dust of the martyr heroes who gave up their lives, "that wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of that great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates *The Battle of Gettysburg.*"



PRINT. JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

39TH REGIMENT INFANTRY
(TENTH RESERVES)

SEPTEMBER 2, 1890

ADDRESS BY FIRST LIEUT. & ADJUTANT GEORGE W. McCRACKEN.

COMRADES and friends:—It is unnecessary for me to remark that the time, to which I am limited on this occasion, entirely precludes anything that could be fairly denominated history. The history of the Tenth Regiment would require a volume of several hundred pages. What I offer is a brief sketch of its organization, what might be called an itinerary of its campaigns, and a few statistics.

During the month of June, 1861, there assembled in the old "Fair Grounds," on Penn street, in Pittsburg (for the time-being called "Camp Wilkins") seven companies of young men, who had enrolled themselves, at as many different places, scattered over territory embraced in six of the counties of western Pennsylvania. Three others of the same make-up had, at the same time, come together at Camp Wright, at Hulton Station, about ten miles up the Allegheny river. On the 28th of June these companies were organized as a regiment of infantry. John S. McCalmont of Venango county, was colonel; James T. Kirk of Washington county, lieutenant-colonel, and Harrison Allen of Warren county, major. The organization was designated by the Governor of Pennsylvania, "The Tenth Regiment of Infantry of the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps." The Pennsylvania Reserve Corps was a military organization then being formed in pursuance of an act of the general assembly, approved May 15, 1861, and designed primarily for the defense of the State, but subject at any time to be called into the service of the United States.

To bring the regiment into one camp, the companies at Camp Wilkins, which were those known during their service as Companies, A, B, C, D, G, I and K, marched on the afternoon of July 1, to Camp Wright.

In Camp Wright, along with Colonel J. W. McLane's old Erie Regiment, and the Ninth and Eleventh regiments and Battery B, of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, the Tenth was exercised in drill and instructed in guard duty until the afternoon of July 18, when it marched aboard a train of twenty-one cars, and, after an all-night ride over the Pennsylvania railroad to Huntingdon, and thence over the Huntingdon and Broad Top railroad, landed at Hopewell, Bedford county, Pa., next morning.

In afternoon marched to Bloody Run, near Everett; next evening marched back to Hopewell; again took the cars; about midnight were bountifully fed by the good ladies of Huntingdon, and shortly after daylight, July 21, 1861 (day of battle of Bull Run), landed in Harrisburg, put up at Camp Curtin. That afternoon the regiment was mustered into the service

of the United States for the term of three years, being the first of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps so mustered. The mustering officer was lieutenant-colonel, afterward General T. W. Sherman, United States Army. On the afternoon of 22d, again marched aboard the cars, and next morning at an early hour arrived in Baltimore. Marched across the city with muskets loaded, and camped for a night at Mount Clare.

Late in the evening of July 24, the regiment embarked on a train of box cars, and in the night arrived at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station, in Washington. In and around the depot the men made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow until noon, then bivouacked for two nights on the Capitol grounds (then enclosed by a high fence), near the northeast corner of the Capitol building, and then camped a few days on the commons near Eastern Branch of Potomac. On the 5th of August, marched up Pennsylvania avenue and out through Georgetown to Tennallytown. The day was intensely hot, and probably more of the men suffered from exhaustion and the effects of heat on this short march (six or seven miles), than on any other day in the history of the regiment. At Camp Tennally the Tenth Regiment remained more than two months, occupied in drilling, guard and picket duties, building fortifications, being reviewed, etc.; included in this time, one week, August 13-20, was employed as advanced guard at Great Falls. The march to that place was made in a terrible down-pour of rain, the old turnpike being flooded in many places, some of them several feet in depth.

The entire Pennsylvania Reserve Corps was assembled at Tenallytown, General George A. McCall commanded the division, which was organized as three brigades, commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals John F. Reynolds, George G. Meade and Colonel John S. McCalmont. Colonel McCalmont continued in command of Third Brigade which was constituted of the Sixth, Ninth, Tenth and Twelfth regiments, until November 20, 1861, when Brigadier-General E. O. C. Ord was assigned to its command. Of this brigade the Tenth Regiment continued to be a part during its entire term of service.

October 9, 1861, the Pennsylvania Reserves crossed the Potomac, at Chain Bridge, and first trod the soil of Virginia, few of the boys dreaming how much they were to come in contact with that sacred article during the three years that were to follow. The division now encamped at Langley's, on the Old Georgetown and Leesburg pike, called their camp "Camp Pierpont," and occupied it just five months, engaged in drill, guard and picket duty, with occasional variety in the way of expeditions beyond the lines to obtain information of the enemy or gather forage. Sometimes these encountered similar parties of the enemy. Of these encounters the most important occurred at Dranesville, December 20, 1861. Ord's Brigade, that day, met a brigade of rebels commanded by the famous cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart, and in the engagement which followed, the enemy, consisting of the First Kentucky, Sixth South Carolina, Tenth Alabama and Eleventh Virginia regiments, were very decidedly worsted. General Stuart reported his loss as forty-three killed, one hundred and forty-three wounded and eight missing. The loss on our side was seven killed and sixty-one wounded. Of the Tenth Regiment only one platoon of Company B, and

the Pioneers under command of Captain Thomas McConnell were engaged, and they were so fortunate as to meet with no loss, though performing well a very important part, and occasioning great loss and demoralization to the enemy. This detachment was sent by Colonel McCalmont to observe and if opportunity offered attack the right flank of the enemy. It succeeded in getting possession of a washout or ravine in the thick pine woods, close up on the flank of the Eleventh Virginia and Tenth Alabama regiments, which were engaged with the Bucktails in their front, and at once opened a very destructive fire, which doubtless hastened the departure of those regiments from that part of the field.

On the 10th of March, 1862, participating in the general advance of the Army of the Potomac, the division moved out to Hunter's Mills; Centerville and the line of Bull Run having been abandoned by the rebels, the Pennsylvania Reserves were ordered to Alexandria, and marched to reach that destination by a circuitous route, over fields of mud, during a day of constant snow and rain. This march was always remembered as one of the times of unmitigated discomfort and exposure, in the experience of the regiment. The division halted near Fairfax Seminary, being assigned to the First Army Corps, of which Major-General Irvin McDowell was commander, and remained near Alexandria while the other corps were embarking for the Peninsula. The First Army Corps was originally composed of the divisions commanded by Generals Franklin, McCall and King. Franklin's Division was sent to Yorktown in April and became the First Division, Sixth Army Corps. April 10, the Third Brigade, Pennsylvania Reserves, marched by way of Fairfax Court House and Centerville, crossing Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, and arrived at Manassas on the 11th. The Tenth Regiment was assigned quarters in a rebel camp about a mile southeast of Manassas Station, but in a few days marched to Catlett's, where it endured nearly three weeks of extremely disagreeable weather, and on May 4, to Falmouth via Hartwood Church. Though out of season, some bee products and some turkeys were confiscated on this march, even the dignified colonel of the Tenth Regiment being said to have been implicated in the turkey business.

After a few days near Falmouth, the Tenth Regiment moved to the vicinity of Potomac Creek and fitted up a camp in very fine style, the other regiments of the brigade doing likewise. Heavy details were here employed in cutting and hauling timber, building bridges and repairing the railroad from Aquia Creek Landing on the Potomac to Fredericksburg and beyond. These, with drill, guard and picket, kept the men very fully employed. Here the brigade lost the leadership of General Ord, who was promoted to be a major-general and assigned to the command of a new division attached to the First Army Corps. Brigadier-General Truman Seymour was assigned to command the brigade, a change of commanders that was never appreciated by the command.

The Tenth Regiment also lost its honored chief. Colonel McCalmont's personal affairs rendered it imperative that he should resign, and much to the regret of both officers and men, he was mustered out of the service. Lieutenant-Colonel Kirk became colonel, and Captain A. J. Warner of Company G was promoted to lieutenant-colonel.

June 13th, the Tenth Regiment embarked on the Rappahannock river above Port Royal, on the steamer Thomas Jefferson and the schooner T. Raymond which was towed by the steamer. There was considerable novelty in the trip, occupying most of two days, down the Rappahannock, both steamer and schooner often finding the bottom of the river. On the morning of the 16th, the Tenth landed at White House, on the Pamunkey, and marched out the railroad, passing Tunstall's Station, just missing J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry in its famous raid around the Army of the Potomac. The Third Brigade was here temporarily reduced to three regiments, the Sixth Regiment being detached to guard the railroad. June 18th, the division marched from Dispatch Station up the north side of the Chickahominy, and passing Porter's Provisional Fifth Army Corps, at Gaines' Mill, took post as the advance of the right wing of the army, on Beaver Dam run, about a half mile east of the village of Mechanicsville, which village (entirely deserted by its inhabitants) was occupied by our pickets as their reserve post, and is only five miles from Richmond. The intrenchments and camps of the rebels were in plain view across the Chickahominy.

Some small earthworks were thrown up by the Third Brigade along the east bank of the Beaver dam, and the timber bordering that stream mostly cut down, the enemy meanwhile keeping us stirred up by an occasional shot or shell, which they could throw from their works beyond the Chickahominy entirely over our camps.

In the afternoon of June 26, the rebel divisions of D. H. Hill and A. P. Hill, having crossed the Chickahominy above and at Mechanicsville, capturing most of the pickets, appeared on the high ground west of the Beaver dam, and soon advanced furiously to attack our position. Our line was held by the First Brigade, General John F. Reynolds, on the right, on its left two companies, A and B of the Tenth, then the Twelfth Regiment completing the line to the Chickahominy flats, on our left. The other companies of the Tenth and Ninth regiments were in reserve, and the Second Brigade, General George G. Meade, held the line of the Chickahominy to left and rear. Archer's and Field's brigades of A. P. Hill's Division, attempted to carry the right of the line, and Ripley's and ———— brigades of D. H. Hill's, were hurled against our left. At every point they were most severely repulsed, the First North Carolina and Forty-fourth Georgia regiments of Ripley's Brigade meeting with losses exceeded in very few instances during the war. Official report gives loss of Forty-fourth Georgia as three hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded in this engagement. The whole rebel loss was one thousand three hundred and sixty-five killed and wounded, and that of the Pennsylvania Reserves, the only troops engaged on the Union side, was two hundred and fifty-six killed and wounded, and one hundred and five missing, the missing including the captured pickets. Next morning the division marched back about four miles, and rested behind the lines of Morell's Division at Gaines' Mill. The rebels, reinforced by Longstreet's Division and the three divisions under Jackson, followed the movement closely, and in the afternoon assailed Morell's and Sykes' positions in heavy force, bringing on one of the most stubbornly contested battles of the war. The regiments of the Third Brigade were sent into action separately, as their presence seemed to be

needed to support the hard-pressed front line. The Tenth, going to the assistance of Griffin's Brigade, took a gallant part in repulsing repeated assaults of Pender's, Gregg's and Anderson's brigades of A. P. Hill's Division, holding its ground until late in the evening, when, with ammunition exhausted and ranks sadly thinned, the whole line was forced to give way, before the overwhelming onslaught made upon it by Longstreet's, Jackson's and Whiting's divisions. The loss suffered by the Tenth Regiment at Gaines' Mill was numerically the greatest it ever sustained, although the percentage of loss out of number engaged was much greater at Manassas, and also at Fredericksburg, and was the heaviest of any regiment in the division except the Eleventh—being forty killed and one hundred severely wounded. During the night of the 27th Porter's command crossed the Chickahominy to Trent's Hill, where we remained during the following day. On the 29th, marched, passing Savage's Station and White Oak Swamp, to Charles City Cross Roads, called also Glendale, where, on the 30th, the Tenth Regiment was again engaged with the enemy, performed with entire success the difficult manoeuvre of making a left half wheel, under a heavy fire of artillery, and in the presence of an attacking column of infantry, and immediately charging, completely broke up the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment of Kemper's Brigade, capturing nearly half its number, and itself suffering very slight loss in doing so. But, a little later, by somebody's blunder or want of judgment, it was placed in an exposed and untenable position, where it suffered severe loss. Its loss this day was twenty-four killed and forty severely wounded. July 1, the division enjoyed the position of lookers-on at the battle of Malvern Hill, and at night led the army in its march to Harrison's Landing, on the James river. Here it rested, suffering from the heat of the weather and the badness of the water—all who were there doubtless remember vividly the pork-barrel wells that were dug, also the shelling by the "rebs" from the south side of the James, on the night of July 31. After the latter occurrence the Third Brigade was sent across the river, and spent a pleasant week at Coggin's Point, the old Edmund Ruffin plantation.

On the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from Harrison's Landing we embarked on a steamer, two regiments, Tenth and Seventh on one boat, landed at Aquia Creek August 19, and were at once transported by rail to Fredericksburg. Late in the evening of the 21st the division, now commanded by General John F. Reynolds, started out upon what tried to the utmost its powers of endurance—the march to Warrenton, to join the army of General Pope. We rested at Warrenton until afternoon of August 27, 1862, when departure was taken in haste by the old turnpike toward Bull Run and Centerville, the division again forming part of the First Army Corps—commanded by Major-General McDowell. We came in contact with the enemy on the morning of the 28th near Gainesville and again in the afternoon, and in the night made a long circuitous march nearly to Manassas and back nearly to the Henry House on the old battlefield of Bull Run.

On the 29th the Third Brigade especially was used as a detachment to feel for the enemy's position in front of the left of Pope's army and open communication with Fitz John Porter's command should it advance

upon the enemy. On the afternoon the Third Brigade with General G. K. Warren's Brigade of the Fifth Corps and McLean's Brigade of Sigel's Corps were the only infantry left on the south side of the pike, and bore the brunt of the overwhelming charge of Longstreet's whole corps. The loss suffered here by these brigades testify to the fact that they did all that men could do to hold their ground. The Tenth lost in this battle twenty-two killed or mortally wounded and about forty others wounded. The last day of the month was spent at Centerville, the division picketing along Cub run at night. September 1, we reached Chantilly late in the evening, and in an outpour of rain halted in support of Kearny's Division, in the engagement in which that dashing leader lost his life. Next day marched from Fairfax Court House to Arlington, where we rested until the night of the 6th during which we marched again, crossing Long Bridge, and through the city of Washington to Leesboro, Md. After here receiving some much-needed supplies, our march was continued northward, and on the evening of the 13th we bivouacked at the crossing of the Monocacy by the Frederick pike. Next day pushed forward through Frederick and Middletown, and in the afternoon took an active part in dislodging the enemy from his formidable position on South Mountain. At the foot of the mountain the division filed off to the right about a mile, and charging up the face of the ridge quickly dislodged the enemy, completely dispersing Rodes' Alabama Brigade. Loss in regiment, seven killed and thirteen wounded. Next morning followed the retreating rebels to the Antietam just beyond Keedysville.

After waiting until the evening of the 16th, the First Corps, which since leaving Washington had been commanded by General Joseph Hooker, moved up the creek a short distance, crossed by a stone bridge, pushed on to the Hagerstown and Sharpsburg pike, and Meade's Division being in advance, we got sharply into action with the enemy just before dark, and the opposing lines of battle passed the night only a few yards apart. The attack by Hooker's Corps was resumed at dawn on the 17th, King's Division going to the front, immediately followed by the Third Brigade of Meade's, and at once began the bloodiest forenoon's work of the war. Fortunately for the Tenth Regiment, the confidence of the corps commander either in its reliability or in the skill of its lieutenant-colonel, in a situation that might require the exercise of those qualities in unusual degree, was here the occasion of our escaping the very fiercest of the conflict. Just as it was entering the famous cornfield, Colonel Warner was ordered by an aide of General Hooker to move his regiment by the right flank across the turnpike, go as far to the right and front as possible, and watch the movements of the enemy. This duty it performed, itself suffering but little, except the very serious wounding of its gallant commander.

The regiment encamped near Sharpsburg until the 26th of October, on which day it marched to the summit of South Mountain at Crampton's Gap, a day and night of experience with mud and rain and fierce searching wind on the dreary mountain top. We crossed the Potomac again into Virginia, at Berlin, October 30, marched across Loudoun county by way of Lovettsville, Philomont, Union and Middleburg to White Plains and Warrenton, and sheep and hogs being numerous and in prime condition, we

fared as well as at any time during the service. The First Corps moved from Fayetteville near Warrenton, November 17, and next evening camped at Stafford Court House, soon moving again to Brooke's Station, and after some two weeks of extremely cold weather for so early in the season spent there, moved on the 6th of December to White Oak Church, from whence, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, we started for the Rappahannock, the Tenth being detailed to guard the laying of pontoon bridges at Franklin's Crossing, about two miles below Fredericksburg. The enemy's pickets were quickly driven from the opposite bank and two bridges soon completed. The Sixth Corps crossing on them during the afternoon, and the First Corps on the 12th; the latter corps moved down the river to Bernard's plantation, where it bivouacked. Nothing was visible on the morning of the 13th but a most remarkably dense fog. The division however moved out across the Bowling Green road finding there the skirmishers of the enemy. The lines of the First Corps, which was now commanded by General John F. Reynolds, were soon formed, the First Division on the left faced nearly east, the Third Division (Pennsylvania Reserves), General George G. Meade commanding, on its right fronting nearly to the south at almost a right angle with the First, faced the enemy's batteries and lines of infantry on the wooded hills beyond the railroad, the Second Division on its right extending in the same direction, and the Sixth Corps prolonged the line still farther to the right. The assault on the enemy's position was made by the Third Division, now consisting of the thirteen old regiments of Pennsylvania Reserves and two new regiments, the One hundred and twenty-first and One hundred and forty-second regiments Pennsylvania Volunteers, incorporated respectively in the First and Second Brigades. The First Brigade was deployed on the right, the Third on the left and the Second massed in rear of the center. The Tenth Regiment formed the extreme left of the line. It had only eight companies in line, Company B having been sent out as skirmishers down the Bowling Green road, where the cavalry skirmishers of the enemy had become troublesome, and Company D being provost guard of division.

About 2 o'clock they moved forward as steadily and in as complete order as though its ranks were not being plowed by shot and shell from the enemy's batteries. The distance to be traversed was about a half mile over a treeless plain, which was found to be crossed by fences bordered with briars, and a wide ditch about five feet deep with nearly perpendicular sides, and water and ice at the bottom, but these obstacles scarcely occasioned a break in the line as it swept on toward the enemy. After crossing the railroad the Tenth Regiment found itself exposed to a heavy cross-fire from the left as well as the fire in its front. In fact the left of our line had struck near the center of Archer's Brigade, and the right of that command overlapped our left, thus compelling the left of the Tenth to fall back to the railroad, which it held, engaging the enemy, and keeping silent a section of artillery posted about two hundred yards to its left and front. The right of the Third Brigade dislodged the Nineteenth Georgia Regiment forming the left of Archer's Brigade, almost annihilating it, and capturing its colors, and swinging forward to the left, widened the interval between it and the left of the First Brigade. This interval was at once

occupied by the Second Brigade, which, pushing directly forward, badly worsted the famed South Carolina Brigade of General Maxcy Gregg, and causing the death of General Gregg. The ground thus wrested from the enemy the division held for about two hours, repulsing all attempts of the enemy to retake it, until, after nearly half its numbers were killed or wounded and its ammunition entirely expended, it retired over the same ground it had made its advance, bringing back every one of its colors, and also several others taken from the enemy. The division entered the engagement with less than four thousand five hundred men and lost therein over two thousand killed, wounded and missing. The Tenth Regiment, out of about two hundred and fifty engaged, lost eleven killed, eighty-one wounded and forty-seven missing, as reported immediately after the battle; of the wounded, twelve died of their wounds. Although the Tenth did not penetrate the enemy's line as far as some of the other regiments, it held most determinedly a position that was all important to the safety of the whole division, and it was only by the greatest possible effort that the unemployed enemy on its left were held back from closing the gap in the rear of those who had advanced into the woods. As a military movement, for dash and gallantry in making the advance, for steadiness and determination in holding a position gained within the lines of an enemy much superior in numbers to the attacking force, and especially for the adhesiveness shown in retiring without assistance, and without loss of organization, from so exposed a situation, this charge of Meade's Division certainly compares creditably with anything recorded in history.

The division crossed back to the north side of the river on the night of the 15th of December, and after a few days moving about settled down in a camp among the sand hills near Belle Plain Landing, where it remained, with the exception of three days following January 23, 1863, during which it participated in the no way pleasant experience of "Burnside's Stuck in the Mud," until February 9, when it embarked on the Potomac, and next day landed at Alexandria, marched to Minor's Hill, and was employed in picketing in front of the fortifications of Washington, until April 20, when the Third Brigade moved into Washington, occupied barracks on East Capitol street, and up to the 1st of June was engaged in various duties pertaining to the Military District of Washington.

June 1, 1863, the Third Brigade marched to Upton's Hill, and thence, on the 25th, along with the First Brigade (the Second being left at Alexandria), set out to join the Army of the Potomac, coming up with it on the 28th at Ballinger's creek near Frederick, Md. The two brigades now became the Third Division, Fifth Army Corps, and so remained until expiration of their service. June 29, we marched to Liberty, on the 30th to Union Mills, Md., and on July 1, crossed into Pennsylvania, and were pushed on toward York, so far from Gettysburg that the sound of battle did not reach us at all, and we were entirely unaware of the desperate conflict going on, until late in the afternoon, when news was received that a battle was in progress and that General Reynolds had been killed. The news of the death of General Reynolds caused a universal feeling of sadness throughout the division, which had known him from the begin-

ning as brigade, division and corps commander, and all honored and respected him in the very fullest sense.

Late in the evening of July 1, the head of column of the Fifth Corps was turned toward Gettysburg, the Third Division passing through Hanover after dark. The weary march was until after midnight, when near the village of Bonneauville a halt was made, and the tired soldiers laid down and slept by the roadside until day, which came at a very early hour. After a hasty breakfast the corps was again on the march, and soon came in sight of the skirmishers of the enemy, who held possession of that road to the town of Gettysburg. We let them keep it, and filed to the left down a small stream until we reached the Baltimore turnpike, which we followed toward Gettysburg. After crossing Rock creek the Fifth Corps filed off the pike to the left, lay down and rested until about 5 o'clock in the evening, at which hour the sound of battle came loud from this part of the field. Quickly under arms the corps was soon in motion toward the sound, crossing the Taneytown road, we ascended the slope of Little Round Top, meeting many wounded from the battle which was fiercely raging beyond the hill.

The First and Second Divisions had preceded us, and the Third Brigade of each had been left to hold Little Round Top and drive the enemy from the rocky valley between the two hills, while the other brigades had passed on to the wooded broken ground and the wheat-field beyond.

A wonderful scene met the gaze of the Pennsylvania Reserves when they reached the crest of Little Round Top. It was near the close of what General Longstreet has denominated "the best two hours' fighting that ever took place on this planet." It was the moment just before exhaustion of the tremendous and desperate effort by the divisions of Hood, McLaws and Anderson, comprising thirteen brigades of the very flower of the rebel army, under the personal direction of Generals Lee and Longstreet, to crush the left wing of the Union army, and gain possession of Little Round Top. It should be remarked that the brigades of the rebel army at this time were just about one-third heavier than those of ours. The two being nearly equal in numbers, theirs was composed of thirty-eight infantry regiments and ours of fifty-one. So that while our brigades averaged about one thousand and five hundred men, theirs exceeded two thousand. In repelling this mighty assault there had been engaged the six brigades of the Third Corps, four brigades of First Division, Second Corps, and five brigades of the Fifth Corps.

When the Pennsylvania Reserves looked down the western slope of Little Round Top, the skirmishers of the enemy were almost at its foot and his somewhat broken and disordered but exultant lines not far in their rear. The First Brigade dashed down the slope, deploying as it went, drove back the skirmishers and nearest brigade of the enemy, and the mighty effort put forth to wring from the Union army the key to its position was over, and with it had passed the highest wave of the rebellion. From those two hours fighting—5 to 7 o'clock, July 2, 1863, may be dated the commencement of its ebb-tide. When the First Brigade charged down the slope of Little Round Top, the Third Brigade was sent to the left into the valley at the foot of the larger hill, the Ninth and Tenth regiments forming line

of battle perhaps over one hundred yards in rear of the position marked by the stone wall which they subsequently built and which is marked by their monuments, and the Fifth and Twelfth regiments dislodged part of Law's Alabama Brigade and occupied the summit of Big Round Top. At daylight next morning the Tenth Regiment advanced to the position now marked, and at once commenced and in surprisingly short time completed the construction of this wall; in pushing back the skirmishers of the enemy from this position, two men of the Tenth were killed and three wounded. The sharpshooters of the enemy, under cover of the rocks and trees, were very troublesome, but volunteers from the Tenth were ready to meet them, and they were very soon receiving as good as they sent. Major J. C. Rogers, commanding Fifth Texas immediately in our front, says in his report, "just before day on the morning of the 3d orders reached me that breastworks must be thrown up and the position held. During the day constant skirmishing was kept up with the enemy which resulted in the loss to us of many of our best scouts."

On the 5th of July the regiment marched in pursuit of the enemy, with whom we came up and skirmished on the 12th and 13th near St. James College and Williamsport, Md. The rebels having escaped across the Potomac, we marched back over South Mountain and on the 17th of July again crossed into Virginia at Berlin. Here Colonel Warner, who, though suffering from his wound received at Antietam to a degree that would have entirely disabled almost any other man, had up to this commanded the regiment, gave up the command to Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Knox. July 23, we reached Manassas Gap or Wapping Heights, where we advanced over the summit of the Blue Ridge in line of battle, but the enemy retired without causing us any loss. From the gap we marched to Warrenton (blackberries being all the provender in sight), then on down by Fayetteville to Rappahannock Station, where we rested until the 16th of September, when advance was made, the Fifth Corps locating beyond Culpeper, and again we took things easy in a very pleasant camp until the 10th of October. The rebel army then commenced a movement by way of Warrenton, toward our rear. We got into action with Hill's Corps at Bristoe on the 14th. The enemy in his eagerness to attack the Fifth Corps which was in a rather exposed position, exposed himself to the Second Corps, and lost heavily; two brigades, Cooke's and Kirkland's of Heth's Division, being almost annihilated and a battery captured. The Tenth Regiment here performed the duty of rear guard of the Fifth Corps, holding the enemy in check while the corps withdrew toward Manassas. Its loss was one killed and two wounded. We retired to Manassas, then returned to Bristoe after night, to assist the withdrawal of the Second Corps, then again passed Manassas, crossed Bull Run to Blackburn's Ford and next morning were at Centerville. In the advance which followed we marched by way of Bull Run battle-field and Greenwich to Warrenton Junction, where we halted from October 21 to November 7, when the Fifth and Sixth Corps advanced to Rappahannock Station, a brigade of the Sixth assaulting the enemy's entrenchments captured almost entire Hays' and Hoke's brigades of Early's Division, one thousand six hundred men with their arms, a battery and pontoon bridge.

Crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford we moved out to Mountain run, and occupied new and commodious quarters just built by Battle's Alabama Brigade, but left them on the morning of the 26th of November, on which day we crossed the Rapidan, at Culpeper Mine Ford, and bivouacked that night at the junction of the Germanna and Orange Plank roads; next day marched by old Plank road toward Orange Court House, and in the afternoon came up with Gregg's Cavalry Division engaged with the enemy at New Hope Church, and at once proceeded to take part, but, thanks to good luck or good dodging, none of the Tenth were seriously hurt.

Next day moved to the right to where the old Fredericksburg and Orange Court House turnpike crosses Mine Run. On the 29th remained in position, looked at rebs building works on their side of the run and worked some at same on ours. The morning of the 30th was extremely cold; moved very early about two miles to right, where Fifth and Sixth Corps massed and prepared to assault the enemy's works, but to the great satisfaction of everybody the order to attack was countermanded and we returned to the position of the previous day. December 1 continued to fortify, and so did the enemy. The Tenth was on the skirmish line, was relieved after dark and started to the rear by the old turnpike, recrossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford at daylight, and crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford and continuing on to Warrenton Junction, there built winter quarters and went to guarding the railroad. After changing several times, the Tenth finally was located, December 30, 1863, to pass the winter at Manassas. Divided into detachments to guard the railroad we were constantly annoyed by guerrillas, by whom at one time two men were wounded and captured, and two were killed April 15, 1864.

During the winter one hundred and twenty men of the regiment reenlisted, and were given furlough for thirty-five days. April 29, the Tenth Regiment bade final farewell to Manassas, and on the 30th crossed the Rappahannock, and joined the Fifth Corps near Stevensburg.

Very early in the morning of the 4th of May, the Fifth Corps (now including the First) set out for its last trip across the Rapidan, crossing it about noon at Germanna Ford, it pushed on to old Wilderness Tavern. Next morning Third Division started on by a cross road toward Parker's Store, but soon came up with the enemy, and after some skirmishing fell back nearly to the old tavern. On morning of 6th, pushed to the front on both sides of the turnpike, capturing a heavy line of skirmishers, until we found ourselves facing a line of earthworks and in a very exposed position. Here we held on, however, until evening, losing five killed and several severely wounded, among the latter very unfortunately being Colonel Ayer, and from this time Adjutant G. W. McCracken was virtually commander of the regiment. After dark moved at double-quick down the Germanna road to support Sixth Corps, which had been attacked and Seymour's and Shaler's brigades captured, but returned later in the morning, crossed Wilderness run and lay quiet until night.

Then the Fifth Corps pulled out, crossed the old Plank road, passing along the lines of the Second Corps lying in their entrenchments along the Brock road, passed the cavalry just at daylight at Todd's Tavern, and then commenced pushing back the enemy's cavalry, and clearing the road

of obstructions, which continued until we crossed the Ny river and found ourselves in the presence of and sharply engaged with Longstreet's Corps in front of Spotsylvania Court House. That evening, May 8, the Third Division, supported by the First, charged upon the enemy. We advanced through thick woods until dark, got into the enemy's line, engaged in numerous hand-to-hand encounters, and lost a good many men reported missing, most of whom doubtless were killed, as they were never heard from afterward. Those who were captured were very fortunate in being recaptured next day by the cavalry at Beaver Dam Station. The Tenth was engaged with the enemy every day and almost every night for a week, on this northwest side of Spotsylvania Court House; then during the rainy and exceedingly dark night of the 14th of May, moved around to the east and put in another week, but without being quite so constantly engaged. Loss in all these actions, twenty-five killed and sixty wounded. Pulling out to Guiney's Station on the 20th, we took the Richmond road, crossed the North Anna river at Jericho Mills on the 23d, and had a brisk fight, losing two killed. Next afternoon the division pushed down between the river and enemy and covered the crossing of the Ninth Corps. Next morning pushed forward still farther down the river, and during 25th and 26th confronted enemy's works—at a distance of two hundred to three hundred yards.

During night of 26th withdrew to north side of North Anna, and started down the river, crossed the Pamunkey at Hanover Ferry, and on the 29th pushed out to Totopotomoy creek where the Tenth skirmished with the enemy, being on picket line that night. Next forenoon were relieved by Ninth Corps, and, crossing the creek, we joined the division near the Mechanicsville road. Skirmishing was going on, and as soon as we came up we were ordered to the skirmish line to take the place of the Fifth Regiment which, armed with smooth-bore muskets, was unable to drive the enemy's skirmishers. The Tenth at once deployed and moved forward to the skirmish line where we found the Bucktails deployed to our right. The whole line was ordered forward, and forward it went driving before it a heavy line of rebel skirmishers, and followed by the division in line of battle which halted and threw up some slight breastworks near Bethesda Church. The skirmishers kept on for nearly a mile over open fields and then across a narrow swamp, when they found a line of earthworks facing them at not more than one hundred and fifty yards distance; over these works at once came the enemy in force; that the Tenth Regiment got out of that strip of woods, and back over open fields three hundred to four hundred yards wide, before any cover was reached, has always seemed a piece of wonderful good fortune. But it did so without having a man seriously hurt, and losing only two captured. The skirmishers rallied with their brigades, who had hastily thrown together some rails for breastworks, and the enemy, two brigades of Ewell's Corps, following them up, were received with a fire that almost annihilated them. One of these was the famed old Stonewall Brigade, its commander, Colonel J. B. Terrill, falling about one hundred yards in front of the Tenth Regiment. For destructiveness to the enemy, coupled with slight loss to ourselves, this engagement at Bethesda Church was very much like those at Dranesville and

Mechanicsville. The Tenth lost one man mortally wounded. This ended the services of the Tenth Regiment. Next morning it received the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTH ARMY CORPS, *May* 31, 1864.

"Special Orders No. ——.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"2. In issuing the order for the return of the Pennsylvania Reserves, whose term of service expires to-day, the general commanding begs leave to express to them his great satisfaction at their heroic conduct in this arduous campaign. As their commander he thanks them for their willing and efficient efforts, and congratulates them that their successful engagement of yesterday, closing their term of service and long list of battles bravely fought, is one they can ever remember with satisfaction and pride.

"By command of Major-General Warren.

"A. S. MARVIN, Jr., *A. A. G.*"

The total enrolment of the Tenth Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves was one thousand one hundred and sixty officers and men. Of these one hundred and sixty were killed in battle or died of wounds, thirty-one died of disease or accident, twenty-eight deserted or were dishonorably discharged, forty were transferred to cavalry or artillery service in the regular army or to the Veteran Reserve Corps, forty-two were discharged by order mostly to accept commissions in other organizations, two hundred and seventy-one were discharged for disability largely caused by wounds, two hundred and sixty-one were transferred to the One hundred and ninetieth and One hundred and ninety-first regiments Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, two full companies, I and K, of the One hundred and ninety-first being entirely composed of veterans and recruits of the Tenth Regiment, and three hundred and twenty-seven were mustered out at Pittsburg, June 11, 1864.

Of the two thousand and forty-seven regiments in the Union army during the rebellion the Tenth Regiment stands forty-fifth of those sustaining the greatest percentage of loss in battle to total enrolment, its loss in killed and mortally wounded being nearly fourteen per cent. of enrolment. And this loss was not (as was the case with some organizations suffering heavy losses) occasioned by any overwhelming disaster, but in every instance represented hard fighting in which the enemy had no particular advantage. In fact wherever there was marked advantage the enemy had far the worst of it. This was unmistakably true at Dranesville, at Mechanicsville, at South Mountain, and last but not least at Bethesda Church.

Of the forty-seven regiments of the Union army suffering the largest percentage of loss in killed and died of wounds, forty belonged to the Army of the Potomac; twelve of them to the First and Fifth Corps, and four of them being regiments of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. It is also worthy of remark that eleven of the forty-seven were Pennsylvania regiments.

The loss of the Tenth Regiment by disease was the smallest of any three-years' regiment in the entire army. In the Union Army according to statistics compiled by the War Department, the aggregate number of men enrolled was two million seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand three

hundred and three, and the aggregate number of deaths from all causes, three hundred and fifty-nine thousand five hundred and twenty-eight; nearly thirteen per cent. of total enrolment. Pennsylvania furnished three hundred and thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-six men, of whom there died from all causes, thirty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-three; less than ten per cent. The killed or mortally wounded of the entire army numbered one hundred and ten thousand and seventy; not quite four per cent. Pennsylvania troops lost in killed or mortally wounded, fifteen thousand two hundred and sixty-five; nearly four and a half per cent. Died of disease, entire army, two hundred and twenty-four thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, a little less than eight per cent.; of Pennsylvania soldiers, there died of disease, fifteen thousand nine hundred and one; about four and three-fourths per cent. Thus we see that while the loss of Pennsylvania soldiers by the missiles of the enemy was heavier in proportion to numbers than that of the whole army, their losses from disease were only about half the average. And in the case of the Pennsylvania Reserves this difference is still more marked. The loss in killed and mortally wounded in the thirteen infantry regiments of Pennsylvania Reserves was one thousand five hundred and ninety-three, a little more than ten per cent. of the whole enrolment of the division; while those who died of disease, including the unfortunates starved in Andersonville and other prison pens of the South, numbered seven hundred and fifty, or less than five per cent.—just reversing the common statement that in armies two men die of disease for every one killed in battle. But the experience of the Tenth Regiment was the most marked of all in this respect; the losses of the Tenth Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves in the twenty-two engagements in which it participated, were one hundred and sixty killed or mortally wounded out of the aggregate enrolment of one thousand one hundred and sixty, nearly fourteen per cent., while the deaths from disease, including those in southern prison pens, were only thirty-one, being less than two and three-fourths per cent. of the enrolment—or less than one-fifth as many died of disease as were killed in battle.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

40TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

(ELEVENTH RESERVES)

ADDRESS OF BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. M. JACKSON

THE battle of Chancellorsville had been fought and lost, and the Army of the Potomac, battered and broken, but not conquered, recrossed the Rappahannock and took up its old position on Stafford Heights, in the rear of Falmouth.

The southern press and people clamored for northern invasion, and even the rank and file of the Army of Northern Virginia joined in this general outcry.

PRINT. JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

This, together with the overflowing granaries and store-houses of Maryland and southern Pennsylvania, doubtless induced General Lee to undertake the campaign which proved so fatal to the Confederate cause.

Longstreet with his thirty thousand veterans was ordered up from North Carolina, and by the stimulus of invasion, conquest and plunder, the thinned ranks of the Confederate army were refilled, and General Lee with his boasted hundred thousand invincibles started on the memorable Gettysburg campaign.

He moved up the south bank of the Rappahannock river, whilst General Hooker, at the head of the Army of the Potomac, moved in a parallel line up the north bank, like two sparring pugilists, each watching for a favorable opportunity to strike the other.

This sparring continued until Lee struck the foot hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, through which he passed and placed this natural barrier between him and his foe. He then proceeded north along the western slope of the Blue Ridge, while Hooker moved leisurely along the eastern slope, keeping between the Confederate army and the city of Washington. Lee with is army crossed the Potomac river near Williamsport, Md., while Hooker crossed about twenty-five miles further south, at Edwards' Ferry. On reaching Maryland, the South Mountain range completely separated the two contending armies, and by guarding the few passes through this range, the movements of the one army was thoroughly hidden from the other.

Hooker concentrated the Army of the Potomac in the valley of the Monocacy, a few miles south of the city of Frederick. The Pennsylvania Reserve Division having been recalled from the Army of the Potomac early in 1863 to the defenses of Washington, was located at different points within the Washington department, except the Second Brigade which had been ordered to West Virginia.

The Eleventh Regiment, which I had the honor to command, was stationed at Vienna, Va., a small village some twenty-five miles south of Washington on the Leesburg and Alexandria railroad. Brigadier-General S. W. Crawford, a Pennsylvanian, but an old army veteran, had just been assigned to the command of the division, and under his order we broke camp on June 25, 1863, and started to join the Army of the Potomac.

We moved by way of Dranesville, Va., crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry and reached the camps of the army on the evening of June 26, the same day that General Hooker had been relieved, and General George G. Meade had been designated by the President as Commander of the Army of the Potomac.

Meade's appointment to this important command was received with much mistrust by many of the old officers and men of the army, as he was a comparative stranger to most of them, but well known to every officer and man in the Pennsylvania Reserves, having entered the service in 1861 as commander of the Second Brigade, and remaining with us as brigade and division commander through the Peninsular, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg campaigns.

True he had been in command of the Fifth Army Corps a short time, but had gained no particular notoriety in this position. The announcement

of his appointment was made just as we reached the outer camps of the army and our men shouted themselves hoarse over the welcome news.

Doubtless this demonstration on our part had something to do with the marching of our division through the camps of the army that evening, and I am satisfied that it created a feeling of confidence among the officers and men of the army, in the ability of the new commander.

After reaching our camp that evening, a number of the officers rode over to army headquarters to pay our respects to our old commander, and to congratulate him on his distinguished promotion.

We found him in close conference with Generals Reynolds, Hancock, Sedgwick and others. He seemed delighted in welcoming us back to the army. Thanked us for our congratulations, but said that he did not know whether he was a subject of congratulation or commiseration. He appeared anxious and showed that he fully realized the responsibility of his position. He said however that he had all confidence in the bravery of the officers and men of the army and felt assured that we would achieve a glorious victory in the coming conflict.

That, doubtless, was a sleepless night to the new commander, for before the sun rose the next morning the order directing the movements which culminated in the battle of Gettysburg had been prepared and sent out to all the subordinate commanders.

Our division was designated as the Third Division of the Fifth Army Corps, then under command of Major-General George Sykes. The orders directed the movements of the army from Frederick City in three columns. The left column under General Reynolds, consisting of the First, Third and Eleventh Corps, was to move by way of Emmitsburg direct to Gettysburg. The center column, consisting of the Second, Fifth and Twelfth corps, was to move in the direction of Hanover, Pa., and under the eye and immediate direction of the commanding general. The right column, consisting of the Sixth Corps under General John Sedgwick, was to move in the direction of Westminster, Md. Just before crossing the State line, which we did near Uniontown, Md., the commanding general issued a general order directing corps, division, brigade and regimental commanders, to address their troops on the importance of every man performing his whole duty in the coming conflict, that an expectant nation was looking to the Army of the Potomac to drive the ruthless invaders from the free soil of Pennsylvania, and keep the scene of war away from northern homes.

On the receipt of this order General Crawford called together his brigade and regimental commanders, and here, for the first time, I made the acquaintance of the lately appointed regimental commanders of the division.

The brigade commanders were William McCandless of the Second Regiment and Joseph W. Fisher of the Fifth, both of whom have gained some civil notoriety since the war, both having served as State Senators. McCandless as Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania and Fisher as Chief-Justice of the Territory of Wyoming.

The regimental commanders were as follows: First Regiment, Colonel W. Cooper Talley; Second Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel P. McDonough; Fifth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel George Dare, afterwards killed in the battle of the Wilderness; Sixth Regiment, Colonel A. J. Warner; Eleventh Regi-

ment, commanded by myself; Twelfth Regiment, Colonel M. D. Hardin, now on the retired list of the regular army as brigadier-general; Thirteenth, or Bucktails, Colonel Charles F. Taylor (brother of the renowned Bayard Taylor), who was killed three days later leading his regiment in the memorable charge from Little Round Top.

General Crawford read to us this late order of the commanding general and urged upon us the necessity of arousing our men to a full sense of their duty, to exert their every effort in the protection of their homes and firesides, since they were now on the soil of their native State. Colonel Fisher, our brigade commander, always anxious for an opportunity to make a speech, called out the brigade and gave us a most excellent and eloquent talk, which seemed to arouse the men very much at the time, but the long night march before reaching Gettysburg took much of the spasmodic patriotism out of the boys.

On the morning of July 1, 1863, we left our camp about 5 o'clock and moved rapidly in the direction of Hanover which point we reached about 5 p. m. During the afternoon we heard heavy firing toward our left and thereby knew that General Reynolds had struck the enemy. Just before reaching Hanover we passed over the ground where Kilpatrick had defeated the Confederate cavalry the day before. The field showed all the marks of a well-contested battle, being strewn over with dead horses, broken caissons and sabers, and the accommpanying *debris* of a battle-field.

On reaching Hanover town the head of the column turned square to the left and moved forward rapidly in the direction of Gettysburg. We all knew from this that the concentration of the army was to take place on General Reynolds' column, which we supposed at this time was in the neighborhood of Gettysburg. Darkness came on, yet no signs of a halt appeared; on the contrary, the word passed back along the line "keep well closed up and press forward."

The men became tired, footsore and cross; midnight passed, 1 o'clock passed, but they longed in vain for the order to halt. Many an exhausted soldier dropped out of the ranks, still the order "press forward." Finally after passing the village of McSherrystown, Pa., the head of the column turned into a meadow on our right and the weary men were directed to lay down and rest. Poor fellows, they had hardly touched the ground till they were fast asleep, the last sleep on earth for many of them.

We were called up just as the sun began to crimson the eastern sky and moved out in the direction of Gettysburg with the same old order, "press forward." As the head of my regiment filed out on the road, General Crawford, who had just mounted his horse, called me to him and informed me that General Reynolds had been killed in an engagement near Gettysburg the evening before. He told me not to let the men know it, saying it was a hard blow on the army and country just at this particular crisis.

After marching a few miles we were halted and the men were allowed to make coffee. We were then moved forward to the rear and east of Big Round Top where we were halted and ammunition issued to the men. The undisturbed quietness in our front was painful, for we all well knew that the giants were stripping for the contest, and that the movements for positions were now going on. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a single gun was

fired in the direction of and beyond Big Round Top; this was followed by the sharp rattle of musketry and the heavy booming of artillery. Very soon aides and orderlies began to gallop in all directions. One soon found his way to division headquarters when General Crawford and his staff quickly mounted and the order was passed along to fall in.

We moved in the rear and east of the Round Tops, filed to the left and crossed the ridge between Little Round Top and the Cemetery. We were then moved to the left and took position on the western slope of Little Round Top, massed in a battalion front with the Third Brigade leading. This formation placed my regiment in the rear of the brigade. We remained in this position but a short time when the firing became very heavy on our left and in the direction of Big Round Top, when a staff officer rode up and directed Colonel Fisher to move his brigade in that direction and aid Colonel Vincent's Brigade in holding that important position. In obedience to this order the brigade commenced filing out from the head of the column, first the Twelfth Regiment, next the Fifth, and then the Tenth which unmasked the right of my regiment. While these movements were going on the battle in our front became terrific and very soon we could see that our troops were being driven back. At this moment, and just as I was about to move off to the left with my regiment, Major Speer of the division staff, rode up and said, "Colonel Jackson, General Crawford directs that you remain in position and hold this hill at all hazards."

In obedience to this order I faced my regiment to the front and moved forward to the position just vacated by the Twelfth Regiment, and ordered the men to lie down and withhold their fire until I would give the command. This very trying order was most heroically obeyed as we were wholly exposed to the galling fire of the enemy from the direction of Devil's Den, and quite a number of my officers and men were here killed and wounded. Our position gave us a complete view of much of the day's battle-field, including the wheat-field and part of the peach orchard beyond, together with the woods on the right and left of the wheat-field and the greater portion of Devil's Den, that stronghold so tenaciously held by the foe.

A discouraging, yet sublime view it was about 6 o'clock, that hot July afternoon. The enemy forcing back foot by foot the struggling heroes of the Third Corps and the First Division of the Fifth Corps, down through the wheat-field and the woods on the right and left of the wheat-field, while the artillery to our right and left were playing upon them with shot and shell. Still on they came, a seeming irresistible mass of living gray. The First Ohio Battery, commanded by a German captain, had gone into action on my left-front, and when it seemed that nothing could stop the onward progress of the enemy, this gallant officer became very much exercised over the safety of his guns and loudly announced that he would be compelled to limber to the rear to save his pieces from capture. I told him to double-shot his guns, hold his position, and we would see to their safety.

The boys along the line of the regiment hearing this colloquy between the German captain and myself, holloed out, "Stand by your guns, Dutchy, and we will stand by you." This seemed to put new confidence in the cap-

tain, who returned to his guns and served them most heroically, inflicting frightful execution upon the foe, as he poured the shot and shell into their very faces.

All this time my regiment remained quiet and motionless save in carrying back our killed and wounded. The men hugged the ground closely, which, by the help of a scrubby growth of pine which stood along the western slope of the hill, screened them pretty effectually from the enemy's view. The smoke by this time had literally filled the valley in our front, and it was almost impossible to even see the troops. It was a trying moment. We could with difficulty see a column commencing to ascend the slope, but could not tell whether it was our troops retreating, or the enemy advancing. Finally two men came up the hill and as they approached us, I inquired if the front was clear of our men. They replied, "Yes; those fellows (pointing to the line moving up the hill a few rods in our front) are Johnnies." I immediately gave the command to fire, which was obeyed with alacrity, and we poured a terrible volley into the very faces of the enemy. This evidently was a surprise, for they faltered in the onward march and began to collect in groups. Their galling fire, however, was kept up on our line, particularly from Devil's Den, and I soon realized the fact that the only way to hold the hill was to charge forward. Therefore, I gave the command to fix bayonets and charge. This order was obeyed with a will and, with that familiar yell peculiar to the Pennsylvania Reserves, we rushed upon the foe with a determination to either drive the invaders back or sacrifice ourselves on our native soil. Our fondest hopes were realized. The tide was turned, the enemy broke and fell back in much disorder.

As we neared the swamp or run, about midway between Little Round Top and the wheat-field, I noticed troops deploying to my right and left and observing the well known Bucktails rushing up in line with us on our left, I was assured that the regiments of the First Brigade which had been laying in rear of us on Little Round Top, had joined us in the charge. On nearing the wheat-field fence, General Crawford rode up to the rear of my line with hat in hand and complimented the regiment in the most extravagant terms, saying, "Colonel Jackson, you have saved the day, your regiment is worth its weight in gold; its weight in gold, sir." He directed me to establish my line at the edge of the wheat-field and have temporary works thrown up at once.

In locating my line, I discovered that the Bucktails and First regiments were on my left, and the Second and Sixth on my right. This formation placed my regiment in the center of the First Brigade, which position we occupied during the remaining days of the battle.

Just as darkness was closing around us, an officer rode up in rear of my line and asked "what command is this." On telling him that it was the Pennsylvania Reserves, he replied that Pennsylvania would support us, that he was Colonel Collier of the One hundred and thirty-ninth Pennsylvania, and that his regiment was directly in our rear and would gladly take our place if needed. On looking back I beheld the mountain side and away toward Cemetery Ridge, literally covered with troops. The colonel said that was a division of the Sixth Corps, which had just arrived on the field. This was the first intimation I had that the Sixth Corps had got

up, and it was comforting indeed to know that such a grand body of true and tried troops were on the ground. This fact in itself assured to us the victory.

The position taken at the wheat-field was held throughout the night and next day until after Pickett's repulse on Cemetery Ridge, when General Meade rode over to the left and directed Colonel McCandless to drive the enemy from the woods to the left of the wheat-field, which he did by moving his brigade in line to near the top of the hill in the wheat-field, when he ordered a left-half wheel and charged up through the woods at a double-quick, yelling lustily as we advanced. This forced the enemy to abandon their stronghold at Devil's Den, and as we reached the open ground extending out to and beyond the Emmitsburg road, we saw a large body of the enemy moving by flank at a double-quick, far off to our left, hastening to gain their forces in our front beyond the Emmitsburg road.

Here we remained through the night, and very early on the morning of the 4th a terrific rain storm set in which continued the greater portion of the day. Along in the afternoon the Sixth Corps was moved out to feel the enemy, but beyond a light skirmish line which they quickly dislodged, they met no opposition. We were then moved back to near the wheat-field from whence we started the evening before, where rations and ammunition were issued to the men.

Thus ended the battle of Gettysburg. The foe was conquered and we stood victorious on the field. The record of which shall ever illumine the pages of American history, as the greatest battle, both in results and casualties in proportion to the troops engaged, ever fought on the American continent.

ADDRESS OF BREVET MAJOR H. K. SLOAN

THE Pennsylvania Reserve Corps originally consisted of twelve regiments infantry, one regiment rifles (Bucktails), one regiment cavalry and one regiment artillery, in all fifteen regiments, fifteen thousand eight hundred enlisted men, field, staff and line.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, the division was ordered back to defenses of Washington, D. C. The Third Brigade at Minor's Hill. The Eleventh Regiment was ordered from this position to Vienna, Va., and lay there until the movement culminating in the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, commenced.

Two brigades, the First, under command of Colonel McCandless, consisting of Bucktails (First Rifles), First, Second and Sixth infantry regiments. The Third under command of Colonel Fisher, consisting of Twelfth, Fifth [Ninth], Tenth and Eleventh infantry regiments. The Second Brigade, consisting of [Third], Fourth, Seventh and Eighth regiments, were detached from the division. At battle of Gettysburg the First and Third brigades formed the Third Division, Fifth Army Corps, under command of General S. W. Crawford, the Fifth Army Corps commanded by General Sykes.

The Eleventh Regiment was at Uniontown, Md., on the morning of July 1, 1863. Lieutenant-Colonel D. S. Porter, by command of Colonel S. M.

Jackson, colonel commanding regiment, moved out of bivouac at 5 o'clock a. m., with a portion of our regiment (Companies "A," "B," and I think other companies but cannot remember number) as a guard for wagon-trains, etc. This detail marched with the train until toward sunset, when the news was received that the advance of our army was engaged with the enemy at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and we were ordered to rejoin our commands. The trains were ordered to Westminster. We rejoined our regiment and marched steadily until 10 or 11 o'clock in the night, when all were tired, sleepy, cross and inquiries were made with all the emphasis tired, hungry and sleepy soldiers could, "When will the officers halt," etc.—cheering was heard on the road upon which we were marching, in advance of us, on other roads running parallel to our road, and the boys wondered what those fools were yelling for. The cheering came nearer and nearer, increasing in volume, and finally some one at the side of the road called out, "Boys, General McClellan is in command," and then for the time being, empty stomachs, sleep and fatigue were all forgotten, and we joined madly in the cheers.

Predictions were freely offered that we were going to whip the enemy, aye destroy their army, etc. This news helped us along on the weary march until about 1 o'clock of the morning of the 2d of July, when tired nature asserted its power and men fell out of ranks, even the strongest and most energetic gave out and fell into the ditch by the roadside, and lay there. This weary and almost intolerable march was continued until 3 o'clock of the morning of the 2d, when, just after passing through the village of McSherrystown, Pennsylvania, the regiment, having been twenty-three hours on the march was turned into what seemed a meadow, on the right-hand side of the road, we laid down and slept—were awakened at 5 o'clock, having had about two hours sleep and rest, and found we were laying in a swamp. The coarse swamp grass had served us for a bed, a softer bed I do not believe was ever given human beings—being composed largely of water. Immediately on being awakened at 5 o'clock a. m., on the morning of July 2, 1863, the regiment, being the left of the brigade, moved out into the road, and after marching some two or three miles was halted and leave given to make coffee and get breakfast. We were given about thirty minutes to do this—then the march for Gettysburg began in good earnest. I do not know exactly when our brigade struck the Baltimore pike, but I remember marching along the Baltimore pike some distance before we filed off. The point at which we marched off the Baltimore pike was, I think, at what is known as the White Church, at which point, whilst marching on the pike to Gettysburg, we filed off the pike and marched along a country road for a distance of about one mile, when we were marched into a field on right-hand side of road looking towards Gettysburg, we lay here until about 3.30 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when orders were received to advance (I do not know where the First Brigade of our division was at this time). Our brigade marched along the same road we had entered on leaving the Baltimore pike, passed the rear of Big Round Top and passed up onto Little Round Top, when the brigade was formed *en masse* battalion front. We were then moved to the right-front of Little Round Top and formed at the foot of the hill towards Gettys-

burg. This formation for some reason was not satisfactory and we were marched back onto the hill close to the artillery on the top of the hill. The brigade remained there a short time preserving the same formation, viz: *en masse* battalion or regimental front; after a very short interval an officer rode up and directed the brigade to move over and retake Big Round Top, that the enemy had or were about to obtain possession of that hill. The brigade in obedience to this order was moved rapidly, commencing on the right. The Twelfth marched around our right and rear—as soon as the Twelfth had unmasked the Fifth, that regiment marched and the Tenth followed—as soon as the Tenth unmasked our regiment, Colonel Jackson gave the command, "Shoulder arms, right face." At this instant an officer rode up, gave the compliments of some general with directions that he halt his regiment and hold the hill at all hazards until reinforcements could be got up. Colonel Jackson, in obedience to this order, gave the regiment the order, "front, forward march," and we marched in line of battle to the position which had been held by the Twelfth in our brigade formation, on the slope of the hill looking towards the wheat-field, and woods to right of wheat-field. The Devil's Den, and woods to left of wheat-field, were also in plain view of the position thus taken, and also in direct line of the enemy's fire from Devil's Den. I am positive that at this time the Eleventh Regiment, containing about four hundred men and officers, was the only infantry on this part of Little Round Top. This regiment was all of the Third Brigade that engaged in the action from Little Round Top. The other regiments, viz: Twelfth, Fifth and Tenth regiments having been sent to Big Round Top, as already stated.

When the regiments reached the position vacated by the Twelfth Colonel Jackson ordered a halt and directed the men to lay down, and further ordered the men not to fire under any circumstances until the command to open fire should be given by him. This order was obeyed to the letter, although the regiment suffered severely from the enemy's fire, directed at it from Devil's Den, yet the men bore it with quiet bravery and with a firm determination to hold the hill in the face of all obstacles and all dangers.

Matters looked gloomy at 6 o'clock or thereabouts on that hot afternoon of July 2, the enemy driving our forces in our front, a reported taking by them of Big Round Top.

The peach orchard in possession of the enemy, the wheat-field and the woods around it and in view of the Devil's Den all in their possession and all completely filled with their troops—infantry and artillery, and the valley in front and right and left-front of Little Round Top filled with smoke, hiding from the view of the few anxious watchers on Little Round Top, the struggling, suffering and dying combatants below in the valley of the shadow of death.

The enemy's hosts seemed innumerable and unconquerable, and what of the little band of infantry and artillery on Little Round Top? They rested in quietness awaiting the order they knew must soon come; removing their dead and wounded quietly and in silence, and finally the regulars were driven past the base of the hill, but what wonderful bravery did they display! retreat whilst loading—about-face and deliver a fire in the face

of the enemy. This was grand and inspiring; finally two men came up the hill—Colonel Jackson asked, "How many of our people are down there?" They replied, "not one. Those people you see coming up the hill are 'Johnnies,'" Colonel Jackson then gave the order "Fire." It was obeyed and some three or four rounds were fired when Colonel Jackson gave the order, "Fix bayonets—charge," etc. This order was obeyed. Allow me to remark just here—that I was near Colonel Jackson when he received the order to hold the hill at all hazards. I was also near him when he gave the order to fix bayonets and charge. I would certainly have seen any officer giving him the order, and as certainly have heard such an order if it had been given to him by any one. There were no orders given him and therefore am I positive in my belief, and deliberate in my statement, when I say, that Colonel Jackson alone determined the action of his regiment, and of his own motion and as the only possible way to hold that hill until reinforcements could be got up, gave his order to fix bayonets and charge. The charge was made down the hill through the smoke across the valley of death to the fence at the wheat-field and in front of woods to the right of the road and to the right of the wheat-field. After our regiment reached this position, hearing cheering in our rear, I turned, looked back, and the Bucktails, that grandest of regiments, composed of men who were bravest among the brave, were coming on a double-quick. With them came the First, Second and Sixth regiments, the First Brigade of our division, and as they came up they formed line of battle on the right and left of our regiment as follows: The Bucktails and First regiments on our left covering the wheat-field and extending over towards Devil's Den, the Sixth and Second regiments on our right extending along the stone fence in front of woods on our right. (This is as nearly as I can fix the formation of First Brigade and our regiment; our regiment being, as nearly as I can remember, in the center of this line of battle.) General Crawford, division commander, then rode up and speaking to Colonel Jackson said, "Colonel Jackson, your regiment is worth its weight in gold, worth its weight in gold, sir." This the general repeated three or four times. This was a compliment and all felt proud and were glad we were there.

The line of battle remained in same position along the stone fence until the afternoon of 3d of July, when, after the repulse of Pickett's charge, General Meade came over to Little Round Top and ordered our line to go over and see how many people the enemy had in the woods at the head of the wheat-field. The enemy had a battery beyond the woods and when we moved over the stone fence into the woods this battery opened a close and galling fire. The Sixth Regiment was deployed as skirmishers with orders to silence that battery, and the line of battle, consisting of Second, Eleventh, Bucktails and First regiments, moved diagonally across the wheat-field and just entered the woods beyond it, when the order was given to open fire. This was done, and after a few volleys (the Sixth having in the meantime silenced the battery) Colonel McCandless commanding the First Brigade gave the order "by the rear rank right-about face, right-turn, march." This movement when completed threw us on the enemy's right flank, and we drove them in great disorder. The pris-

oners stated they had six thousand men in their line, whilst we had scarcely fifteen hundred men. On we went and finally the recall was sounded, a mistake as we afterwards learned, as no order of that kind was either given or thought of. The fruit of this day's movements was all of the enemy's dead on that part of the field, about six thousand stand of arms and a number of prisoners. We lay in the edge of the woods the night of the 3d. The enemy's dead in the field were just at edge of woods, on the Rose farm. I do not know exactly the point we reached this evening before the mistake was made withdrawing us from the position we had won, but in my opinion it was considerably in advance of the Rose farm. During the night of the 3d a cold rain set in and on the morning of the 4th of July, 1863, we were withdrawn from our position near Rose's house to the position at the stone fence front of wheat-field and woods occupied by us prior to our charge on 3d. Shortly after being so withdrawn ammunition was issued and we were informed that there would be a general advance made by the whole army, but the rain was falling, literally in sheets of water, and we were afterwards told that the advance had been abandoned by reason of the severity of the rain, and so ended the battle of Gettysburg, so far as our regiment was concerned. In view of the statements heretofore given I feel that I can safely assert:

First. That Colonel Jackson with his regiment, the Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserves, and the artillery held that part of Little Round Top on the afternoon of the 2d of July, 1863, at the supreme crisis of the battle.

Second. That Colonel Jackson assumed all the responsibility of issuing the order to his regiment and did make the charge successfully, driving back the enemy which had defeated the Third Army Corps and two divisions and one brigade (the First and Second divisions, Second Brigade Third Division) of the Fifth Army Corps, and this with a force of less than four hundred men.

Third. That the First Brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps did not reach the position in the front of the wheat-field and woods until some time after it had been occupied by the Eleventh Regiment under command of Colonel Jackson.

Fourth. General Crawford was not seen by our regiment until after the First Brigade had come up and formed line of battle on the right and left of the Eleventh Regiment in the manner of formation heretofore given.

Fifth. And that when General Crawford did join the line of battle, he gave the credit for leading the charge to the Eleventh Regiment, and did compliment Colonel Jackson as above stated on the wonderful results attained by the charge made by his regiment under his orders.

Sixth. At that time no man dreamed that the action of the Eleventh in leading the charge on that day and saving the day to the Union army would ever be belittled or ignored, both of which has been done.

The above hasty and very brief statement has been written with a view of comparing notes and arranging the evidence relative to the duty performed by the Eleventh Regiment Pennsylvania Reserve Corps at the battle of Gettysburg—specially so as to the evening of July 2, 1863—and is written solely with a view to obtain justice for a regiment that always performed its duty, whether in camp, on the march, or on the field of

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

battle. Other regiments were as good, but none better; and now when more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the organization of this regiment, it is meet and proper that the survivors should gather the testimony and show that this regiment did its duty. Otherwise history will record that—it was organized, mustered into the service, served three years and was mustered out. This won't do—we must brighten our memories, refer to our diaries, look up and write up our history, and demand that the truth be told of us and justice be done to our dead and to the survivors of our regiment.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

41ST REGIMENT INFANTRY

(TWELFTH RESERVES)

ADDRESS OF BRIG.-GEN. M. D. HARDIN

THE Gettysburg campaign, on the Union side, began with the battle of Brandy Station, one of the results of which was the knowledge that Lee's army was moving northwestwardly. This action was the most important, as well as the most severe, the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac had fought. By it the Union cavalry not only developed the Confederate plan of campaign, but also learned its equality with the enemy's cavalry.

As soon as General Hooker received certain information that Lee had extended his army from Fredericksburg to the Shenandoah Valley, he proposed to General Halleck to attack Lee's rear at Fredericksburg. This movement was disapproved. Hooker then gave orders preparatory to meeting Lee's army in its northwestward movement. There was some delay due to instructions from General Halleck, but in a few days the Union army moved between the Confederate army and Washington, with the main body of its cavalry on its left (west) flank. The cavalry covered the Union army most thoroughly, it never performed its duty toward that army in a more scientific (military) manner. The fighting about Aldie, Upperville and Middleburg, Va., was admitted by the Confederates to have been the best the Union cavalry had ever done, except at Brandy Station (Beverly Ford). The cavalry was supported by a small infantry force both at Brandy Station (Beverly Ford) and in the region about Middleburg. The German officer Major Von Borcke, and others, state that Stuart's Confederate cavalry was never more numerous (Von Borcke estimated it at twelve thousand and twenty-four guns), and never in better condition. Considering this, we can then better appreciate the fine work done by the Union cavalry in this advance northward. The Confederate cavalry considerably outnumbered the Union up to the time that General Stahel's Cavalry Division, from the defenses of Washington, joined the Army. The Army of the Potomac moved slowly northwestward, crossed the Potomac,

June 26-27. Lee's main army had crossed this river at or near Williamsport, Md., June 23-24. When Hooker reached the vicinity of Washington his army had been much reduced by expirations of terms of service (Hooker said about forty thousand). He now learned that there was a large number of troops (about thirty-seven thousand) in the defenses of Washinton. Inasmuch as the Army of the Potomac now covered Washington, he requested that some of these troops be sent to reinforce his army. He was authorized to take Stahel's Division of Cavalry and the Pennsylvania Reserve Division of Infantry. He ordered the Pennsylvania Reserve Division (June 24) to join his army.

When the Reserves heard that Lee again threatened to invade Maryland and possibly Pennsylvania, officers and men began to take on the military air which had been somewhat put aside after Fredericksburg, and talk of applying to rejoin their comrades of the Army of the Potomac on their march northward became prevalent. This went so far, in one case at least, as to be put in the form of a written petition. Whatever the form, the feeling of the command, from drummer boy to chaplain, was to take another turn at the "Johnnies"—to go in for a fight—if Lee's army went as far north as Pennsylvania.

June 24, 1863, the Twelfth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Gustin commanding, formed a part of the Third Brigade; Colonel Fisher commanded the brigade and General Crawford the Reserve Division. The Third Brigade, consisting of the Fifth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Dare; Tenth, Colonel Warner; Ninth, Colonel Anderson; Eleventh, Colonel Jackson, and Twelfth, Lieutenant-Colonel Gustin, was in camp at Minor's Hill, Virginia. The First Brigade, Colonel McCandless commanding, consisting of the First Rifles (Bucktails), First, Second and Sixth Regiments, was in camp at Fairfax Court House. Second Brigade, Colonel Sickel commanding, consisting of Third, Fourth, Seventh and Eighth regiments, was on provost duty in Alexandria, Va. In accordance with instructions from General Hooker, General Crawford ordered the three brigades of the Pennsylvania Reserve Division to march on the 25th. The First and Third brigades moved accordingly, but the Second Brigade was detained by General Slough, Military Governor of Alexandria. He thought a veteran brigade necessary to keep convalescents in camp! In violation of all military principles (and it might possibly me said in violation of patriotic motives) he retained this splendid body of veterans against their will and in disobedience of General Hooker's orders. However, he was sustained by the action of the military coterie which surrounded our noble President. This coterie never forgave Hooker for his first dispatch upon assuming command of the Army of the Potomac, namely, requesting that General Stone be made his chief-of-staff. Not only did this coterie refuse to entertain General Hooker's charges against General Slough, but it refused him control of the large force at Maryland Heights, and ultimately forced him to throw up the command of the army.

The Twelfth Regiment moved with the Third Brigade, in a rain storm, on the 26th, marching to Goose Creek, Va. The division had been delayed two days waiting for transportation. The First Brigade joined the Third *en route*, the two brigades, about three thousand four hundred and seven-

teen strong, camping together at Goose Creek. On the 27th the division moved at daylight, marched along the Leesburg turnpike. It was much delayed by the trains of the Army of the Potomac, and by its own train. General Crawford telegraphed General Meade commanding the Fifth Corps as follows:

"ON THE MONOCACY, *June 27, 4.15 p. m.*

"GENERAL: I have received orders from headquarters Army of the Potomac to join your corps; I am on my way and just in from the rear; to-night I will encamp above the mouth of the Monocacy, as I find my train, which is entirely new, cannot go farther; have two brigades; Second detached at Alexandria. If I receive no instructions to the contrary, I shall move at daylight, to overtake, if possible, your command."

The division crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry on pontoon bridge, and camped at night at mouth of the Monocacy. Colonel Hardin, of Twelfth, joined *en route*. "Sunday, 28th, clear and pleasant, moved at daylight and soon crossed the aqueduct of Chesapeake and Ohio canal at the Monocacy, and passed through Buckeystown, bivouacked on Ballinger's creek about two miles from Frederick, Md.; here joined the Fifth Corps." General Meade was this day assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac, General Sykes to that of the Fifth Corps. Hooker had advanced a portion of his army through South Mountain passes, with the view of cutting Lee's communications, but this movement was disapproved at Washington, and the corps advanced through the mountains were ordered back to Frederick and directed to proceed up the east base of these mountains. This latter movement was taking place when the Reserve Division joined the army. The greater part of the Union army at this time rested near Frederick. At this date (June 28), Lee's army was stretched from Hagerstown to the Susquehanna near Harrisburg, and to York, Pa. Ewell's Corps at Carlisle and York; Lee's headquarters with Longstreet's and Hill's corps near Chambersburg. Lee was preparing to cross the Susquehanna, but that night, he says, "he learned from a scout that the Union army had crossed the Potomac and was threatening his communications at South Mountain." "It was resolved," he says, "to concentrate the army east of the mountains."

Meade states, "That he had no special plan but to move northward until he made Lee let go of the Susquehanna." Meade learned, on the 30th, that Lee was moving with his main force to the east side of the mountains, and he decided to concentrate his army on Pipe creek.

There was an assemblage of officers of the Reserve Division, whilst it was camped near Frederick, looking over maps of the country, and guessing at the future movements of the Union and Confederate armies. Colonel Warner of the Tenth, and Colonel Hardin of the Twelfth, agreed that the chances were in favor of a fight at or near Gettysburg, the next good crossing place in the mountains, north of our then position, as shown by the maps we had. The morning of the 29th, the writer visited Frederick and conversed with officers of General Reynolds' command (First and Eleventh Corps), all thought they were going to Gettysburg, or spoke of that place as their ultimate destination. Returning towards camp the writer met the division *en route* to Frederick. It had left Ballinger's creek about noon. We marched but a short distance when the division was stopped to let other troops take precedence. The division remained here several hours,

it then followed the artillery reserve. The writer during this delay, visited his old friend, Lieutenant "Cog" Hazlett, who commanded Battery "D," Fifth United States Artillery. The weather was very warm and Lieutenant Hazlett wore a small soft white hat. As the writer left him to rejoin his command, he called back, " 'Cog' we are going to have a fight soon, don't wear that white hat into battle." "At 7 p. m., we crossed the Monocacy bridge on the Baltimore pike and turned up the bank of the stream heading north, soon after we waded the stream and struck across the fields, and about 10 p. m. bivouacked in a wood, having made a tiresome day's march of ten miles." The long delay before mentioned caused our division to get far behind the other divisions of the corps, we had to rush along, well into the night, to reach the corps camp, where the leading divisions had arrived early in the evening and in good order. Having arrived in camp late, and it being very dark, we made a bivouac, whilst we saw the other divisions of the Fifth Corps in a regular camp. Most of us were so hot and tired we dropped down and went to sleep without even making coffee. A bad beginning for a long march. "The morning of the 30th, we started early, passed through Liberty, Union Bridge and Uniontown (a pontoon train accompanied us this day), march twenty miles and bivouacked. Near dark were mustered two miles beyond Uniontown." The marching all the forenoon was very slow with many stops, but in the afternoon we were again rushed along. This march was the cause of great injustice done the division by our new corps commander, in that he reported to the army commander that our division could not march as fast as the other divisions. It will be noted that these other divisions had clear roads, no trains to follow, early start, no forced delays, nothing to prevent them from making their marches in time.

The Twelfth Regiment, moving with the Pennsylvania Reserve Division, left camp two miles beyond Uniontown, at 5 a. m., July 1. Hearing of Confederate cavalry in the country, skirmishers and flankers were thrown out to cover the division, which moved thus several miles. About 2 p. m., halted on Pennsylvania State line; at 3 p. m., were addressed by General Crawford. General Meade's orders on the expected battle had been read to us before we started. We then moved on till we came to a fine open woods where we rested till dark. All day we had been enjoying the cherries which overloaded the trees along the roadside. The turnpike along which we marched a great part of the day was white, hot and dusty. We passed Kilpatrick's battle-field at Hanover, and, at dark, took up our march again, and continued moving until utterly exhausted; about dawn we dropped down, compelling a halt of the division. The marching during the night had been without proper halts. After resting about an hour we again took up the march, and continued it across country till about 12.30 p. m., when we arrived on the battle-field on the Baltimore pike, in rear of the center of the army.

Our division in the very hot weather, marched in the worst possible manner, accomplished nearly seventy miles in three and a half days, and on the afternoon and evening of the fourth day went to the top of Big Round Top. In the meantime, General Buford, commanding a cavalry division, left Middleburg, Md., on 29th, arrived at Gettysburg on 30th;

passing through Gettysburg at noon (June 30), he reconnoitred west and north. He was here long enough to see the advantages of the Gettysburg position, and he determined to hold it until he was driven away or relieved by infantry. The night of June 30, he notified General Reynolds, "that Hill's Confederate Corps was camped nine miles west of Gettysburg, and Longstreet's behind Hill's; that no Confederate force had yet passed through the mountains from the north toward Gettysburg, but that such force would soon be at Heidlersburg." This information was subsequently shown to be correct. General Meade had directed General Reynolds, "that if he *has* to fall back, to do so on Emmitsburg, that the Third and Twelfth Corps will come to the assistance there of his and the Eleventh Corps." When General Reynolds reached Gettysburg, at 8.35 a. m., July 1, Buford was with his artillery and dismounted skirmishers, standing off Hill's troops. Reynolds joined Buford in the seminary tower, and as old companions in arms, with perfect confidence in each other, discussed the position and the military situation. Reynolds decided at once to support Buford. He knew that if his troops could be brought up promptly to this position, Lee could be made to take the offensive, or be compelled to fall back with his whole force without fighting. And thus, if a battle took place here, the Union army would be enabled to fight on the defensive. Buford promised to hold on until Reynolds' batteries and infantry could get up. Reynolds felt sure his corps with the Eleventh could hold on until the Third and Twelfth could reinforce them. The information he had of Lee's army, showed that it was almost as badly scattered as was the Army of the Potomac. Four corps of the Union army could reach this ground by the early afternoon, and the Second Corps by sundown. Force enough, with proper management and good fighting, to withstand Lee's whole army coming up from several directions until the whole of the Union army could be assembled. It was most fortunate for the Union side that it had such intelligent and energetic generals in advance as Reynolds and Buford, generals who had the confidence of the army commander. General Meade giving General Reynolds (a fighting general) his advance with three corps, proved to that general, as to the world, that General Meade was not attempting to avoid a battle, but was only anxious that the fight, which must take place, should be a defensive one, on his side, if possible. A few minutes after his arrival, as soon as he had taken a look at the ground from the seminary tower and had had a few minutes conversation with Buford, General Reynolds, who was a most accomplished artilleryman, seeing what fine ground lay in every direction to the front for artillery (the arm well known to preponderate in the Army of the Potomac, more powerful and more numerous than Lee's, the only arm in which the Union army was superior to the Confederate), a battle-field to make an artilleryman grow enthusiastic, requested Buford to hold on till his (Reynolds') batteries and infantry could come up. He sent off in hot haste several officers for his own and the Eleventh Corps batteries, and to hurry up his own and Howard's infantry. He then went to select ground for his batteries (he had brought up with him Captain Hall, chief of artillery of his leading division), so that no time would be lost. Reynolds thus anticipated

the present German instructions for battle! In a few minutes Hall's Battery arrived and was immediately posted. Soon after, Reynolds' First Division came up and was posted to support the First Corps and Buford's batteries. In the expectation of the early arrival of Howard's batteries, General Reynolds now went to select positions for them; whilst doing so, he is struck down by a sharpshooter. Reynolds had already seized this good position, and had given such an impetus to his command, that it went on without a break, in carrying out his designs, under his able fighting successor, General Doubleday. Reynolds had planted the advance of the Union army in Lee's route, he had secured a position across all the roads leading east of the mountains at this point, a point where the Confederate army must assemble, if it united east of the mountains. Reynolds might have had three corps at Gettysburg, earlier in the day, but he would not run the risk of throwing this force against Lee's whole army, which might be at Gettysburg at the same time. He thus showed his prudence, but when he arrived there in person and was satisfied that the information received from Buford during the past night was correct, and learned that Lee's army was still *en route* to assemble at this point, he acted as the prompt and intelligent soldier that he was.

Buford's batteries and dismounted skirmishers succeeded in holding the enemy on the west side of Willoughby run till Wadsworth's Division arrived. Captain Hall, commanding the artillery of this division, had preceded the infantry and had posted his own battery in aid of Buford's batteries, which were doing heroic service on the Chambersburg road. As soon as it arrived, Cutler's Brigade was posted on either side of the Chambersburg road and across an old railroad cut, to support these batteries. Meredith's (Iron) Brigade was sent to the left of the road to occupy a piece of woods which Hill's troops were entering. Heth (Confederate division commander) attacked with four of his brigades at once the position held by Reynolds' force. The three right regiments of Cutler's Brigade were forced back. Reynolds ordered Meredith's Brigade to attack across the front of the Confederate force. This attack was successful, the Confederate General Archer and many of his men were captured.

These dispositions were just completed, in which his two brigades had defeated and almost destroyed two brigades of the enemy, when this accomplished general was killed. The falling back of Cutler's right, left Hall's Battery exposed, but the Fourteenth Brooklyn, Ninety-fifth New York and Sixth Wisconsin, changed front and charged the Mississippi troops attacking Hall's Battery and captured two Mississippi regiments in the old railroad cut. Rowley's Division of the First Corps was put in here; Robinson's division of the First Corps was held in reserve on Seminary Hill. Soon Rodes' division of Ewell's Confederate Corps attacked from the direction of Carlisle, and Robinson's Division was advanced to meet it. Baxter's Brigade went in on the right of Cutler, and afterward took Cutler's position. General Paul's brigade went on right of Baxter's. Robinson's Division resisted well Rodes' attack and captured three North Carolina regiments. So far the First Corps had more than held its own. "If the Eleventh Corps had been as well handled and fought, the day would probably have seen no reverse." General Howard spread his two

divisions, Barlow's and Schurz's to the right of the First Corps, but did not make strong connection with it. The Confederates seized Oak Hill, a prominent point between the Union corps, and charging from this point, turned the right of the First Corps and the left of the Eleventh. Fortunately General Howard had placed one of his divisions, Steinwehr's, in reserve on Cemetery Hill, and the left of the First Corps fell back in order and covered the retreat of the artillery and ambulances. But near five thousand prisoners were left in the enemy's hands. General Reynolds had, early in the day, sent word to General Meade that the enemy was in force near Cashtown and advancing on Gettysburg, and that he would endeavor to hold Gettysburg till reinforced. Soon after General Reynolds was killed the cool-headed Buford thought matters were not being conducted very well, and he sent off a despatch to the effect that, "there seemed to be no head," and requested that some one be sent sent forward to command. It was, no doubt, in answer to this request that General Hancock was sent forward to take supreme command. When he arrived, matters looked badly, so much so, that he at first thought the part of the army here would have to be moved back. Soon, however, the batteries got into position on the left of the town, and Steinwehr's Division with Howard's batteries showed a good front on the right, and the advantages of the position were explained to him, when he saw that Lee would have to continue to attack, so that it was only a question whether the Union army could at this point hold its position. By sundown all was ready to meet an attack. The Union position at this time appeared so strong General Lee and his corps commanders concluded they could not assault it that evening with success. Thus, two Union corps, even with the loss of their commander, had been sufficient to hold Lee for an entire day. How much easier and with how much less loss it could have been done if Reynolds had lived and been in command of three or four corps. General Lee's troops were disposed on Seminary Ridge, about one mile from the Union line and parallel to it. The Confederate line was about five miles long, concave to the Union line which was about three miles long. Lee's concave position enabled him to utilize his large reserve artillery, both for connecting his wings and to crush the Union artillery, which latter had to be concentrated too much (on the third day the guns were only a yard apart). The defects of Lee's position were, his inability to make the troops on his long line act together, and his inability to reinforce either wing promptly; and these were probably the causes of the failure of his attacks. If he had entrenched his center and either of his flanks and had used his main army on either of Meade's flanks he would probably have succeeded in dislodging the Union army. It seems to have been the intention, that Ewell's Corps should attack early on the 2d, also it was thought Longstreet would be in position to attack on Confederate right by 9 a. m. Such was no doubt the understanding amongst the senior Confederate generals (except Longstreet) when they separated for the night (July 1). However, when morning came and the formidable position of the Union army crowned with earthworks and artillery was seen both by General Lee and General Ewell, General Lee (who went early to Ewell's front) hesitated to assault until he could have thorough reconnoissances

made and until Longstreet's Corps should be up. General Meade noticing the movements of Ewell's Corps and being strong himself on his right, early in the morning ordered an attack by the Twelfth and Fifth corps, to be supported by the Sixth. But Slocum, commanding the Twelfth, and Warren, chief of engineers of the army, reported the ground unfavorable; also the Fifth Corps did not come up in good shape to attack before noon, and the Sixth was then still far off. There has been much controversy between the Confederate generals, since the war, as to when Longstreet ought to have been ready to attack, also as to the time Ewell should have supported Longstreet's attack. It would appear that General Lee sent one of his staff early in the day to reconnoitre in front of the Union left. This officer went over the ground about the peach orchard; when he returned he told General Lee that this was favorable ground for making an attack. At this time, Sickles' Third Corps was massed on the left of the Second, on Cemetery Ridge. The ground on Lee's right consisted principally of open fields. Longstreet's command was sent in a round-about way to get to the peach orchard position, so as not to be seen by the Union signal officer on Little Round Top. Longstreet himself was in no hurry, as he did not want to attack without his third division (Pickett's). Moreover, he states that the agreement on beginning the invasion was, "that there should be no offensive battle delivered by their army." If this is true, General Reynolds is entitled to credit for making Lee change his plan. Whilst Longstreet was moving around the Union left, Sickles was moving out his corps and taking position on the Union side of the peach orchard. The controversy between General's Meade and Sickles in regard to this movement is well known.

It seems to the writer that this matter stands about as follows: General Meade had been all the morning studying his right with a view of attacking or of receiving an attack there; no report had reached him that Confederate troops were threatening his left. There was much open ground in front of his left; Meade supposed his cavalry (which had covered itself with honor the day before) which had been directed to watch the flank, would be able to give him early warning of any extensive movement of the enemy in that direction. Early in the afternoon, upon request of General Sickles to have ground selected for his corps to occupy, General Hunt, chief of artillery of the Union army, was sent to assist General Sickles in selecting a position. Sickles and Hunt could not find any good line in this region without going out very far to Sickles' front. It is now well known that the ground in front of Little Round Top is a most difficult region in which to select a line of battle. Artillery could be of no use on the Little Round Top line, and how far the woods and difficult country extended to the left-front, neither Hunt nor Sickles knew. Taking into consideration the short time they had to select a position in so difficult a country, it was probably as well done as it could have been. Between 2 and 3 p. m. the signal officer on Little Round Top and the skirmishers of Sickles' command detected Longstreet's movement. At General Sickles' urgent request, General Meade went to his left about 3.30 p. m. to look up ground for Sickles' Corps. The fact seems to be that General Meade did not believe he would be attacked on the left. He thought his cavalry

would certainly give him ample notice of any threatened attack on that front so that he would have time to prepare for it. If the cavalry had been where General Meade thought, and had reason to believe it to be, he would have had such notice. But it happened that Merritt's Brigade of Buford's Division, which had been ordered to relieve some of Gregg's Division, had left here before Gregg's Cavalry arrived to relieve Merritt; thus, at this critical time of the day there was no cavalry on the Union left-front. General Meade arrived on his left just as Longstreet's attack was beginning, and as Sickles' line was very far out in advance of Hancock, being ignorant of the region, General Meade thought Sickles had moved his line unnecessarily far out. However, when Sickles and Hunt told him what a tangled place the ground in front of Little Round Top was, he concluded to reinforce Sickles where he was. Moreover, there was then little or no time left to select a new line. The subsequent loss of the Third Corps position was due to the fact that the Fifth and Sixth Corps were not brought up soon enough, the one to Sickles' support, the other to form a second line on the Little Round Top ridge. If General Meade had been notified by his cavalry of Longstreet's movement, he would certainly have had the Fifth and Sixth Corps in place to meet this attack. Upon what small matters turn the fate of battles!

The new position of Sickles brought Humphreys' Division several hundred yards to the left-front of the Second Corps, and posted on the Emmitsburg road. Graham's Brigade of Birney's Division on the same road on Humphreys' left, reaching to the peach orchard. Ward's and De Trobriand's brigades stretched back to the rear, at right angles to Graham's Brigade, in front, respectively, of the wheat-field and of Devil's Den. Longstreet's attack with artillery began about 3 p. m.; he concentrated his artillery opposite the angle of Sickles' Corps at the peach orchard, and opened such a concentrated fire on the Union artillery at this point as to overwhelm it. He then began his attack with his infantry, on his right, with Hood's Division, which pushed into the woods and outflanked the Third Corps on its left. Law's Brigade of Hood's Division, on extreme Confederate right, went over Big Round Top and came out on the Union ambulances, but this brigade had moved too far to its right; it had lost connection with balance of Hood's command, and it was ordered to move to its left. Hood's other brigades broke through the left of De Trobriand's line and began to pass up and around Little Round Top. The Union left being thus flanked and beginning to give way, McLaws' Division was pushed in on Hood's left; it carried the center of the Third Corps position. This corps was too weak to hold so long a line. The Union troops would now have had to fall back, but reinforcements commenced arriving just as the Confederates reached the Union position. Humphreys, who was not at first attacked, sent Burling's Brigade to Birney's assistance. The whole Fifth Corps was ordered up to the support of Birney's line. Barnes' (First Division) arrived first, Tilton's and Sweitzer's brigades of this division going in near the peach orchard; Vincent's Brigade, at the request of General Warren, chief-engineer of the army, to Little Round Top; then came Caldwell's Division of the Second Corps to the wheat-field, where its right was turned, and then two brigades of the Second Division of the

Fifth Corps to the wheat-field, where they had scarcely arrived when their right was turned and they retreated to the position from which they had started, on the right of Little Round Top.

Soon McLaws' attack was supported by Anderson's Division of Hill's Corps and Humphreys, although aided by Graham's Brigade, was driven back from the Emmitsburg road. Hancock sent two regiments of Gibbon's Division and Willard's Brigade of Hays' Division to assist Humphreys. General Sickles was here wounded, and General Hancock, assuming command of the Third Corps, sent two additional regiments to help Humphreys. Finally General Meade brought up Stannard's Brigade, and a number of batteries were posted on Hancock's line, and the Sixth Corps came up and took the position on the right of Little Round Top, from which the Third Corps had moved out. In the meantime Hood's troops had made a desperate effort to carry Little Round Top and the ravine between it and Big Round Top. General Warren going early in the action to the signal station on Little Round Top, had seen Hood's troops approaching that position. The signal service men were about leaving when Warren arrived. He ordered them to remain and he hurried off for troops to put on Little Round Top. The Fifth Corps was coming up, and as he had formerly served most gallantly in command of a brigade of that corps, his request for a brigade was immediately answered by General Barnes who sent Vincent's Brigade, which, moving at a double-quick, beat the Texans of Hood's command to the top of Little Round Top. The fighting for this hill was fierce. Law's Brigade pushing through between Little and Big Round Top contended with Vincent for this ravine. Vincent was soon supported by Weed's Brigade of the Second Division of the Fifth Corps, and Hazlett's Battery was carried to the top of Little Round Top. When the ammunition of Vincent's and Weed's brigades was expended (both these brigade commanders being killed), Fisher's Brigade of the Reserves was hurried to their support. By this time the Confederates had become exhausted, and those who had not fallen back were captured. Upon arriving on the battle-field about 12.30 p. m., the Twelfth Regiment, as the entire division of the Reserves, was given time to rest and to make a full meal, the first since leaving Frederick, Md. As soon as we had feasted, many of the mounted officers of the division started out to see the line of battle. We rode up to the rear of the town of Gettysburg, then moved along the line of battle to General Meade's headquarters, when we had a conversation with members of his staff, then we started to ride down General Hancock's line, when we heard the commencement of Sickles' fight. We galloped over to our camp where we found the Fifth Corps moving off to Sickles' support. We, at that time, had never heard of Round Top, Big or Little. The First Division of the corps led, followed by the Second Division, General Ayres commanding. Then came our division, Third Brigade leading, which at that time was well filled and closed up. We moved westerly along a wood road and soon came to a place where the road was narrow and corduroyed, a fence on one side and brush on the other; woods on both sides. As we advanced we began to meet wounded men returning; soon the road was so encumbered with wounded walking to the rear, and ambulances going the same way, we

had to take to the woods along side of the road. This caused some delay. We filed up on the north side of the ridge to the right of Little Round Top. The ground here was rocky and covered with thick brush; some time was taken up in getting into position; eventually we got into line by brigade front, the Third Brigade in front. We then advanced to the crest of the ridge. As we reached the crest we got our first view of the battle on the left; it was not a reassuring sight! The whole valley between us and the ridge opposite, about a third of a mile off, was filled solid with our retreating soldiers and batteries, thousands of the soldiers wounded and all the batteries disabled. Some of the men, especially toward the left-front, were retreating at a run. The enemy's line was only visible by the white puffs of smoke at the crest of the opposite ridge. Very few of our men were firing—a man now and then would stop and take a shot. This great mass of thousands in the valley was moving sullenly to the rear at a walk. There seemed no organized force, a mere mass of men, officers and men, inextricably mixed—all seeking safety behind the ridge upon which we stood. A battery was making its way into position in the underbrush on our right and a few guns in position on the ridge to our left (since called Little Round Top), were firing slowly at the enemy in the woods beyond the opposite ridge. As soon as the division got into position (there being a lull in the action at this time) the writer rode up the ridge to the left to get a look at the enemy's position; when near the top he met a party of officers and men carrying General Weed, who was mortally wounded. The writer who knew the general personally, stopped to see if he could be of any service. Whilst conversing here, another party came along bringing back his old friend, Lieutenant Hazlett, who in the haste of going into action had forgotten that fatal white hat. He was shot through the head, probably by the same sharpshooter who had killed General Weed.

Finding he could see little more here than at the position the division occupied, the writer started down; he met the Twelfth Regiment coming up with the Third Brigade except the Eleventh Regiment. We scrambled up and over Little Round Top and moved down the left-front, going to the assistance of Vincent's Brigade. As the Third Brigade moved away, the First Brigade was ordered to advance to the front. The Eleventh Regiment being still in its position when the First Brigade came up to the front line, it joined that brigade and advanced with it. We saw the First Brigade and Eleventh Regiment make their gallant advance through the retreating multitude, as we clambered over the rocks on top of Little Round Top. We joined in their cheer and started at a double-quick down the left-front of Little Round Top, stumbling over rocks, and the numerous dead of Vincent's and Weed's gallant brigades. As we advanced, a few scattering shots came from the retiring enemy. Our advance was most fortunate as Vincent's and Weed's brigades had expended all their ammunition. The Confederates (several hundred) remaining between Big and Little Round Top, seeing and hearing our advance, laid down their arms and became prisoners to the brigades which were so well entitled to receive them. Darkness ended the contest. Thus our small division, coming on the field in the nick of time and advancing boldly, turned the

tide of success on the left, and the enemy's great efforts, on this front, were rendered entirely futile.

About 9 p. m. Colonel Fisher commanding the Third Brigade, with the consent of the division commander, ordered an advance up Big Round Top. The Twentieth Maine deployed as skirmishers, the Fifth and Twelfth regiments to follow in support in line of battle. The skirmishers started promptly, but on account of the darkness and difficulty of deploying into line in this rough place, it was some minutes after they started that the line of the Fifth and Twelfth followed.

The skirmishers went promptly to the top of the mountain; only an occasional shot was fired by the Confederates. The Fifth and Twelfth regiments advanced at the word of command given in Colonel Fisher's stentorian tones. The line upon advancing in utter darkness was almost immediately broken and became confused by the rocky, precipitous and difficult ground. Officers became separated from their men, but all pushed on up the mountain; when about one-third way up all order was lost. Officers and men of different companies and even of different regiments became intermingled. The commanding officers of the brigade and the regiments began calling to each other; the rocks and woods resounded with the cries. It is said, and no doubt with good reason, that the Confederate troops stationed at this time on the mountain, hearing all this noise, and knowing that the Sixth Corps had lately arrived, believing that whole corps was about taking position on Big Round Top, hastily retreated down their side of the mountain. The confusion was so great that officers and men of the Fifth and Twelfth regiments concluded to return to the position from which they had started, the valley between Big and Little Round Top. In making this ascent, a number of Confederate prisoners fell into the possession of the Fifth and Twelfth regiments. A squad of officers and men (about seventy) in which the writer found himself upon first descending to the foot of the mountain, sent forward two men to investigate the first camp fires seen. These scouts were answered by members of the Fifteenth Alabama. Our party then, after discussion, concluded to move around the mountain side toward the left or south in which direction we were sure of finding the Sixth Corps' pickets. We in this way, after an hour's very hard march, found the Vermont Brigade pickets and went at once to our starting point. In the meantime nearly all the members of the Fifth and Twelfth regiments had found their way back to the same place. The Twentieth Maine skirmishers finding themselves unsupported had returned to this starting point. It was now suggested that the Fifth and Twelfth regiments should march up the mountain by the flank, the Twentieth Maine skirmishers leading as before, this plan was adopted. Advancing in this manner, all soon reached the top in good order. The Twelfth on the crest; the Fifth on its right; the Twentieth Maine skirmishers remained out as pickets toward the left-front. The Fifth and Twelfth regiments threw out pickets in their front and to connect with the troops on the right. The Ninth and Tenth Reserves had been left in line across the ravine between Little and Big Round Top. Two regiments of Vincent's Brigade were posted in the interval between the right of the Fifth Reserves and the Ninth and Tenth Reserves, but almost

at right angles to the general line. (See map accompanying the report of the commander of Vincent's Brigade.) The line remained thus until daylight when a regular connected line was formed from the top of Big Round Top to the top of Little Round Top, and stone breastworks were thrown up, which still stand (1888) as we left them. There was some sharpshooting on both sides (July 3d), Frank H. Hench, Company A, Twelfth Regiment, was killed and Joseph Aikens, Company G, Twelfth Regiment, wounded.

The Confederates on their right, about dark, slowly withdrew to the line the Third Union Corps had held. Ewell began his attack from Confederate left about sunset; he found the Union line stripped along his left, there was nothing but Greene's Brigade of the Twelfth Corps on the Union extreme right. Early attacked Cemetery Hill and Johnson, Culp's Hill. Early's attack was gallantly made but failed. Johnson carried the Union works on his left and remained in possession there. The result of the day's fighting has been described as follows:

"Longstreet had carried the whole front on which the Third Corps had been drawn; Ewell's left was thrust within the breastworks on the Union right, in a position, which if held by him, would enable him to take Meade's entire line in reverse, and the Union loss in the two days' combat had already reached the frightful aggregate of upwards of twenty thousand. But the army and corps commanders on Union side that night were unanimous for fighting it out here."

If this is a just summary of the results of the two days fighting, was not General Lee justified in ordering an assault on the Union center? If that had yielded at all, would not Longstreet's two other divisions on Confederate right and Ewell's whole corps on their left have followed up the success and overwhelmed the Union army? We now know, that an attack made in broad daylight, over open ground, against good troops, armed with modern weapons, although made strictly in accordance with the battle tactics of Frederick II. and Napoleon, must fail. As witness this grand attack and many made by General Grant's army *en route* to Richmond. In this third day's magnificent assault and heroic defense our regiment was only a deeply interested spectator. The grand scene was clearly in view to any one who would chance his life against the deadly sharpshooters by raising his head above the stone breastwork.

The First Brigade of the Reserves, under command of Colonel McCandless, advanced late in the afternoon of the 3d, and by its bold and skilful movements defeated a force more than twice its strength, and recovered all the ground lost by the Union army on the 2d.

The Third Brigade remained in the breastworks on Big Round Top until the morning of the 5th, when it moved off with the Fifth Corps toward Emmitsburg.

The enemy withdrew the night of the 3d and morning of the 4th. Their absence being soon detected, many of us took this opportunity to visit the battle-field on the left and front.

The criticism of General Meade for not attacking the Confederate army after Gettysburg, was refuted by subsequent events. What chance had General Meade with a force no larger than the enemy, when General

Grant with more than double the enemy's force in his repeated assaults, suffered such heavy losses and accomplished so little? The numbers actually engaged in the fighting were nearly equal. The Confederates were much the stronger July 1. The two sides were about equal the second day, the Union force probably the stronger the third day. The losses, July 1-3, as given by the Adjutant General's office, were: "Union, twenty-three thousand and three; Confederate, twenty thousand four hundred and fifty-one."

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

42D REGIMENT INFANTRY

(THIRTEENTH RESERVES, FIRST RIFLES)

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN JOHN P. BARD

AFTER Burnside's "Mud March" in January, 1863, the division of the Pennsylvania Reserves, on account of the terrible loss it had sustained in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, was ordered to the Department of Washington for the purpose of recruiting its ranks. The First Brigade, to which the Bucktail Regiment belonged, was in camp at Fairfax Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, when the battle of Chancellorsville was fought, where they remained until they were ordered to rejoin the Army of the Potomac.

When they received the news that Lee had assumed the offensive and threatened an invasion of the North, and that Hooker's army was falling back toward Washington, the men composing this division of Pennsylvanians, fired with the patriotic zeal and heroism that had characterized them on many hard-fought fields of battle, demanded that their fortunes be again joined with the oft-defeated, but never conquered, Army of the Potomac. Some of the regiments of the First Brigade drew up petitions to their commanding officers asking that they be permitted to take part in the coming campaign. The order to get rid of all surplus baggage and camp equipage, draw extra rations and a full supply of ammunition, was therefore received with joy, and the men cheerfully went about the work of preparing for an active campaign. Their numbers present for duty had been increased by the return of sick and wounded from general hospitals, but very few new men had joined the division. Although considerable effort was made I do not think the Bucktails got a single recruit while they were in the Department of Washington.

The Second Brigade did not join in the movement, but remained in the Department of Washington, being stationed at Alexandria.

Early Friday morning, June 26, the First Brigade broke camp at Fairfax Station and marched to Edwards' Ferry, where they crossed the Potomac river, marching thence by Frederick City to near Uniontown, Md., arriv-

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

ing at the latter place on Tuesday, June 30. In the meantime Lee had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport with his entire army, except a large corps of General Ewell's and Stuart's division of cavalry. The latter troops had crossed earlier and had advanced into Pennsylvania. Several bodies of their scouts had reached as far north as the Susquehanna river near Harrisburg.

During the march to Uniontown, we received the intelligence that General Meade had succeeded General Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac. Knowing that General John F. Reynolds was Meade's senior in rank, this information caused some surprise among the Reserves. They felt, however, that no mistake had been made in appointing General Meade to that command.

Both these officers had commanded our brigade and division, and were quite well-known to the men. They knew their fighting qualities and were quite well satisfied that either one would command the army with distinguished ability. Being warm personal friends and wholly devoted to the cause, either would have the hearty support and earnest co-operation of the other. It was a source of great satisfaction to the officers and men of the Reserves to know that they would fight the next battle on their native soil and under the leadership of a Pennsylvanian who had commanded the division in the terrible battle of Fredericksburg.

The Reserves were assigned to the Fifth Corps, commanded by Major-General George Sykes and wore the Maltese cross, being the Third Division. On Thursday morning, July 2, the Fifth, having been selected by General Meade as his reserve corps, took a position in the rear of the right wing of our army. From their position, owing to the peculiar formation of Meade's line, they could in a very short time, reach any given point. General Sickles, with the Third Corps, was to occupy the left of the line, in the formation of which he was to connect with Hancock's left and form on a prolongation of his [Hancock's] line, with his left resting on Round Top.

This would bring the line of the Third Corps along the crest of Little Round Top. For some reason, not necessary to discuss here, General Sickles advanced beyond the position assigned him and formed his line on a plain, his left crossing the Emmitsburg road, with both flanks exposed. The ground upon which he formed his line is certainly more than half a mile in advance of the position which General Meade intended he should occupy.

About the time General Sickles had his line formed General Meade arrived at Little Round Top, and, seeing the mistake Sickles had made, sent for that officer and pointed out to him his error. General Sickles at once proposed to withdraw his corps and form on the line originally indicated. General Meade replied that the enemy would not permit his withdrawal, as it could then be seen he was preparing to attack. While they were talking Longstreet's guns opened, and soon his long lines of infantry began to emerge from the woods. It now became evident this was to be a determined effort on the part of that able Confederate chieftain to destroy the Third Corps before they could receive support. When the first gun was fired General Sickles hastened to the front, and General

Meade ordered the Fifth Corps to march with all possible haste to General Sickles' support.

The gallant Third Corps fought desperately to hold their ground, but the long line of Longstreet's extending beyond both flanks, steadily drove them back. On the right of the Third the line of the enemy was pushed rapidly forward, with the evident purpose of turning that flank and getting between the Third Corps and the main line of our army. At the same time Longstreet's right was thrown forward, making a vigorous attack on Round Top, while a very strong force from the Devil's Den made a determined assault on Little Round Top, breaking the line of the Third Corps, which at that point was thrown into confusion. By this time the Second Division of the Fifth Corps, composed of regulars, arrived on the ground, and was formed on the left of Hancock's line. When the Third Corps broke, General Meade ordered the Second Division to charge in the direction of the wheat-field and peach orchard. The regulars went forward in splendid form; when they reached the wheat-field they were met by a counter-charge of the now victorious troops of Longstreet. The regulars received the charge gloriously, but, after stubborn fighting and very heavy loss on both sides, being largely outnumbered, they were forced back. They, however, kept their line and retired in good order, all the time keepking up a steady fire. In this manner they retreated, closely followed by the Confederates, across the swamp and half way up the side of Little Round Top, or rather half way up the slope of the hill on the right of Little Round Top, the left of the Second Division, when it fell back, barely reaching the base of Little Round Top. On the right the enemy succeeded in capturing several guns, but were only able to hold them a few minutes; a murderous fire from Hancock's batteries and the charge of the regulars checked their advance and re-captured the guns.

At this moment the situation on the left was alarming; everything indicated a rout of that wing of the army. At this crisis General Meade, who was fortunately present at this point, ordered a charge from in front of Little Round Top by the First Brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves. The Third Brigade, commanded by Colonel Fisher, had been sent to the extreme left to the support of General Vincent, at Round Top.

Little Round Top, as its name indicates, is a round hill rising about two hundred feet above the streams which run at is base. The top and side facing the enemy are covered with rough rocks, some of them very large; that side is also very steep, and near the top difficult of ascent. At the foot and in our front there is a small stream known as Plum Run, the course of which is parallel with our line. The ground on both sides of this stream is swampy, forming a flat some fifty or seventy-five yards wide.

On the opposite side of the stream, on our right, the ground rises more gently, gradually falling off into a plain. In our front and on the left it grows rougher and steeper until it reaches the Devil's Den, a cluster of very large rocks on our left, the ground between them much broken and covered with scrubby timber, covering an area of perhaps three acres. At that time the woods extended down to the edge of the swamp in our front and continued over the hill till it reached the wheat-field on our

right. Beyond the wheat-field there was another strip of woods, and beyond that the peach orchard fronting on the Emmitsburg road. The stone wall or fence was located across Plum Run close by the edge of the woods and to the right of the crest of Little Round Top. The stone wall covered about one-half of our regiment when in line.

The Pennsylvania Reserves arrived on the ground at the supreme moment. If Longstreet had obtained possession of Little Round Top, Meade's position would have been turned. From this point the guns of the enemy would have raked our center and left-center and from this position he could strike the right wing on the flank and rear. General Meade's presence at that part of the line would indicate the deep anxiety he felt in the result of the conflict for the possession of the Round Tops. He knew it was of the utmost importance that the advance of Longstreet's exultant troops should be checked before they reached the crest of Little Round Top, the real key to his position, and which was, at the moment when we arrived upon the ground, almost within their grasp.

The brigade marched upon the field in reverse order, throwing the Bucktails upon the left of the line with the rear rank to the enemy. Colonel Taylor gave the command to counter-march and while the movement was being executed a rebel yell indicated the presence of the enemy, which caused considerable confusion in the line, but when the command to charge was received, every one of those veteran soldiers quickly found his place, and presented a solid and unbroken line to the enemy, who had by this time almost gained the summit, those farthest in advance being only a few yards from one of our batteries, whose gunners were about to spike their guns. Shouting to the gunners to hold their pieces the Bucktails, springing forward with a cheer, engaged the enemy in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict lasting but a short time when, for the first time that day, Longstreet's brave men were forced to retreat. With a broken line and in considerable confusion they fled down the hill and across the swamp, the Bucktails following close and capturing quite a number of prisoners. At the foot of the hill Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Niles fell on the front line severely wounded. The Bucktails kept up a steady fire from their breech-loading rifles as they charged; the lines being very close they inflicted terrible punishment on the retreating foe. At the stone wall the enemy made a feeble attempt to re-form, but were not able to check the impetuous charge of the Bucktails. It is needless to state that Colonel Taylor and Major Hartshorne were to be found in the front line all the time. Not taking any account of what was occurring on the right of our line, the Bucktails pushed on after the now thoroughly routed enemy who fled through the woods, on up the hill, on, on, until near the edge of the wheat-field when Colonel Taylor, discovering that he was a considerable distance in advance of our line and unsupported, ordered a halt.

After we halted the enemy were either reinforced or concentrated their scattered lines, as they kept up a heavy fire in our front, but as we were still in the woods and our boys found good cover behind trees they did us but little harm. Up to this time we had captured a large number of prisoners.

Just after the line halted we received a heavy volley from our right-

center. Colonel Taylor with two other officers and fifteen or twenty men were on that part of the line at the time. Quickly facing to the left they discovered, but a short distance away, two hundred or three hundred rebels partly hidden by the timber. An officer promptly demanded their surrender when nearly every man in their line threw down his arms. Just then a Confederate in the rear of their line sang out with an oath, "I'll never surrender to a corporal's guard." The rebels again grasped their arms when Lieutenant Kratzer called out to the Bucktails, "Tree, every man of you," and, jumping behind a tree near him, he turned to Colonel Taylor, who was near by, and urged him to hurry. Just as the colonel laid his hand on Lieutenant Kratzer's shoulder, and was in the act of stepping under shelter of the tree, a rebel sharpshooter sent a bullet through his heart—when our brave and beloved commander died without speaking a word. When the few men that were there saw Colonel Taylor fall they poured several volleys in quick succession into the enemy at the same time calling upon them to surrender. About forty or fifty threw down their arms and gave themselves up; the others retreated in the direction of the Devil's Den.

The command of the regiment now devolved on Major Hartshorne, who was at the time on the left of the line. As soon as he was informed of the death of Colonel Taylor and knowing that there was a considerable force on our left and rear, he withdrew his line to the stone wall and sent Captain Kinsey with his company out in the direction of the Devil's Den, with orders to form in line of skirmishers at right angles with the line of the regiment, attack the enemy and develop his strength and position. When Captain Kinsey reached the edge of the Devil's Den, he was met with a heavy volley from the enemy who were posted behind rocks and trees, taking such cover as they could find, and a lively skirmish ensued. The rapid firing attracted Major Hartshorne's attention, when he sent Lieutenant Kratzer to ascertain whether or not Captain Kinsey could hold his position. Captain Kinsey urged Lieutenant Kratzer to support him with his company, insisting, that with some help he could carry the rocks and capture the force defending them. The lines were very close, only a few yards apart, and the exposure of any part of the body called forth a shot from the watchful foe. Lieutenant Kratzer agreed to go back, and if he could get Major Hartshorne's consent to bring up his company. Just as he turned to go back, several shells fell in their midst and exploded. This was promptly followed by a volley from the enemy in their front. Captain Kinsey was severely wounded by a shell. In the confusion following, Lieutenant Kratzer got away and reported the situation to Major Hartshorne. It being then dark and the enemy still in strong force in his front, Major Hartshorne deeming it unsafe to attempt without support to drive the enemy from his strong position, recalled Captain Kinsey's company, leaving only a few pickets to watch the movements of the enemy. A brisk firing was kept up all along the line till about 9 o'clock, when it ceased, seemingly by mutual consent.

So ended the battle of the 2d of July, in front of Little Round Top. The fighting from 2 o'clock p. m., had been of the most desperate character, and the ground all around was strewn with killed and wounded. Side by

side in death lay the Blue and the Gray, while here and there desperately wounded Yankees and Confederates lying on the field would talk over the day's work and speculate on the result of the battle to be fought on the morrow.

Very early on the morning of July 3, Major Hartshorne sent Captain Frank Bell, with Company I, and Captain John A. Wolff with Company F, to attack and develop the strength of the enemy on our left flank in the Devil's Den. These two companies, deployed in line of skirmishers, cautiously advanced. When they reached the edge of the Devil's Den, they encountered the enemy strongly posted behind rocks and trees. The fighting at once became very severe; the enemy's fire indicated a large force, and their position was so strong that any attempt to carry it by storm with so small a body of troops must prove disastrous. Taking cover, the Bucktails opened a rapid fire, hoping to punish the enemy so severely as to either compel him to retire or come out of his stronghold to drive them off. The reader will bear in mind that the Bucktails were armed with breech-loading rifles, some of the companies with Spencer repeating rifles; the great advantage of these arms, when firing from cover, is known by all soldiers. Any object that will cover the body is all the protection a man armed with a breech-loading rifle wants. He is not exposed in loading, and can load on the run almost as well as when standing still. This will account, in part, for the heavy loss, on many occasions, inflicted on the enemy by the Bucktails when their loss was comparatively very small. On this occasion, the superiority of the arms, soon gave them a very decided advantage. Whenever a rebel exposed any part of his body he was sure to be hit and the result, notwithstanding their superiority in numbers, was only a question of time. The Bucktails were punishing them severely with no loss, since they had taken cover. The enemy discovered that they were playing a losing game, made a dash on the handful of brave men who were opposing them. Their numbers surprised the Bucktails, and to prevent the capture of their little party, they beat a hasty retreat, glad to make their escape and get back to the regiment. In this retreat Captain Bell received a wound which caused the loss of a leg, and several others were wounded. The enemy, strange to say, did not follow up their advantage, but, seemingly satisfied with driving off the party in their front, returned to their first position. Major Hartshorne, determined to make them develop their purpose, ordered Lieutenant Kratzer to take his company (K) and make another effort to rout them. The regiment being constantly engaged in the front, no considerable force could be spared. Deploying his company in line of skirmishers, Lieutenant Kratzer gave them the word when they started forward on a run. The rebels permitted them to get so close that their features could be easily distinguished and the bore of their guns plainly seen when they sprang from their cover and fired a volley that killed and wounded about one-third of the number. A Confederate officer close by called to Kratzer to surrender; the brave lieutenant answered him with a shot from his revolver; the Confederate returned the shot, when Kratzer fired again and his foe fell. One of Kratzer's men called his attention to blood on his hand; the lieutenant replied that he was shot through the arm above

the elbow. After firing this volley the Confederate officers compelled their men to lie down; the lines were so close that their commands were distinctly heard though spoken in an ordinary tone.

It was now near 2 o'clock p. m. and preparations were being made for a general attack on this part of the line. Major Hartshorne therefore called in the party sent out with Lieutenant Kratzer. About 3 o'clock the brigade advanced in line; charging on the enemy they drove him through the woods to the wheat-field, on through the field and through the strip of woods beyond into the peach orchard, capturing several hundred prisoners, and completely destroying the Confederate line in their front. Early that morning Major Hartshorne had informed Colonel McCandless, commanding the brigade, of the force on his left in the Devil's Den. Colonel McCandless having nothing to fear from the line in his front determined to pay his respects to that party; he therefore directed Major Hartshorne to change front to the left and charge with the Bucktails in that direction, while he would form the rest of the brigade in column by regiment closed in mass and follow him at supporting distance.

The Bucktails in line of skirmishers moved forward through the woods at double-quick for several hundred yards, when they came upon a line of the enemy in position. With a cheer they rushed on them, when they had another hand-to-hand fight with what proved to be the Fifteenth Georgia Regiment. The Georgians stood up bravely for fifteen or twenty minutes when they threw down their arms, the Bucktails capturing the entire command with their colors. Turning the prisoners over to the troops in the rear the Bucktails pushed on through the woods into open country, when Colonel McCandless deployed the brigade into line and moved forward capturing quite a number of prisoners. He continued till there was no enemy to be seen in our front and night put an end to our fighting, when the brigade rested for the night fully one mile in front of Little Round Top.

By this movement Colonel McCandless completely flanked the Devil's Den and forced the enemy to retreat from a position that it would have been next to impossible to have driven him by a direct attack. So ended the battle of Gettysburg. The last shot, the Bucktails claim, was fired by them on nearly the same ground where the battle of July 2 was opened by Longstreet's attack on Sickles.

In the two days' fighting the Bucktails total loss was forty-seven. Killed, two officers and eight enlisted men; wounded, eight officers and thirty enlisted men. The loss in officers was unusally severe, nine officers out of a total loss of forty-seven.

It will be observed that from the time the Pennsylvania Reserves entered the fight until the end the Confederates on this part of the line fought entirely on the defensive; up to that time they were the attacking party and were flushed with victory. They had driven the Third Corps, with terrible slaughter, through the peach orchard, met the Regulars in the wheat-field, and, after hard fighting and heavy loss on both sides, drove them back across Plum run and were on the eve of capturing Little Round Top, the real key to Meade's position, when they met the Pennsylvania Reserves and in less than twenty minutes the tide was turned and we became the attacking party.

The "Bucktails" or "First Rifle" Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps was organized early in May, 1861, under a State law passed by the Legislature and approved by the Governor May 15. They were not called into the United States service until the latter part of June, when they, with the Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves and Captain Campbell's Battery A, Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps, were ordered to West Virginia. The regiment never was regularly mustered into the United States service. Some question arising in regard to pay, and the authorities refusing to date a muster back to the time when the regiment entered the service, and Colonel Biddle refusing to permit a muster several months after entry into service, the matter was compromised. We were instructed to enter upon our rolls as mustered into service "by order of the Secretary of War, May 29, 1861." All the companies composing this regiment were enlisted prior to May 15, in fact these men enlisted under the first call for three-months' men, but found the quota of the State filled before they reached Harrisburg.

The first battle in which the regiment was engaged was Dranesville, December 20, 1861; the last battle was at Bethesda Church, May 30, 1864. A large number of the men re-enlisted and served until the close of the war in the One hundred and ninetieth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers.

The peculiar field tactics employed by this regiment originated with Lieutenant-Colonel (later Brigadier-General) Thomas L. Kane. They were much the same as those recently adopted by the War Department for the United States Army. When exposed to a heavy fire the Bucktails were instructed to scatter, and at all times were required to take advantage of whatever cover the ground afforded. If any part of the line was better protected than another, the men in that location would push forward and vigorously engage the enemy, under cover of their fire the more exposed part of the line would rush forward. Great responsibility was thrown upon the individual soldier. They were taught to take care of themselves and to take advantage of every opportunity for an advance of the line. In many instances the men have, of their own accord, without orders, rushed forward when under heavy fire and gained important advantage. They were taught to estimate distances on various formations, the estimates being proven by actual measurements, and, except when in general line of battle, to fire only when they had an object fairly in the sights of their rifle. In addition they were skilled marksmen and were constantly practicing at long range, from two hundred to one thousand yards. To their peculiar tactics, constant practice, individual responsibility and good marksmanship, can be credited the fearful punishment inflicted upon the enemy in every action in which they were engaged, without a proportionate loss to them.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

46TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 12, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN JOSEPH MATCHETT

FRIENDS and comrades of the old Forty-sixth:—Twenty-six years ago this last July we stood upon this ground to defend our country from the assaults of those who in their madness would trample this glorious banner in the dust. What grand momentous days and nights these were on this 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863, when the destiny of our nation hung in the balance, and the people all over our Northland had their eyes fixed on this army, trembling for fear that your courage or prowess would fail you, as your enemy, flushed with victories in Virginia, had boldly invaded our free northern homes, determined to crush this army, capture our rich cities, and plant their standard on the dome of the capitol, and there dictate terms of peace to our government.

My dear comrades, it may be superfluous in me to recount to you the movements that culminated in placing us here in front of Gettysburg, on the 1st day of July, 1863.

The disastrous battle of Chancellorsville on the 1st, 2d and 3d of May is yet very fresh at this day in your memories, at least it is in mine, as well as all the more than a score of important battles in which we were engaged. They seem to be indelibly photographed on the tablets of my memory, so that, either waking or sleeping, they often pass in panoramic view to my vision.

It was after the success of General Lee in that engagement that he determined to move his army across the Potomac, and invade the soil of the Keystone State, and to carry devastation to your homes and firesides. Little did he think that by this act he would be "bearding the lion in his den," because, my comrades, you well know that heretofore, by your valor on many bloody fields, you had proven your willingness to do and die for our dear Union. Now, when your soil was desecrated with the tread of this traitorous band, your paternal patriotic blood was so inflamed that you could give a double life to free your State from the despoiler. So, as his army moved northward, you were moved along on parallel lines between him and the capital at Washington; and late in June you crossed the Potomac at Leesburg and marched through Maryland, "My Maryland," with banners flying and with cheerful step to music of our band, through historic old Frederick City. There "Fighting" Joe Hooker left us, but we cheerfully followed the faithful Meade, asking no questions; our cause was just the same whoever was put in command of us; we had no time for cavilling or fault-finding.

You remember the dusty hot march through Littlestown, with the ripe, tempting cherries overhead, that you had no time to gather; some of the

46TH. PENNA.
INFANTRY
JULY 2. THE REGIMENT CONSTRUCTED AND HELD THESE WORKS UNTIL EVENING, WHEN THE DIVISION MOVED TO SUPPORT THE LEFT OF THE LINE. RETURNING IN THE NIGHT THE ENEMY WAS
THE REGIMENT WAS POSTED IN THE OPEN FIELD IN THE REAR UNTIL THE ENEMY WAS DRIVEN OUT, WHEN IT RETURNED AND HELD THE WORKS UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE
1ST BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION
12TH CORPS

PRINT. JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

boys said they were sour. You had only time to grasp a cup of cold water, or a piece of bread or pie that the villagers (God bless them) handed out the gateway to you as you hastened on into old Pennsylvania, with words of cheer from our friends, and the songs of the children, as we marched to their tune of "Marching along, we are marching along, for God and our country we are marching along." You went into camp beyond the town. Next day was the 30th of June, and you were hastily drawn up in line to be mustered so as to have the pay-rolls sent on. You were then ordered to support the cavalry in their brush with the rebel cavalry at Hanover. Bright and early next morning, after a hasty breakfast of coffee, crackers and pork, we took up our march in the direction of Gettysburg, infantry in the fields, artillery and wagons on the road. Recklessly tramping down the ripening golden grain in your pathway, the Twelfth Corps moved along, led by the gallant Slocum, marching towards the sound of the cannon as it echoed over the hill from Gettysburg, where the ball had opened and our men had met the enemy.

My comrades, you felt then that you were approaching the momentous moment of your life, and the life of the nation, and your courage and determination rose with the occasion. You were going to redeem Chancellorsville; you got your fighting blood again flowing through your veins, and there was not a man of you who was not willing to die if need be for our grand old State and the nation. And where, in all the wide world, and in all its history, was a more appropriate time or a grander incentive for man to give up his mortal life, a willing sacrifice for God, and home, and this glorious land. Not but what your life was sweet to you, and those left in the dear old home were precious to you, and you to them. Oh, no! Your country at this time, and her honor, and your honor, was transcendently more dear, more precious (if such could be) for the time being, than father or mother, wife or children, for you stood now between them and their despoilers, their safety wrapped up in your success, as a world stood watching for the result of that battle.

True, we were only boys then, but oh! what patriotic blood flowed in your veins in commingling of the freedom-loving races. The Celtic, German, Norman, Scotch-Irish, Cymric, the Anglo-Saxon, all combining as one around the grandest of flags, the star-spangled banner. Blest emblem of liberty. Hope of the world.

As you drew nearer, the sound of the cannon was plainer to you; you could hear the bursting shells, then the steady roll of musketry, and you knew that death was reaping his harvest; the old Forty-sixth had been there many a time, and knew what it all meant. And the smoke of battle went up on high; you were now in the battle zone, your whole surrounding atmosphere was changed. There was less of song, and jokes in general fell flat; and playing cards—the boys had no use for them now, so they sowed them in the fields, scattered them along the highway; watches and other valuables were given to non-combatants, to be sent home to dear ones, should you be among the slain. The cavalry and the First and Eleventh Corps, it seems, had met the enemy in large numbers beyond the town, and had nobly kept them in check as long as possible until at last they doubled up our men, who were compelled to fall back through the town

to Cemetery Hill, after losing their noble commander, the brave Reynolds, who was shot while leading them on. Our corps moved on past "Two Taverns," and then our division filed to the right towards Wolf Hill; we unslung knapsacks, loading our guns, and deployed in line of battle in the woods, with the intention of making a connection with the right of the Eleventh Corps, but they had been forced to fall back, which changed the situation; but our presence there prevented an intended flank movement which the enemy attempted to make. Night coming on, caused a lull in the battle, and ended the slaughter for that day. The regiment was moved over again to the Baltimore pike and rested on their arms that night.

Hostilities commenced very early in the morning, and you were moved in here and took up this position, and hastily put up a line of works, with logs, stones and dirt, using what tools you could get, right on the line of the works you now see before you.

Late that afternoon when Sickles' Third Corps was hotly pressed over on the left-center, the brigade was hastily sent over across the fields to his relief, towards Little Round Top, coming only in contact with the havoc of the enemy's shells in that sharp fight. The enemy were checked, and Sickles' men secured their new ground. Sometime in the night we were ordered to return to our works on the right at Culp's Hill. But, alas! in our absence the enemy under Johnson, had taken our works, as there had been no troops put in our place to oppose them, and in fact he had marched his men as far over as the Baltimore pike. Then he became suspicious that there was a trap set for him, and ordered his men back again to our works, thereby losing his grandest opportunity of the war. He was right in behind our army. Comrades, there was to my mind a Providence in this. They were made afraid when there was nothing to fear. On coming back we found them in our works sure enough. In fact if it had not been for the forethought of our Colonel Selfridge, we would have marched by the flank right into their lines.

It seems Captain Selfridge of Company H, had taken some of his men's canteens and gone on ahead to Spangler's spring to fill them, when he discovered "Johnnies" also there filling their canteens. He backed out with the best grace he could command, and reported it to the colonel. But Colonel McDougall, the brigade commander, did not believe it and got very angry, but the colonel insisted on deploying his men, and sent in a skirmish line, who found the enemy as stated and saved many lives.

We were then formed around this point, our left on Geary's Division, and our brigade connecting on the right with the Third Brigade, when we rested on our arms again until the morning. Bright and early our artillery which had been posted in our rear, opened on the rebels in the woods, the shells passing over us; we were so near the enemy that six men of the regiment were killed by the explosion of our own shells.

About 11 o'clock we opened on them with musketry, and a general advance was made, and they were driven from our works, which we again occupied, and kept the enemy at bay, while their sharpshooters on those tree tops gave us great concern, until in the afternoon when that grand event that stands out now at this day as the turning point of the rebellion took place. I refer to Pickett's charge on the center of the line.

At a given signal one hundred and sixty of the enemy's cannon opened fire on the Union line, and were answered by one hundred cannon from our side, making the very earth shake. And then came their charging column over that wide field, only to be swept away before the leaden hail of the boys in blue, which you could plainly hear. Also their shells came tearing down our lines through the tree tops. Johnson made repeated attacks on us that night, and many of his men were cut down in our front.

Gettysburg battle had been fought and won. The morning light of July 4, showed no rebels in your front, except many of their dead a few steps in front of your works, and many in the woods beyond; many trees were cut to pieces with your bullets along your line.

A reconnoisance of the brigade and a battery of artillery down the Baltimore pike and over to Hanover pike and back around through the town, proved that the enemy had left us masters of the field.

Your losses in killed, wounded and missing are not reported as large as some regiments who fought in this battle. You had somewhere about two hundred men in the battle. The official report says two hundred and sixty-two, and killed, two men; wounded, one officer and nine men; missing, one man.

I am convinced that our losses were greater than this. However, losses do not always denote success; our sheltered position in this battle gave us an advantage, while inflicting greater injury on the enemy than some perchance who had heavier losses. It was seldom that the Forty-sixth had the advantage of works, as the number of killed and wounded during your four-years' service will show, under the daring impetuous Knipe or the gallant gray-headed Selfridge.

Our capital city was saved, and our State redeemed, and the honor of our flag sustained. But oh! at what a cost. How proud should you be that you had a part in this achievement.

Our hope had been that the enemy would be crushed and the war ended here, but in this we were sadly disappointed. After resting a couple of days we followed him to the Potomac, and down into Virginia to the Rappahannock river, and at Brandy Station an order came to transfer the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps to the Southwestern army, under General Sherman's command, in Tennessee, where you went by rail to Nashville. The old *Star* Corps and the *Crescent* Corps were there united, forming the Twentieth Corps, and retaining the *Star* as the badge to our delight, and were placed under command of the redoubtable "fighter," Joe Hooker again, and in the Army of the Cumberland under Pap Thomas and with old Pap Williams commanding our division. And the corps marched on to further glory in the southland. Fighting above the clouds at Lookout Mountain, and at Tunnel Hill, Missionary Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, Snake Creek Gap, Cassville, Resaca, Lost Mountain, Kolb's Farm, Kenesaw Mountain, Big Shanty, Marietta, Chattahoochie, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and then on to the sea through Georgia and captured the fair city of Savannah at Christmas, 1864. Where, after a brief rest and necessary supplies, you crossed the river into South Carolina, the hot-bed of treason, driving the enemy under Hardee in all directions, and got in the rear of Charleston, and took Columbia. Fought again at Averasboro, Fayette-

ville, Cheraw, Bentonville, Chesterfield C. H., arriving in Goldsboro, N. C., the latter end of March, 1865.

After getting clothing which you greatly needed, we moved on towards Johnston's army at Raleigh, when we got the glad news of the surrender of Lee's army to Grant; what a joyful day that was. Then soon thereafter, on April 27, Johnston surrendered to Sheridan, and, thank God, the war was over, and the Union was saved. Then commenced your homeward march to Richmond, and Washington and the grand review, and your discharge at Harrisburg, Pa., July 16, 1865, with the thanks of Congress.

And now, my comrades, in closing I would add, that I congratulate you on having had this starry emblem for your corps badge; we believe it the grandest of them all. What memories cluster around this emblem. We read in the Bible of "the star guiding the wise men to the manger in Bethlehem," "and that the morning stars sang together;" also, "can you bind the sweet bands of Orion," etc.

Our emblem is represented everywhere in nature. On the earth you find it as it is delineated on the beautiful flower; you find it portrayed in the beautiful snow, as it falls in tiny starry flakes, carpeting the earth in winter; you find it in the star-fish of the mighty-deep, or as it flashes in phosphoric stars at the vessel's bow as it plows the ocean, and all earth, and the heavens, as well as this granite monument, will continue to perpetuate the memory of the *Old Star Corps.*

And, comrades, my prayer is "that when your star shall set at life's close, it may set, as sets the morning star which goeth not down in the darkened west, but melteth away into the brightness of Heaven;" may God bless you.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

49TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. DOWNING

THE Forty-ninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was organized at Camp Curtin near Harrisburg, Pa., under the call of President Lincoln for three hundred thousand men for three years or during the war, in the month of September, 1861, by the selection of the following field and staff officers:

Colonel, William H. Irwin, of Lewistown, Pa.; Lieutenant-Colonel, William Brisbane, of Luzerne county, Pa.; Major, Thomas M. Hulings, of Mifflin county, Pa.; Adjutant, James M. Miller, of Dauphin county, Pa.; Quartermaster, John H. Gray, of Chester county, Pa.; Surgeon, William H. Gobrecht, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Assistant Surgeon, John F. Huber, of Lancaster county, Pa.; Chaplain, Rev. William Earnshaw, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The companies were enlisted in different parts of the State; A and G from

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

Centre county; B and F from Chester, C and D from Huntingdon, E, H and K from Mifflin and I from Juniata. The companies were officered as follows:

A—Captain, J. Miles Green; First Lieutenant, Andrew S. Davidson; Second Lieutenant, R. D. Harper. B—Captain, George F. Smith; First Lieutenant, Baynton J. Hickman; Second Lieutenant, Isaac B. Parker, Jr. C—Captain, John B. Miles; First Lieutenant, James B. Eckeberger; Second Lieutenant, ——— ———. D—Captain, James D. Campbell; First Lieutenant, John H. Westbrook; Second Lieutenant, F. Y. McDonald. E—Captain, Henry A. Zollinger; First Lieutenant, Amor W. Wakefield; Second Lieutenant, John Hancock. F—Captain, Benjamin H. Sweeney; First Lieutenant, F. W. Wombacker; Second Lieutenant, Don Juan Wallings. G—Captain, John Boal; First Lieutenant, A. B. Hutchison; Second Lieutenant, William Reed. H—Captain, Ralph L. Maclay; First Lieutenant, William G. Mitchell; Second Lieutenant, John Cox. I—Captain, Calvin DeWitt; First Lieutenant, R. M. McClellan; Second Lieutenant, David B. Spanogle. K—Captain, Matthias Neice; First Lieutenant, John R. Keim; Second Lieutenant, Thomas F. Neice.

Of the above named officers the following obtained distinction in other commands as follows:

Chaplain Earnshaw resigned October 9, 1862, and was shortly afterwards appointed chaplain in the United States army where he served during the war. At the close of the war he was appointed on a commission to collect the remains of our gallant dead and have them removed to the National cemeteries, and by his personal appeal to Hon. Henry Wilson, Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, an appropriation was passed providing for a marble head and foot stone for every Union soldier so buried. After the completion of this service he was sent as chaplain to the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, Ohio, where he remained until his death in 1885.

Captain George F. Smith was, in March, 1862, appointed to the majority of the Sixty-first Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers with which command he remained until nearly the close of the war, being promoted in the meantime respectively to lieutenant-colonel and colonel of the regiment.

Lieutenant William G. Mitchell was appointed aide-de-camp on the staff of General Hancock, with whom he served until his death in 1883. During the war Mitchell rose to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers and at the close of the war was appointed captain of the United States army on the staff, and one of the last official acts of the lamented President Garfield was to promote him to major and assistant adjutant-general.

Lieutenant John Hancock, brother of the general, was appointed captain and assistant adjutant-general at General Hancock's headquarters with whom he remained until the end of the rebellion.

Lieutenant Isaac B. Parker, Jr., was also appointed an aide-de-camp to General Hancock and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and was mustered out at the close of the war.

On September 19, 1861, the quartermaster's department issued the arms to the different companies. They consisted of Harper's Ferry muskets that had been changed from flint lock to percussion of .68 caliber. The ammunition was a cartridge made with powder, a round bullet and three buckshot.

The muskets were very unserviceable, being about as dangerous to the soldier who used them as they would have been to an enemy in his front.

During the following winter, before the regiment had been engaged with the enemy, they were exchanged for Austrian rifles of .54 caliber, using a minie ball cartridge.

On September 20, 1861, after the dress-parade, Governor A. G. Curtin and his staff appeared and presented to the regiment the National and State flags, which were received in an able, eloquent and patriotic speech by Colonel Irwin. In the course of his remarks the colonel said "that while he had an arm to wield a sword or a man to fire a gun, the colors should never drop in the face of an enemy nor be desecrated by the touch of rebel hands," and that promise was faithfully kept although the dear old colors were torn to shreds by the shot and shell of the enemy.

On the next day, September 21, reveille sounded at 4 a. m. with orders to break camp and prepare to move to the seat of war, and later in the day the regiment was loaded on cars of the Northern Central Railroad Company. The train was run in two sections. When within twelve or fifteen miles of Baltimore the second section ran into the first, in which accident two men of Company G (Parker and Fulton) were killed and three others injured. Arrived in Baltimore about midnight, disembarked and marched from the Northern Central to the Baltimore and Ohio station. Early the next morning the command was fed by the Union Relief Association and about 9 a. m. took cars and arrived in Washington about 2 p. m., went to the Soldiers' Retreat for rations and then into camp on the common about one mile north of the capitol. Here we remained five days, drilling, doing camp duty, etc. On September 27, we struck tents and moved out through Washington and Georgetown up the Potomac about eight miles to Chain Bridge which we crossed into Virginia and went into camp about 9 p. m. at Camp Advance. It had rained hard all day and when camp was reached, tired, wet and hungry and no trains arriving, without tents and rations, the men felt that they had fallen on hard lines.

On September 28, Hancock's famous brigade was formed consisting of the Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers, Sixth Maine, Forty-third New York and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania. This brigade, with Brooks' Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Vermont regiments, Seventh Maine, Thirty-third and Forty-ninth New York and the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers made up the division and was commanded by Brigadier-General William F. (Baldy) Smith. On this day there appeared great warlike movements. Many regiments moving, strong fortifications in view and a battle looked for. Two companies of the Forty-ninth ordered out on a reconnoitering expedition, marched very rapidly at first, then cautiously for some miles. No enemy being found they returned to camp about midnight.

The next day, September 29, about 5 a. m., an alarm was sounded and the Forty-ninth immediately fell into line expecting an attack until 11 a. m. After dress-parade in the evening Colonel Irwin drilled the regiment in battalion drill until after dark.

September 30, moved a few miles to the front and went into a new camp, "Vanderwerken." The next day again moved forward to the villages of Langley and Lewinsville and went into camp at Camp Griffin and remained

here until March 10, 1862. The first place at which we pitched our tents in this place being on low ground, moved about one-fourth of a mile onto higher ground where we went into winter quarters.

On October 24, the regiment was first mustered into the United States service. Through some technical informality the first muster in at Harrisburg had been decided illegal and owing to this a great wrong worked to those of the regiment who did not re-enlist, compelling them to serve from two to three months more than the three years. Notwithstanding the informality alleged, the men were paid from the date of enlistment and not from the date of muster into the United States service.

During the stay at Camp Griffin drills were regular in the school of the soldier, squad, company, battalion and skirmish and the evolutions of the brigade, and during this work of discipline and becoming acclimated, many of the members died and when in the following spring we moved away, we left a right large sized burial ground.

On November 20, the regiment participated in the grand review at Munson's Hill, in which the divisions of McCall, McDowell, Heintzelman, Porter, Franklin, Blenker and Smith, about ninety regiments of infantry, twenty batteries (100 pieces) of artillery and nine regiments of cavalry, in all about 70,000 troops, took part.

Immediately after the Forty-ninth had passed the reviewing stand, Colonel Irwin commenced drilling the regiment and blocked up the troops that were passing in review. General Hancock rode up rapidly when he had found the cause of the trouble, placed Colonel Irwin in arrest, and the regiment worn out with the fatigues of the day, straggled back to camp where they all arrived during the night. For this breach of discipline Colonel Irwin was tried by court martial.

About this time several changes took place among the line officers. Lieutenant Harper, of Company A, resigned, Lieutenant Reed, of Company G, resigned and Sergeant J. T. Stuart was promoted; Lieutenant Spanogle, of Company I, resigned and Sergeant John Stewart promoted; Lieutenant John R. Keim resigned and Sergeant William B. Freeburn promoted; Adjutant J. M. Miller resigned, and Sergeant Major E. D. Smith promoted.

On March 6, regiment went on a reconnoisance to Hunter's Mill, and returned to camp on the 9th. The next day the whole army moved to Fairfax Court House, and finding the enemy had evacuated his position at Bull Run and Centreville we retraced our steps to Alexandria and embarked for Fortress Monroe, and the peninsular campaign was inaugurated. At the time of the embarkation of our brigade it seemed necessary to put two regiments on one boat and the Forty-third New York and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers were placed on board the steamer North America. Shortly after an altercation took place between the men of the two regiments which rendered it necessary to remove the Forty-third New York to another vessel and they departed from the steamer to the tune of "Bully for You" from the Forty-ninth band. After which episode the North America proceeded on her way and landed us safely at Fortress Monroe.

Upon our arrival upon the Peninsula the army was organized into corps and Smith's Division with Couch's and Casey's formed the Fourth Army Corps and was commanded by General E. D. Keyes.

Went into camp near Hampton, Virginia, moved forward by slow and easy marches up the Peninsula. Early in April, our advance reached Warwick river near Lee's Mills. A spirited advance and attack was made by the Vermont Brigade but was repulsed. On that night the Forty-ninth was moved up to the front and threw up rifle pits. When we arrived on the ground by some error the regiment stacked arms with the right flank in the direction of the enemy. A little after daylight the next morning a heavy cannonade was opened on us and the rebs quickly got the range of our stacked muskets. Orders were not waited for but personal preservation was the order of the day. Every man broke for a gun and then to the rear, to the timber, where the lines were reformed and the scare was over. Remained in this vicinity until May 4.

On April 28, the regiment lost its first man killed by the enemy; Corporal Watson, of Company A, was killed on the picket line. While remaining in this position many of the men were sick. Water was exceedingly bad and plenty of it only twelve or eighteen inches under the surface of the ground.

The siege of Yorktown closed on May 4th, by the evacuation of the enemy and we immediately started in pursuit, arriving in the vicinity of Williamsburg at dark. The battle opened early on the 5th, by the advance of Heintzelman's Third Corps, Divisions of Hooker and Kearny.

Hancock's Brigade moved to the right and came to a large mill dam. The bridge crossed on the dam breast. This dam breast was covered by an earth-work but it was unoccupied and the crossing was made without interference. A line of battle was formed with the left resting on the stream, Sixth Maine on the right, Fifth Wisconsin in the center, Forty-ninth on the left and the Forty-third New York thrown out as skirmishers. Moved forward from one-half mile to a mile without much opposition, and then held our ground until the middle of the afternoon when Ewell's Brigade advanced on us expecting to capture the brigade. Their impetuous advance threw the Forty-third New York in on the right, and as the enemy neared us Hancock ordered a retreat by alternate battalions, leading the advancing column away from their supports until we had good ground both to hold and advance from; when Hancock directed a charge upon the advancing enemy. This was Hancock's famous charge at Williamsburg. The enemy was beaten with great loss, in killed, wounded and captured, and the way was opened for the flanking and destruction of Magruder's army. But we were satisfied with the repulse and allowed Magruder to depart in peace. The loss of the Forty-ninth in this engagement was one killed, David Gilbert, and six slightly wounded.

On May 8, three days after the battle, we advanced leisurely up the Peninsula, noting, by destroyed stores, the hurry the enemy had been in on their retreat, passing Burnt Ordinary and New Kent Court House and arrived at Cumberland Landing and West Point on the Pamunkey.

At this point the Sixth Corps was created, composed of the Divisions of Smith and Franklin (now Slocum's) and commanded by General W. B. Franklin, and from this time to the end of the war the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers formed a part of this famous command.

The next march brought us to Cold Harbor, and the next to the banks of the Chickahominy, and the siege of Richmond was inaugurated. The regi-

ment remained on the north bank of the Chickahominy until about June 15, when we crossed to the south side and took up line of battle near Garnett's Hill. The malarial swamps in this vicinity were very destructive to the regiment. Very many sickened and numbers died.

On the afternoon of June 27, the fighting commenced in our front. The regiment supported artillery and was under heavy artillery firing during the afternoon, and about sunset the enemy advanced but was handsomely repulsed. The Forty-ninth lost five killed and about fifteen wounded, one mortally. The next day, 28th, regiment engaged at Golding's farm and the brigade captured Colonel L. Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi. In this day's engagement regiment lost two killed and several wounded.

Regiment was engaged at Savage Station June 29, White Oak Swamp June 30 and Malvern Hill July 1 and arrived at Harrison's Landing on July 2 through a drenching rain and mud knee deep. The retreat ended and the base changed.

The regiment and the army remained at Harrison's until August 15, then moved down the peninsula to Fortress Monroe and embarked on the steamer Montreal and arrived at Alexandria on Sunday afternoon, August 24, where we remained until the 29th. On the morning of this day we marched off in great haste to the relief of Pope and arrived at Annandale in the evening, having made the prodigious march of four miles in one day. The next day marched to Centerville but arrived too late to do anything for Pope as the second battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost before our arrival. We occupied the forts around Centerville and prevented the further advance of the enemy in that direction. But while in this position, were in great danger of being cut off by the advance of the enemy to Chantilly. The regiment returned with the army to Washington, crossed the Potomac at Long Bridge, through Washington and Georgetown to Tennallytown. Then on the Maryland campaign to Crampton's Gap into Pleasant Valley and remained there until Harper's Ferry capitulated and the battle of Antietam well on, when the regiment with the corps moved in rear from left to right of the whole army through Boonsboro, etc., and went into the engagement on the extreme right, relieving Sumner's Corps. Upon our arrival at the front, General Richardson having been mortally wounded, General Hancock, our beloved brigade commander, was appointed to the command of Richardson's Division of the Second Corps. Our loss in the battle was slight; one killed and a few wounded. The one killed was Charlie King of Company F, drummer, a bright boy of about thirteen years of age.

After the battle moved to the Potomac near Shepherdstown, thence to Bakersville where we encamped about two weeks, then marched to the Pennsylvania line in an attempt to intercept the enemy's cavalry raid. On this movement the regiment did picket duty in our native State facing north. The enemy succeeded in making his escape and recrossed into Virginia. Regiment returned to Hagerstown and went into camp and remained there until the army again moved south. While at Hagerstown, Lieutenant-Colonel Brisbane and Chaplain Earnshaw resigned and Major Hulings promoted to lieutenant-colonel and Captain John B. Miles to major.

From Hagerstown the regiment moved through Boonsboro, Middletown and Petersville, crossed the Potomac at Berlin, down Loudoun Valley to

White Plains, where we went into camp for a few days. While here, the first snow storm of the season occurred, accompanied by very cold weather, causing considerable suffering among the men. A number of the regiment who went out foraging from this camp were captured by the guerrillas under Mosby. The next move brought us to New Baltimore. Here General McClellan was relieved of the command of the army and General Burnside assigned in his stead. Shortly after this event, the army was organized into three grand divisions. The First and Sixth Corps formed the left grand division commanded by Major-General W. B. Franklin, the Sixth Corps by General W. F. Smith, our division by General Howe, General Pratt retaining the command of the brigade.

From New Baltimore marched to Aquia Church, to Stafford Court House, to Stafford Heights opposite Fredericksburg. The Sixth Corps going into camp near White Oak Church. Participated with the left grand division in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 12 to 14, 1862. Recrossed the river on the Pontoon bridge on the night of the 14th and returned to our old camp and remained until the Chancellorsville campaign.

On January 11, 1863, the regiment having become very much depleted in numbers, by a special order from the War Department, was consolidated into four companies. Companies H and I formed new A, Captain Wakefield, First Lieutenant Thompson, Second Lieutenant Hilands. Companies K and F and part of E formed new B, Captain Freeburn, First Lieutenant Swain, Second Lieutenant Barr. Companies G and D and the balance of E formed new C, Captain Hutchison, First Lieutenant Wombacker and Second Lieutenant J. P. Smith. Companies A, B and part of C formed new D. Captain Quigley, First Lieutenant Sherwood, Second Lieutenant, B. H. Downing. Captain Hickman was serving at division headquarters as ordnance officer; Captains Campbell and DeWitt resigning. Colonel Irwin, Major Miles, Captains Sweeney, Eckeberger and Cox, Lieutenants Ritner, E. D. Smith and D. J. Wallings and all the supernumerary non-commissioned officers were sent to Pennsylvania on recruiting service. The colonel and major only remained during the balance of the winter and then rejoined the battalion. The rest remained in different parts of the State until November 19, 1863, when, by an order from the War Department, the supernumerary line officers were mustered out and honorably discharged and the non-commissioned officers returned to the regiment and assigned to the new companies then being organized.

The battalion under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hulings took part in the "Mud March." Shortly after the army again exchanged commanders, Hooker succeeding Burnside, and the army went back to the corps organization. Among other general officers, Franklin and Smith were relieved and Major-General John Sedgwick was assigned to command the Sixth Corps, General Brooks the division and General Russell the brigade. About this time the light division was formed, and two regiments from our brigade (Fifth Wisconsin and Sixth Maine) were assigned to it. Their places in the brigade were filled by two other regiments.

On May 1, the Chancellorsville campaign opened and the Forty-ninth crossed the Rappahannock in pontoon boats under the fire of the enemy. They succeeded in crossing and held the ground while the pontoon bridge

was thrown across. In this engagement Colonel Irwin and Captain Freeburn were wounded, the latter mortally. Corporals Cresswell and Bruce were also wounded. After the corps succeeded in crossing, the regiment took part in its movements and after being almost surrounded after Hooker's defeat, succeeded in escaping across the river at Banks' Ford.

After Chancellorsville, nothing of importance occurred until Lee made his movement north. On June 20, the Forty-ninth and brigade again crossed the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg in pontoon boats and captured the enemy's pickets and picket reserves and again established our line south of the river and entrenched from Deep Run to the Bernard House. After completing the works, re-crossed the river and followed the army now in pursuit of Lee. Arrived at Fairfax Court House June 26, Edwards' Ferry on the Potomac, June 28, crossed to Poolesville, Maryland, and after two days' marching arrived at Westminster, Maryland, on the evening of July 1, and the first day's battle had been fought at Gettysburg. From Westminster marched to Gettysburg, thirty-two miles, in a broiling July sun, with but one halt to make coffee and get something to eat. Arrived on the battle-field about 2 p. m. of the second day and formed the reserve. On the night of the 2d, took position on the side of Round Top but were not engaged. On the morning of the 3d took position on this ground covering the left flank of the army. Grant's Vermont Brigade with Russell's formed in line at right angles with the main line of the army, Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers on the extreme left and the Forty-ninth joined it on the right. In this position held the ground under heavy artillery fire but no casualties are reported. After the retreat of the enemy, the Sixth Corps led the advance in pursuit, first in the direction of Chambersburg, then to the left in the direction of Emmitsburg, arriving at the foot of the Catoctin Mountains about dark and attempted to cross during the night but, owing to the darkness and heavy rains, were compelled to go into camp on the top of the mountain near Hamburg. Early the next morning continued our march west through Middletown, crossed the South Mountain at Turner's Pass and camped at Boonsboro. The next day the Forty-ninth, being in the extreme advance of the army, were deployed as skirmishers on either side of the National turnpike in the direction of Hagerstown. Skirmishing continued during the day; we advancing and the enemy falling back on his main body. When near Williamsport, Maryland, in the evening of that same day, in skirmishing, Lieutenant Swain was wounded through the thigh. No attack in force being made that evening the enemy withdrew across the Potomac. The Union army crossed at Berlin *via* Boonsboro, marched through Loudoun Valley and went into camp at Warrenton, Virginia, and remained comparatively inactive until November 6, 1863. While in camp here, on October 24, Colonel Irwin resigned and returned home, the command devolving on Lieutenant-Colonel Hulings.

On November 6, moved in the direction of Rappahannock Station. On the 7th, the Forty-ninth again in advance, did the skirmishing until near evening when the Sixth Maine took our place and we returned to the main column. By this time we were in front of the enemy's works on the north side of the river near the station, held by Hoke's and Hays' brigades of Lee's army. The works were carried by storm and almost all of the enemy captured.

The severest loss on our side fell to the Fifth Wisconsin and Sixth Maine who lost heavily. The loss in the Forty-ninth was three killed, three mortally and fifteen others wounded. Among the latter was Captain Hutchison and Adjutant J. T. Stuart. Among the severely wounded was Quartermaster-Sergeant J. D. W. Henderson who gallantly borrowed a musket and went into the fight and was badly wounded.

From this point the regiment moved to Brandy Station and went into camp near Hazel creek where the winter was spent. Early in December a movement was made to Mine run where the enemy was found in force. No strong attack was made, but for two days the regiment was under artillery fire, during which a shell burst in the regiment, wounded slightly Captain Quigley and four men. Returned to the camp and put up winter quarters. About this time the supernumerary non-commissioned officers rejoined the regiment, and drafted men and substitutes also arriving, four new companies, E, F, G and H, were organized and commanded respectively by Wombacker, Sherwood, Stuart and Swain. A new company of volunteers recruited by Sergeant Kephart also joined the regiment and was commanded by Captain W. P. Kephart. The regiment now filled to the minimum, Colonel Hulings, Lieutenant-Colonel Miles and Major Hickman were mustered in as the field officers. The supernumerary non-commissioned officers were assigned to the new companies. Eight new lieutenants were mustered, Lieutenant Hilands promoted to adjutant, and the regiment was well manned and officered for the spring campaign, having nine companies well filled, about seven hundred and fifty strong, a large regiment for those days.

On May 4, the regiment moved with the army in the direction of the enemy, crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Mills. On the morning of the 5th formed line of battle and moved forward into the Wilderness. Struck the enemy about 10 o'clock who opened a volley on us at about thirty yards. More than fifty per cent. of the men in the regiment were new and untried and many of them had been compelled to serve by draft, but they stood the shock with an invincibility that would have done honor to Napoleon's Imperial Guard in its palmiest days. We drove the enemy back a short distance and entrenched. In this engagement the regiment lost about forty men, of whom three were killed and two mortally wounded.

Maintained our position until after dark of the 6th. On this evening the enemy in great force attacked the right of our corps and the army and succeeded in turning the flank, capturing two brigade commanders in the Third Division and many of the men. At the same time the Forty-ninth was subjected to a very heavy fire, suffering a loss of ten men wounded, one of them mortally. After the flanking movement was stopped our line was changed at right angles to the one previously held and remained in this position until after dark of the 7th when the race for Spotsylvania commenced, the Sixth following the Fifth Corps. We arrived at Locust Grove about 3 p. m., Sunday, May 8, and found the Fifth Corps engaged and about to charge the enemy. We formed line to support the charge. For some reason it was not made. Remained in this position during the night and early on the morning of the 9th extended our line taking position on the left of the Fifth Corps joining it on our right. While these dispositions were being made, the gallant and heroic commander of the Sixth Corps, Major-General John Sedg-

wick, was shot by a sharpshooter and killed. This calamity threw a gloom over everyone. All felt that while the army and country had lost a valuable and able commander, every member of his gallant corps had lost a personal friend. General H. G. Wright succeeded to the command of the corps, General Russell of the division, General Eustis of the Third Brigade. With the exception of the death of the lamented Sedgwick, this day, May 9, passed in comparative quiet in our front.

About 3 a. m., of May 10, companies D and G, Captains Quigley and Stuart, with two companies from the One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, all under command of Captain Landell, were sent forward as skirmishers into the dense woods. Advanced about three hundred yards and found a strong line of skirmishers of the enemy. We advanced and drove them back on their supports and then back on their line of battle in entrenchments. In this advance we reached a cart road at which we stopped, still under cover of about seventy-five yards of timber with piles of fence rails for barricades. At this point the officer commanding the right of the line, ordered the men to hold this road and to protect themselves behind trees, rail piles, etc. At this moment a field officer, a lieutenant-colonel, rode along and directed the line to advance to the edge of the woods. The lieutenant with his men knowing the attempt would result in certain defeat obeyed the order and moved forward about forty yards and received a galling fire from a line of battle entrenched. The enemy then poured out against us and we were driven back two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards into the woods fighting as we went. We then halted, faced about, and again moved forward under a terrible fire, losing men from our weak line at every step. We fought our way back to the cart road and rail piles at which point we stopped and held that line. The first time we had reached this position with very small loss, but to re-take it cost the two companies more than forty men, one-third of whom were killed. We held the position until about 2 p. m., when we were relieved by companies A and E, Captains Wakefield and Wombacker.

The two relieved companies, D and G, returned to the regiment and rested until about 4.30 p. m., when Eustis' Brigade with Upton's and another, making a division of twelve regiments of infantry, under the command of Colonel Emory Upton, of the One hundred and twenty-first New York Volunteers, moved forward to assault the enemy. The storming column was formed in four lines with a front of three regiments and the lines twenty paces apart. The same cart road which had been so gallantly fought for and held by the skirmishers during the day was the very spot where the assaulting columns were formed and from which the charge was made. The Forty-ninth was upon the right of the second line and was represented by six companies. Companies A and E were still on the skirmish line in front, and Company C was detailed to picket the right of the corps. Upon the firing of a signal gun the assaulting column dashed forward, first through the timber about seventy-five yards into an open field of about one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide and then into slashed timber about one hundred yards, to strongly entrenched works, well manned with infantry and artillery. It seemed that when we emerged from our cover of timber, the first line of battle had melted away before the destructive fire of the enemy and we who

had been in the second line now led the charge. We moved rapidly forward under a terrible fire of infantry and artillery, across the open field, through the slashed timber and over the first line of earthworks filled with the enemy, who threw down their arms and were sent to the rear, then forward through another line of rifle-pits. While between these two lines we suffered dreadfully from a battery about one hundred yards distant on our right which threw canister into us by the bushel. A little later the battery was captured, Captain Honey of the Sixth Maine cutting down an artilleryman with his sword with his hand on the lanyard. The charge was up to this time a complete success, but a little while after, owing to the failure of the supports to arrive in time to protect our flanks, the enemy on the flanks changed front and compelled the withdrawal of the whole force who were able to leave the field. The Forty-ninth with the other regiment did all in this charge that could possibly be done by the same number of men and with the support received, but at dreadful cost. Colonel Hulings, Lieutenant-Colonel Miles, Captain Kephart and Lieutenant Lytle were killed; Captains Barr, Quigley and Stuart wounded, the former mortally; Lieutenants Irwin, Russell, Hilands, J. B. Downing wounded, and Lieutenant Barton wounded and captured. Seventy-one enlisted men killed, twenty-one mortally wounded and one hundred and eighty-two others wounded and missing. A total of two hundred and eighty-six officers and men out of about four hundred and fifty engaged, a loss of sixty-three and one-half per cent. of all who went into the engagement. The total loss to the regiment in this day's fighting was about three hundred and twenty-five men.

The next day, May 11, it was comparatively quiet in our front. Lieutenant John M. Thompson was badly wounded in the left arm by a sharpshooter while on picket.

On the morning of May 12, General Hancock, with the Second Corps, charged at what afterwards was known as the "Bloody Angle," captured two general officers and several thousand prisoners, but was unable to continue the movement and the Sixth Corps was sent to his relief. The Forty-ninth fought the enemy for the whole day at only a few yards distance, as many as two hundred rounds of ammunition being used per man, and the muskets became so foul and heated that the rifle in the bore was worn smooth, and after this fight they would not carry a ball thirty yards. They were afterwards changed for Springfield rifles. In this fight large oak trees were literally cut off by bullets; no artillery could be used. The regiment lost in this engagement, sixteen killed, two mortally wounded and about thirty others wounded. Among the latter was Captain Wombacker, Lieutenants B. H. Downing and Howell.

The losses in officers in these engagements made the following promotions: Major Hickman to lieutenant-colonel, Captain Wakefield to major; Lieutenant Thompson to captain Company A, Second Lieutenant Wix to first and Sergeant J. B. Rodgers to second lieutenant A, Lieutenant Byers to captain of I, Hackenberg first lieutenant and D. A. Stahl second lieutenant, John S. Bratton to captain B, Samuel H. Irvin first and John J. Hight second lieutenant, Joseph W. Wallace first and O. S. Rumberger second lieutenant of H and Howell and Davison first and second lieutenants of F.

After the sanguinary engagements at Spotsylvania were ended, moved by

the left flank to the Pamunkey river and Cold Harbor where the regiment was under fire and partly engaged daily from June 1 to 7, losing nine killed, two mortally wounded and about thirty others wounded and missing, among the latter Lieutenant James P. Smith and several men were captured by the enemy. Lieutenant Smith was held a prisoner until the following spring and rejoined the regiment after Lee's surrender.

From Cold Harbor moved again by the left and crossed the James river and took part in the siege of Petersburg until July 7, 1864. While here Colonel Oliver Edwards of the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteers succeeded General Eustis in command of the brigade.

On July 7, 1864, a strong force having been sent to menace Washington and Baltimore, the Sixth Corps cut loose from the Army of the Potomac and took transports at City Point for the National Capital, arriving in Washington on the evening of July 9. We raced the enemy from Fort Stevens in the defenses of Washington to Snicker's Gap, but they succeeded in crossing the Shenandoah and escaped. Returned to Washington passing through our old Camp Griffin on the way. Marched through Maryland to Frederick City and to Harper's Ferry. By this time the Middle Military Division was formed and composed of the Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth corps, all under the command of Major-General Philip H. Sheridan who gained for his troops additional glory and they in return made him world famous by the time the campaign ended.

Shortly after our arrival at Harper's Ferry the small-pox broke out in the regiment and it was isolated at Bolivar Heights for about a month. On September 13, rejoined the division then encamped near Berryville.

Early on the morning of September 19, moved in the direction of Winchester. Struck the enemy near Opequon creek and fought a fierce battle during the whole of the day, the enemy's forces falling back towards Winchester. About noon two brigades of Early's forces which had been sent in the direction of Martinsburg returned and made a desperate attack on the left of the Nineteenth Corps, driving them back. This repulse uncovered the right flank of Russell's Division of the Sixth Corps. Russell put himself at the head of the brigade and hurried in to retrieve the disaster, and succeeded in stopping the enemy, but in the movement the general was killed, shot to death with a cannon ball. General Frank Wheaton succeeded to the command of the division. Towards the close of the day, and while the infantry and artillery were driving the enemy, the cavalry division struck them on their left flank, doubling them up and sent them "whirling through Winchester," winning a glorious victory on the open field. In this engagement First Lieutenant Joseph W. Wallace was killed and Captain John M. Thompson desperately wounded in seven places by the explosion of a shrapnel, directly in front of him. Ten enlisted men were killed and about thirty wounded, eight of them mortally.

While the fight was at its height Major Wakefield, who had been away on special service, was returning, and hearing the sound of the battle, with two or three comrades were hurring up from Berryville to rejoin their commands, and when within a mile of the line of the Union army in action were captured by a gang of Mosby's men and carried around the flank of our army to Richmond. He was confined at Danville, Va., until the next spring.

After this engagement the brigade was detailed to guard the post at Winchester, guarding trains to and from Martinsburg, etc., until after the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19, 1864.

While encamped at Winchester the regiment received from the State a new stand of colors which were presented by Colonel Edwards, and received on the part of the regiment by Captain James T. Stuart.

On October 24, the brigade rejoined the corps at Cedar Creek and remained there until after the presidential election, then moved midway between Middletown and Winchester until about December 6, when the Sixth Corps left the valley and returned to the siege of Petersburg. Went into the line in front of Yellow House near Fort Wadsworth. The regiment succeeded in finding splendid winter quarters built by some soldiers of the Fifth Corps. Here we remained, with the exception of a reconnaissance to Hatcher's Run, until April 2, 1865.

In the last days of March troops in large bodies were passing in the rear of us to the left, moving to Five Forks and the series of battles were commencing to end the rebellion.

On Sunday morning, April 2, the regiment and brigade (having formed during the previous night in front of Fort Fisher) at the early dawn charged the works in our front and broke through the enemy's lines. The regiment turned to the left and emptied the rifle pits for about a mile, when troops from the Second Corps took our place and continued the movement while we faced about and closed in on Petersburg, the Sixth Corps holding the line from the Appomattox river to the old rebel line of works. Loss of the regiment in the engagement, one killed and about a dozen wounded. Among the latter was the adjutant who received a slight saber cut in the left hand in going over the rebel entrenchments.

The movement of this day compelled the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg. Early on the morning of the 3d, started in pursuit of the enemy in the direction of Amelia Court House. General Sheridan had been pleading for the Sixth Corps from the beginning of the campaign but until now Grant had work for them and they could not be spared. The Sixth Corps now moved rapidly across the army to the extreme right to Sheridan's help. We caught up with him at Sailor's creek about 5 p. m., of April 6, and immediately formed line of battle under Sheridan's direction, the brigade in the following order: Fifth Wisconsin on the right joined by the One-hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, the Forty-ninth in the center joined by the Sixth Maine to the left and the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts on the left of the brigade. While forming Major Gray of the One hundred and nineteenth asked the general of the situation. He replied aloud, "Boys, Custer is across there (pointing) about two miles with his cavalry and fourteen pieces of artillery and we're here, and Ewell with his corps is between us and if we press them they will be in a ———— tight fix." As soon as the lines were formed we "pressed." Moved forward in line of battle down sloping ground to the creek which we crossed, it being from knee to waist deep. After crossing we lay under cover of a knoll a few minutes to perfect the alignments. In a few minutes Captain Colt of Edwards' staff rode along and directed an advance on the double-quick. The enemy was under cover of a woods about one hundred and fifty yards in our front and between

us open ground. The regiment advanced rapidly through a perfect storm of bullets but in fifteen minutes it was all over and General Ewell commanding the corps, with seven other general officers and about 7,000 officers and men were captured. The regiment in this engagement was opposed by a regiment of marines from Richmond who had never been in an engagement but they fought valiantly and when flanked and surrounded hardly knew enough to surrender.

The loss of the regiment in this battle was excessively severe. Owing to the hard and wearisome marches made for four days, we carried only about 250 men into the battle. Of these fifteen were killed including Lieutenant Hackenberg, six mortally wounded including Lieutenants John B. Rodgers and John D. Gillespie, about sixty others were wounded. The most distressing part of these losses was that this was our last battle and a number of those killed were men who had been with us from the organization of the regiment. Notably, Lieutenants Rodgers and Gillespie, Sergeant-Major J. Roy Hackenberg and First Sergeant Calvin Cain.

Shortly after the end of the fight the Forty-ninth was detailed to guard prisoners at Sheridan's headquarters. During the night Custer's cavalry brought in a large number in addition to those previously captured. About 8 a. m. of the 7th, the regiment was ordered to conduct the prisoners to Burkeville Junction which was a full day's march from the battle-field. Arrived at Burkeville about dark and turned the prisoners over to the provost marshal, drew rations and went into camp for the night. Early on the next morning (April 8) we started for the front, marched rapidly in the direction of Appomattox Court House, passing through Farmville and reached the front and joined the brigade on the morning of the 10th, after the surrender of Lee which had occurred the day before (April 9, 1865).

We then returned with the army to Burkeville Junction and went into camp where we remained until the 25th. While in camp here, on April 16, Adjutant Downing was mustered as captain of Company F and Lieutenant Robert Davidson of Company F as adjutant of the regiment. Here also we were joined by a company of volunteers from Allegheny county, company K, commanded by Captain J. F. Reynolds, First Lieutenant James H. Bascom and Second Lieutenant Thomas M. Gillespie.

On April 25, General Johnston not having yet surrendered to Sherman, the Sixth Corps marched to Danville in the very southern edge of Virginia, making the march in four days. Here we found many men from Lee's army awaiting transportation farther south. The old corps marched through the city with colors unfurled and the men never felt prouder nor marched better than on this occasion. We went in camp south of the city on the edge of North Carolina and remained until after Johnston's surrender.

While here one recruit arrived and was assigned to Company F, which lacked one man of the minimum, and as a result, First Sergeant Glass was mustered as second lieutenant of the company which event occurred just in time, for the mail arrived while Glass was at the mustering officer's which brought news of the death of George Stanford, wounded at Sailor's Creek, and two others discharged for disability. Had Glass been an hour later he would have failed in being mustered.

On May 6, we returned by rail to Burkeville and the corps was distributed

along the Southside railroad. The Forty-ninth headquarters were at Wellsville with eight companies, while two companies under the command of Captain Wombacker were stationed at Blacks and Whites Station, about eight miles farther south. While here the Army of the Potomac, with the exception of the Sixth Corps, returned to Washington. Sherman's army from Atlanta also passed by us on their way to the National Capital. After the grand review of the two armies in Washington, the Sixth Corps, about June 1, broke camp and marched to Petersburg and Manchester opposite Richmond, went into camp for two days, then marched through Richmond, reviewed by General Halleck, on to Mechanicsville and Fredericksburg, and arrived at Hall's Hill opposite Washington, where we remained until July 15. In the meantime, however, the Sixth Corps also passed in review through Washington. On July 12, orders were received to make the muster-out rolls, preparatory to discharge.

Everything being prepared Captain A. M. Tyler, mustering officer, visited us and mustered the regiment out of the service on July 15, 1865, three years and ten months after organization.

We proceeded through Washington and Baltimore to Harrisburg where the officers and men were paid and finally discharged, and the Forty-ninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers had passed into history.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

53D REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 1, 1889

ADDRESS OF FIRST LIEUT. & ADJUTANT CHAS. P. HATCH

COMRADES:—We meet to-day for a noble and glorious purpose, and one which cannot but appeal to the heart of every soldier here who was a member of our old command. At the same time it would be strange indeed, if the occasion did not engender within us emotions of a conflicting nature.

As I look around me and see how few there are of us left, memories of the past come crowding before me. I recall to memory those days in '63 when we were battling with the enemy upon this very field. I am carried still farther back to '61 when we started out upon our military career, and, comparing that starting out with to-day, one cannot but be profoundly impressed not alone by the changed and happy conditions now existing, but sorrowfully as well, as we recall to memory our former comrades, now dead and gone but then with us brave, eager and enthusiastic.

The records of the War Department show that from '61 to '63 our regiment had already gone through ten principal engagements, not counting the numerous minor ones, and in each many were stricken from our ranks, and when, in 1863, we marched upon the field of Gettysburg, our ranks had already been sadly depleted, but again our thin ranks were further reduced in

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO., NEW YORK

numbers. From Gettysburg to Appomattox inclusive the Fifty-third took part in sixteen additional principal engagements, making twenty-six in all, averaging one principal engagement or battle, for each fifty days of service, including the time spent in winter quarters, and not counting the reconnaissances, special services and incidental encounters with the enemy between battles, in all of which however we suffered constant losses in killed and wounded.

Our regimental reports of casualties during the war foot up thirty-five officers and seven hundred and two enlisted men, giving a total of seven hundred and thirty-seven. Of these, the record of killed in action or died of wounds received in action is four officers and one hundred and ninety-six enlisted men, a total of exactly two hundred killed. These facts and reminiscences vividly recall the past and we would be indeed singularly constituted were our feelings not wrought upon by the retrospect.

Still, with it all comes over us the proud consciousness of a soldier's faithful service, and associated with it a sentiment of pride and admiration in the gallantry and fortitude of our old comrades who gloriously laid down their lives in the cause which we had all alike assumed, and when we remember that our presence here to-day is at the bidding of our State, as being worthy of its honors for the service they and we performed, we experience feelings of profound gratitude and satisfaction, in that it is our privilege to see this memorial monument erected and dedicated in honor of those old comrades and of our gallant old regiment, for it was a gallant regiment, as its official record bears witness, and we are amply entitled to all our feelings of pride in having been members of it. That it served in line with the numerous other gallant commands from our own as well as other States, would alone be sufficient glory for the Fifty-third, even though it had no other claims for credit, but I believe the evidence will show that probably few regiments in our whole army saw more arduous or severe service during the war, a fact not realized by us at the time but now demonstrated in the statistical summing up. It will however be out of place for me here and at this time to even attempt to trace the career of our old command during the war, or enter upon its active participation in the many engagements in which it bore a part and I but touch upon the general facts.

As with many another, our regiment had its origin in that great uprising in 1861, a year we well remember who lived and moved in its excitements, but of which the younger and present generation can have no adequate conception.

An economic and political question which had, at the time the Constitution of the country was first under discussion and being formulated, already been the cause of anxious thought and then adjusted by compromise, a question which later on was the cause of renewed discussions and new compromises, which had passed all the stages, from anxious debate to acrimonious controversy, finally reached its culmination in 1861, when, though I cannot say without warning or premonition, the blow fell which was the knell of war between the two sections of the country. There were those no doubt on the one side who had early determined to strike the blow, there were those in the North who saw its coming, yet the country at large could not believe in the possibility of such a calamity and was amazed as well as astounded when it

come, but before that first shot upon Fort Sumter had ceased echoing over the land, the revulsion came in a mighty cry of denunciation for those who had done the deed, and men in countless numbers and from all sides of the loyal North demanded to be led to the defense of our country's flag.

So, and then, the Fifty-third Pennsylvania was born and organized, not for hope of personal reward, not for love, but through that exalted and vivifying patriotism which pervaded the hearts of the loyal North, asking only to be led to the front to meet the enemy. There was but one thought, that in the Providence of God there was one duty above every other presented to us, and that was the defense of our flag, the maintenance of our government and glorious nationality in all its integrity, and for this the men of '61 freely volunteered their services and if need be their lives. As was natural under the tension of public feeling then existing, the people were in advance of the constituted authorities, coming together intuitively and by a common impulse, taking the initiative in organization and selecting their leaders under whom they desired to serve.

We found ours in Captain John R. Brooke who had already served as an officer in the preliminary three-months' service, and he became our colonel, and as corroboration of the worthiness and fitness of the selection, as well as testifying as to the quality of the command under him, I have but to mention that after the close of the war he was commissioned in the regular military service of the United States and is to-day holding the rank of brigadier-general.

Our lieutenant-colonel was Richards McMichael of Pottsville, Pa., a veteran of the Mexican war, while our major was Thomas Yeager of Allentown, Pa., who lost his life at Fair Oaks.

On the one side, therefore, were arrayed those who had taken up arms in defense and for the perpetuation of our National life. On the other were arrayed those who, though doubtless equally as sincere in their convictions, yet sought the destruction of our National government, and the right to maintain a separate confederate government.

The issue at stake was a momentous one and upon the outcome of those days of conflict upon which we were about to enter, depended consequences to our country and humanity which would shape the destiny of generations.

Our grand government, which had already done so much to raise the dignity of man and labor, which had long been the wonder and admiration of civilized people as they viewed the progress and prosperity already attained by a people living under constitutional guarantees of liberty and freedom, was now threatened with subversion. In the principles involved it was a struggle between giants. It was in fact a war between men of kindred blood and antecedents.

With the great issues before us, and with the spirit prevailing and which animated our regiment, therefore, how impatiently were passed those early days of necessary preparation in Camp Curtin, until that, to us, eventful day, November 7, 1861, when, a completely organized and equipped regiment, the Fifty-third was drawn up in line and presented with its colors by the Governor of our State, Andrew G. Curtin.

That which we had asked had come to us, and the emblem which we were

to defend had been placed in our charge. How that charge was fulfilled, our duty performed, is attested here and by these ceremonies to-day, with our colors restored to the State unsullied and without stain, though they may be and are in fact ragged and torn by service and exposure on the numerous fields of battle where they had been so gallantly borne by the Fifty-third, and they rest to-day in honored companionship in the capitol of the State. From the moment the Fifty-third received its colors they were never out of its possession until the day they were again returned to the State at the close of the war and the regiment disbanded.

Following the presentation of our colors we received marching orders, and at 9 a. m., November 9, 1861, left Camp Curtin, being transported by rail from Harrisburg to Washington, by way of York and Baltimore, where we became a part of the Third Brigade, Sumner's Division, afterward known as First Division, Second Army Corps. We remained connected with the Third Brigade until April 14, 1863, when a Fourth Brigade for our division was organized, to be commanded by Colonel Brooke, to which our regiment was naturally transferred.

Originally enlisting for three years our regiment re-enlisted for the war, December 22, 1863, and thus became entitled to be known as the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers. It was present at Appomattox Court House at the surrender of General Lee and was mustered out of the service of the United States, June 30, 1865.

Gettysburg will, I think, be hereafter, if it is not already, classed among the great battles of the world, a crucial period in the war, governing the eventual outcome or fate of a cause. It is true, battles had been fought by us, successes achieved by our arms, but none had yet seemed to possess that potent and decisive influence which presaged defeat or victory to the cause at large. At the period there were two great points of conflict, Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

Upon the 3d day of July, Vicksburg asked terms of surrender, on the same day and almost the same hour the Army of the Potomac, under command of General Meade, dealt the Confederate army, commanded by General Lee, its final blow, one it never recovered from, for though it fought bravely and vigorously through the Wilderness Campaign of '64, after withdrawing behind the defenses of Richmond and Petersburg it was never again able to take the offensive in the field and only left those defenses in the spring of '65 to surrender in a few days to the illustrious commander of our armies, General Grant.

The defeat of the main army of the Confederates at Gettysburg, probably the strongest and best equipped they had at any time sent into the field, composed of veterans, and encouraged by their advantages at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, was irreparable. Their cause was thereafter hopeless. That its importance was read right at the time by those who had watched the drift of events and knew the art of war is without doubt. In this connection I need but quote the words of our old corps commander, noble generous-hearted Hancock, spoken while on the field and but shortly prior to the final charge of the enemy under Pickett. It was while the artillery fire of the 3d was in full progress, and which you will remember had opened on both sides about 1 p. m.

About 2.30 p. m., Colonel Brooke with his staff, including myself, had ridden out to a small farm house some two hundred yards in front of our line of battle, a little to the left, observing the effect of our artillery upon the enemy's lines and watching their movements, when General Hancock, accompanied by some of his staff, also rode up. After some general conversation pertinent to the occasion, Hancock started to return to our lines again, as he did so however he drew himself up in the saddle in the manner which gave him the name of "Superb," and remarked:

"Gentlemen, after this artillery fire is over it will be followed by an infantry attack upon our lines. This battle is the turning point of the war; if we win this fight the war is practically over," and as giving a further portrayal of his admirable qualities, I cannot refrain from also quoting his closing remarks which were as follows: "We cannot tell where any of us may be before this day is over; before leaving you I wish to say I speak harshly sometimes. If I have at any time ever said anything to offend or hurt the feelings of any one of you I wish now to offer an apology."

Those who had the good fortune to know General Hancock personally, can easily recall and fully appreciate his characteristic nobility, generosity and magnaminity; he was actuated by all these graceful attributes of the true soldier and as well gave evidence of his clear military sagacity when he thus spake, and then, as though his mind at ease and prepared and ready for any fate which might be in store for him, he rode off, and, as is well known, was, not much later on during the charge on our lines, badly wounded and borne from the field.

We none of us of course understood him to imply that this was to be the last battle to be fought, but that its loss would be disastrous and vital to the enemy, that the end was thereafter a foregone conclusion in a military sense, and such was the case, for the enemy never recovered from the blow it received here. It is therefore because Gettysburg was the turning point, the great culminating battle of the war, that it has been accorded such prominence, that it has been thought well to mark this field with these imperishable memorials to stand hereafter to the glory and credit of those who participated in its dangers, and the monuments will certainly lose none of their significance; in truth it should be all the greater, in being located and dedicated by those who themselves had taken part in the conflict, while to the student and historian of the future, their value must prove inestimable, for who will question the correctness of the story of Gettysburg written in these imperishable characters by those who fought the fight. When, in 1863, the enemy, being then around Fredericksburg, started, northwest upon his Gettysburg campaign, our regiment was in camp near Falmouth, Va., opposite Fredericksburg, and at the time constituted a part of the Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps, the other regiments being the One hundred and forty-fifth Pennsylvania, Second Delaware, Sixty-fourth New York and Twenty-seventh Connecticut.

The brigade was under command of Colonel John R. Brooke, colonel of our regiment, while the regiment was under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Richards McMichael, I, your adjutant, being on the staff of the brigade commander as acting assistant adjutant-general. At the period named our brigade received orders at 2 a. m., June 14, to be ready to march at 8 a. m., and

at the latter hour we were under arms awaiting orders. It was at the time part of our duty to "picket" a portion of the front before Fredericksburg and we therefore had but about five hundred men for duty in the brigade.

We remained under arms until 2 p. m., when, a section of artillery having been added to our force, we received orders to move in haste and occupy Banks' Ford on the Rappahannock; we marched at once and upon reaching our distination found the Fifty-second New York of the Third Brigade already arrived there and which for this duty was placed in our brigade. Our duty was to protect the ford, prevent its use by the enemy and observe their movements, their columns being then in movement up the south side of the river. We held the ford until 9 p. m. that night, when, leaving the Fifty-second New York at the ford, the brigade withdrew to Berea Church about two and one-half miles from the ford where we took up position for attack and then went into bivouac. The next morning early the regiment at the ford was also withdrawn and at 5.30 a. m., the brigade took up the line of march for Stafford Court House to reach which we had to retrace our route through the camps around Falmouth, all of which were now silent and deserted.

That portion of our brigade which had been on picket duty before Fredericksburg was at the same time withdrawn, and rejoined us as we passed Falmouth. Our brigade was the last to leave the front of Fredericksburg. Our march to Stafford Court House was a rapid one, as we reached there about 10 a. m., making the distance, about twelve miles, in about four and one-half hours; upon reaching Stafford we found our corps and division, which had halted, anxiously awaiting our withdrawal, when after a further halt of about two hours we with our corps resumed our march and that afternoon about 5 p. m. went into bivouac at Aquia creek. The day had been intensely warm, some thirty men of the corps being sunstruck on the march, while hundreds almost exhausted by the heat and unable to keep up with the column struggled in the rear as best they could, but most came in after dark, though many were captured by the enemy's cavalry.

June 16, at 6 a. m., our corps again resumed its march, our brigade with a section of artillery now acting as rear guard for the column. At 11 a. m. we forded the Occoquan and passing beyond a short distance went into camp about 2 p. m. This day like the preceding was exhausting and the heat oppressive, our men suffering severely. June 17, 7.30 a. m., we again struck camp, and moving *via* Dumfries, went into camp at Sangster's Station about noon, where, acting under orders, all extra baggage and all men not able to endure the march were forwarded to Washington. We remained at Sangster's until 4 p. m. June 19, when, breaking camp, we moved to Centerville, which we reached at 7.30 p. m. At this point our brigade was ordered to occupy and hold Thoroughfare Gap, while our corps moved on, and for this purpose our brigade broke camp at noon June 20, reaching and occupying the Gap at 11 p. m. that night. We held the Gap until 9 a. m., June 25, the enemy making occasional demonstrations on our pickets, and at times forcing us to go into line of battle, but beyond some skirmishing, by which we lost one killed and five or six wounded, nothing of moment occurred, and at the hour mentioned we withdrew and marched to Gum Springs, being followed from the Gap by the enemy's cavalry, where we again came up with our

corps. At 6 a. m., June 26, our whole column was again on the march and now directly for the Potomac river, which we crossed at Edwards' Ferry at midnight, going into bivouac about 2.30 a. m., June 27, on the north side, where we halted until 3 p. m. when we again resumed our march, going into camp near Barnesville, Md., about 11 p. m. June 28, 6 a. m., we started for and at 4 p. m. reached the Monocacy river, where we halted, and our brigade went into camp on the same ground occupied similarly by us the year previous when on our march for Antietam. June 29, 6 a. m., we crossed the Monocacy by the stone bridge and marching *via* Frederick City and Union Bridge, went into camp near Uniontown, Md., about 9.30 p. m., making for the day an unusually long march of thirty-three miles. Here we remained until the morning of July 1. On this day, which witnessed the opening of the three days' battle at Gettysburg, we broke camp at Uniontown at 6 a. m. and took up our line of march *via* Taneytown. After making a few miles the familiar sound of artillery firing was heard in the advance, which we then had learned was at or near Gettysburg, toward which our columns were now rapidly converging.

You no doubt all remember our crossing the boundary line into Pennsylvania and what ringing cheers went up from our regiment when we found ourselves, after so long an absence, once more treading the soil of our native State and that we were to do battle so near our homes. Footsore and jaded as all were, the step became more springly, the gait quickened as our forward movement went on, while the sound of artillery became momentarily more rapid as well as more distinct as we advanced. In fact the great fight had fairly begun, and we knew must be in full progress in the front, and as we recall the scene there is even now the old thrill and inspiration in the contemplation of our veteran column pushing on with all the determination and speed possible toward the field which we knew was the prelude to the desperate encounter we were ourselves to engage in with the enemy.

It was about 2.30 p. m., while our column was thus pushing forward, our brigade being in the lead and our regiment leading the brigade, General Hancock with Colonel Brooke and their respective staffs were at the time riding at the head of the line, when a mounted orderly came rapidly down the road towards us and, approaching General Hancock, handed him the communication from General Meade apprising him of the death of General Reynolds and directing him to at once take command of the forces in the front and then engaged with the enemy. Delaying only to announce the purport of the order and to give Colonel Brooke some instructions as to our further march, Hancock rode off rapidly in the direction of Gettysburg. In a short time after the ambulance bearing the body of the lamented Reynolds passed us in the contrary direction.

That night about 10 p. m. we went into bivouac about two miles from Gettysburg, the battle for the day having ceased, but by 7 a. m., July 2, we were assigned position on Cemetery Ridge about one mile north of Little Round Top on the right of the Third Corps, the enemy being in our front across the valley about one mile. The weary hours we spent in this position I need hardly mention, being varied only by shifting our position here and there, but never far, and this continued from 7 a. m. until 4 p. m., when all our weariness vanished as we unexpectedly and somewhat to our surprise, saw

the Third Corps under General Sickles advancing from our left and moving across the valley to the peach orchard and the Emmitsburg road. At first uncertain what it meant we soon saw them penetrate the peach orchard, and realized by the rattle of musketry which followed that the second day's fight had opened. Entertaining no doubt but that we would shortly be ordered forward to join in it, we were intently watching the fighting going on before us, when we were, about 5 p. m., suddenly called to attention and our brigade was ordered to the left, at double-quick, our movement being left in front. We were soon in line of battle at the edge of the wheat-field, where by the time of our arrival the First Brigade of our division, under command of Colonel Cross of the Fifth New Hampshire, had already become hotly engaged and were being pressed by the enemy. Halting only to rectify our ranks, our brigade was ordered to advance to the relief of the First Brigade, and we at once moved forward faced by the rear rank, having no time to form by the front, and passing the line of the First Brigade at the edge of the field, struck the enemy and we also found ourselves hotly engaged. Our brigade however pressed forward steadily, firing as it advanced, opposed by both infantry and artillery, the latter being posted on the high ground beyond, but we nevertheless soon drove the enemy's front line by our firm advance, but the enemy's artillery fire was now felt by Colonel Brooke to be telling too severely upon us at this time and he therefore ordered a charge by the brigade which gallantly responded, and, dashing forward, broke the enemy's second line and mounting the high ground beyond the run, drove the enemy's artillery from its position, and it was in this charge and at this time the Fifty-third Pennsylvania reached the identical spot now marked by this monument, the Sixty-fourth New York being on our left, two companies of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut on our right, with the One hundred and forty-fifth Pennsylvania on the right of the line and their respective monuments stand with our own on this glorious and advanced line.

A part of the Third Brigade of our division (our original brigade) was not far off, and hoping to maintain our position, Colonel Brooke, in the emergency, at once assumed command over them, ordering them to our aid, to hold what we had gained, but we were too far in advance of our lines, and the enemy still being in strong force in our front and moving upon both our right and left flanks, seeing no troops coming to our assistance, Colonel Brooke was obliged to order our line to fall back, which it did slowly and in good order, firing as it retired. In fact we retired none too soon, as our brigade was almost enveloped by the enemy before it had reached and repassed the wheat-field, where we reformed behind some stone walls in line with our other troops, prepared to continue the fight, but at this time fresh troops came up and relieved our brigade, when we withdrew to a point nearer Little Round Top to reform, it being then about 7 p. m. and the fight for the day practically over.

After reforming, we moved to a position near that occupied by us before the battle where we rested under arms until early the next morning, July 3, when we again moved with our position in the front line on Cemetery Ridge, the enemy having our movement in plain view, shelling us severely; we lost several of our brigade in killed and wounded. Here we dug rifle pits and then awaited further events. That the fight would reopen we knew was inevit-

able, and there was apparent evidence that both armies were preparing for its renewal, but beyond some desultory firing here and there, there was comparative quiet until about 1 p. m. when the silence was broken by the crash of artillery firing which opened on each side with a terrific roar. This was kept up without appreciable diminution on either side until about 2.30 p. m. when our own guns gradually slackened their fire, though that of the enemy continued in full volume until about 4 p. m. when it also diminished in volume and we saw their infantry deploying by their left, a little to the right of our own front, and we realized another struggle was at hand. As they came from the cover of the trees and secured proper frontage, their lines moved slowly forward, and then we saw line after line developed until the charging column under Pickett was formed and moving rapidly upon our lines. Then it was our guns awoke to new life, as it were, and reopened vigorously from all sides upon the devoted column, but, as you know, great as was the havoc wrought in its ranks by our guns, its forward movement only ceased when it struck our Second Division immediately on the right of our own. I need speak no further of it than to say it was a gallant and magnificent charge, as gallantly and as magnificently met and repulsed.

Upon this occasion, however, neither our regiment or brigade were directly engaged, but as showing the close proximity of the fighting, I would mention that the skirmish line of the charging column extended across a portion of our own front and right, and likewise reached our lines, but coming on without firing a shot, and our men, seeing no troops following them, immediately refrained from firing upon them; on the contrary, as their skirmishers reached our lines they were permitted to enter unmolested, and our men after sharing the contents of their haversacks with them, sent them to the rear as prisoners, even while the fight was in desperate progress so near upon our right. Defeated and shattered, the fragments of Pickett's columns withdrew and the third day's fight was ended.

The next day, July 4, broke upon us bright and clear, and found all ready for a resumption of the contest if it was to come, but we early learned that the enemy was already in full retreat, although there was still considerable picket firing in progress, muttering of the storm of battle as it were, which had just passed. At last our men could take the rest they so sorely needed, after their long march from the Rappahannock and the wearing fatigue and desperate fighting of the past three days, and we went into bivouac in position where we were; but not for long, for at 4 p. m., July 5, we took up our line of march from Cemetery Ridge for Two Taverns where we again went into bivouac and remained until 5 a. m., July 7, when we marched for Taneytown, Maryland, which we reached at 11 p. m. July 8, 5 a. m., we left Taneytown; our march for the day bringing us to a point about four miles from Frederick City. July 9, 5 a. m., we were again in motion and marching through Frederick City reached Burkittsville at 5.30 p. m. Halting but one hour, we resumed our march and passing through Crampton's Gap went into bivouac about 9.30 p. m. at Rohrersville, Maryland.

July 10, 5 a. m. our column was again on the march, moving *via* Keedysville, and passing over the old Antietam battle-field about 1.30 p. m.; we went into bivouac at a point about six miles from Williamsport. July 11, 6 a. m., we marched for Jones' Cross Roads where we went into line of battle,

expecting an attack by the enemy but none followed. July 12, 2 p. m. we moved forward about three-fourths of a mile from the enemy, where we again halted and threw up entrenchments, remaining in this position until 5 a. m., July 14, when our corps went into line of battle and moved upon the enemy's position, our line of battle being preceded by a skirmish line under command of Colonel Brooke, composed of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania, Second Delaware, Sixty-fourth New York of our own brigade, to which, for this special duty, was added the Fifty-seventh New York of our old Third Brigade and the Fifth New Hampshire of the First Brigade of our division.

With our skirmish line deployed at one pace interval, we moved upon the enemy's position, but they had generally recrossed the Potomac and we fell in only with a strong rear guard near Falling Waters with which, however, we had a sharp encounter before they could cross the river, in which several hundred of them were captured by us, after which we went into bivouac until 5 a. m., July 15, when, there being none of the enemy north of the Potomac, we took up our line of march with our corps for Harper's Ferry, marching *via* Downsville and Sharpsburg and at 6 p. m. went into bivouac along the tow-path of the canal, having marched all day without food. The next day we moved to Pleasant Valley where our corps remained until 6 a. m., July 18, when we took up our march again for Harper's Ferry, at which point we forded the Potomac and again found ourselves in Virginia moving southward on the east side of the Blue Ridge, while the enemy was moving on parallel lines on the west side of the ridge.

It seems a singular co-incident, yet such are the facts, that our corps, then commanded by General Sumner, was the advance of the Army of the Potomac in its movement on Fredericksburg in '62, while our regiment was one of the brigade which led the corps, and was the first to enter Falmouth and appear before Fredericksburg. Again, when the Army of the Potomac abandoned the front of Fredericksburg, our corps was the last to withdraw, while our regiment was one of the brigade which was rear guard for the corps, and consequently the last to leave the front of Fredericksburg. And again, as our army turns its steps southward, following the enemy's retreating columns, our own regiment, together with a majority of our brigade, is in the skirmish line of the last line of battle which moved upon the enemy north of the Potomac, and our regiment took part in the last action had with the enemy's rear guard and fired the last shots as closing the Gettysburg campaign.

Drawn from memory and aided by memoranda made by me at the time I have given you as briefly as possible, assuming it would be of interest, our movements from the day we started from Falmouth, June 14, to meet the enemy at Gettysburg until the battle over, we had our final combat with them just one month after, on July 14, and the Gettysburg campaign was past, fraught with all its influences upon the subsequent operations of the enemy. In common with the other commands which had seen equal service, our regiment went into action at Gettysburg much reduced in numbers.

Three companies numbering about one hundred, and under command of Captain Mintzer, were, during the battle, on duty at corps headquarters as provost guard, and were engaged in guarding prisoners taken in the fight, subsequently about three thousand of them being marched to Westminster,

Maryland, assisted by some cavalry, all under command of Captain Mintzer. The other seven companies remained with the brigade, and taking active part in the battle numbering exactly one hundred and thirty-five officers and men, and were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McMichael; a pitiful remnant of the gallant regiment which had left Camp Curtin nine hundred and twenty strong, less than two years before, but the difference in numbers is easily understood when we refer to the previously mentioned regimental reports of casualties in action, to which might well be added the numbers, and they were not a few, who died of sickness contracted in the service, and the large numbers in hospital, wounded or sick. Truly, our regimental report for the day was "All present or accounted for." Of the one hundred and thirty-five who entered the fight on the 2d of July in line with the brigade, the losses were as follows:

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Captured or Missing.*	*Total.*
Officers, ...	—	11	—	11
Enlisted men, ..	7	56	6	69
Totals, ...	7	67	6	80

Of the total number engaged:

Our aggregate losses of all kinds equalled, ..	$59\frac{2}{10}$	per cent.
Our losses in killed and wounded, ...	$49\frac{6}{10}$	" "
Our losses in killed alone, ...	$5\frac{2}{10}$	" "
Our losses in captured and missing, ...	$4\frac{4}{10}$	" "

Out of the one hundred and thirty-five who went into the fight but fifty-five were left in line of battle under our regimental colors the next morning, but few as they were they were there in line of battle with their brigade and ready on the 3d, to sustain the previous well-earned reputation of the gallant Fifty-third; our regiment needs no eulogy at our hands, for what it achieved is written in history. That it did its duty nobly and unflinchingly we very well know, but still some statistical facts in this connection may not prove uninteresting.

Colonel William F. Fox, in his work upon losses sustained in battle, enumerates forty-five regiments which, of all regiments serving in the armies of the United States during the war, suffered a loss each of two hundred or more in killed in action or died of wounds received in action. The Fifty-third Pennsylvania is one of the forty-five. Out of the forty-five regiments enumerated, three were members during the war of our own Fourth Brigade, viz: The One hundred and forty-eighth Pennsylvania, One hundred and forty-fifth Pennsylvania and Fifty-third Pennsylvania, the first mentioned under command as colonel of the present Governor of our State, General James A. Beaver, whose regiment became attached to our brigade with the opening of the Wilderness campaign, while he himself had command of our brigade after the wounding of Colonel Brooke at Cold Harbor, and until he also was wounded at our head. Of the forty-five regiments mentioned twelve of them belonged to our own corps, the Second, or more than twenty-six per cent.

Again, Colonel Fox enumerates nine heavy artillery regiments which simi-

larly suffered a loss each of two hundred or more in killed in action or died of wounds received in action. Of these one regiment, the Seventh New York, was a member of our brigade, having been added to it during the Wilderness campaign of '64 a few days after it had seen its first engagement; while five out of the nine regiments, or more than fifty-five per cent., belonging to our corps.

By the same authority, the infantry regiment which suffered the largest loss in killed of any infantry regiment in all our armies was the Fifth New Hampshire, of the First Brigade of our division, our near neighbor in many a fight and to whose relief we went in the fight on the 2d of July.

From the statistics, therefore, the Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps seems to have had a somewhat remarkable service in its severity, not that I would arrogate for it or for our regiment, which was a member of it, a soldierly rank higher, or claim for it a spirit more gallant than pertained to other commands, but simply that the exigencies of the service seems to have thrown it into the forefront, that it seems to have been its fortune to find its place as a rule in the thick of the fight, and these statistics, showing as they do, stamp our old Fourth Brigade and with it the Fifty-third Pennsylvania as commands possessing remarkable soldierly bravery and fortitude.

If this is regarded as regimental egotism, I simply invite those who so regard it to read and analyze the figures. Though I love my old regiment and old brigade, yet mine are not the partial words of praise of one who was a member of them, nor words of exaggeration. They are deductions logically drawn from the cold remorseless figures after a lapse of more than twenty-five years. I give them because the facts show the company we were in, and nothing could more forcibly illustrate the truth that our regiment was emphatically in the front when we see that it served shoulder to shoulder in the same brigade, division and corps with commands so illustriously distinguished, and looking over all this, we naturally experience a warm glow of soldierly pride in our regiment which bore its due share of the burden of battle and served with such noble and gallant troops as we undoubtedly had in our old Second Corps, and as leaving out this feeling, I believe to-day, that next to our flag, we love our old corps badge, the red trefoil.

I remember a visit I once paid to our first brigade commander, Brigadier-General William H. French, after he had been promoted, and was at the time in command of a division in another part of the Army of the Potomac.

As I was about to leave, he drew from his pocket-book a simple red trefoil, one cut from red flannel and as issued at the time by the government, with the remark, "When I feel homesick and downhearted I take this out and look at it, and it cheers me up." We old soldiers understand that feeling and probably have the same for it now.

By the country at large of course, the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers may be regarded simply as one of the numerous regiments which were organized and sent to the front during the war by the State of Pennsylvania, served the purpose of its creation and was then disbanded. To us however it has more stirring as well as more tender memories, and is still a living reality, binding us together in the warm affection of comradeship and will be while life itself is left to any of us.

It is this feeling of affection for our old regiment which gives us our deep appreciation for this memorial, for next to the soldier's personal consciousness that he and his comrades fulfilled their duty on the field is its public acknowledgment, and this crowning gratification of the soldier is given us in this monument, and when we once again leave the field of Gettysburg we may do so with the feeling that our work here is indeed completed, but with the added assurance that the Fifty-third Pennsylvania, vigilant in its country's cause, will hereafter, even when we may all be sleeping the long sleep, still maintain on permanent post a sentinel to represent the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, and by his silent presence keep alive the same self-sacrificing patriotism it displayed.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

56TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

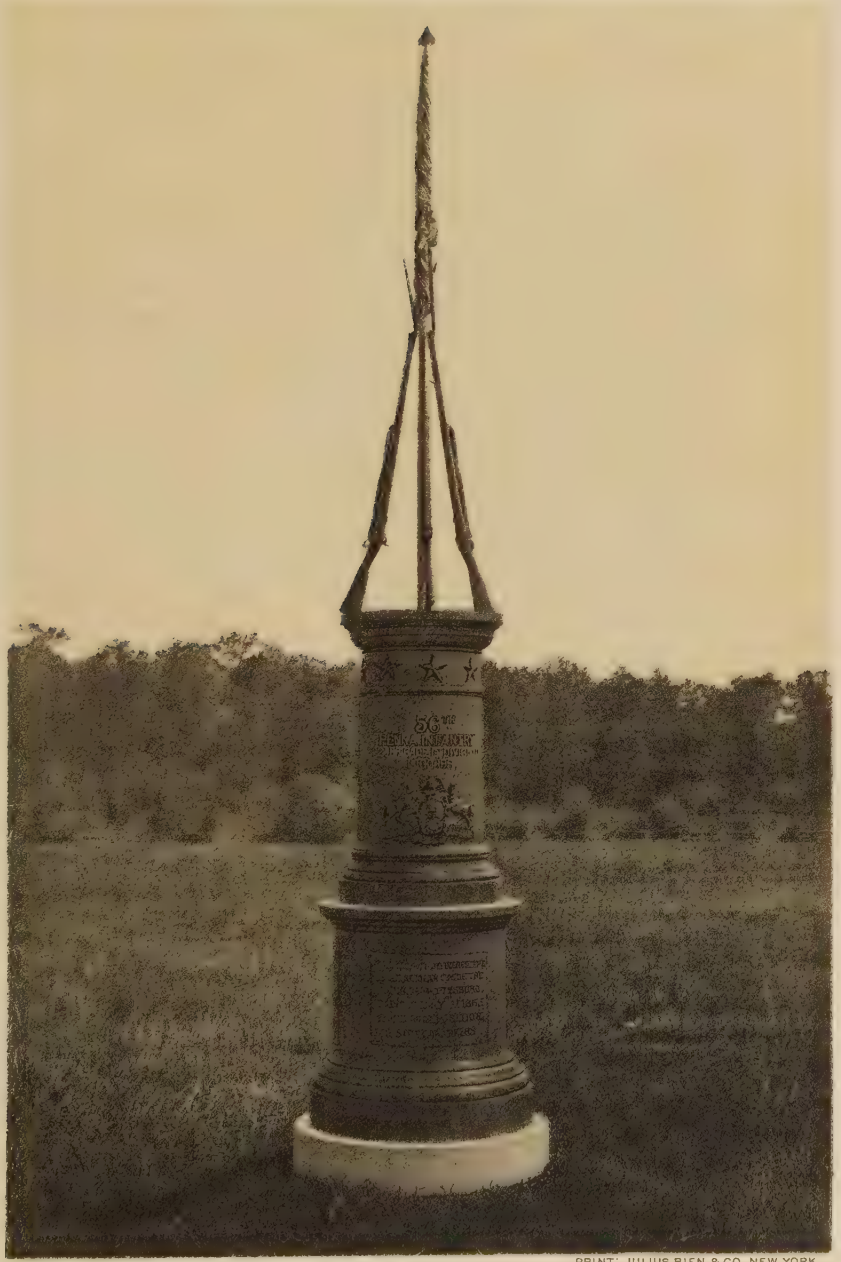
SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF BREVET BRIG.-GEN J. WILLIAM HOFMANN

SURVIVING comrades of the Fifty-sixth Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers—I greet you:—We are assembled to-day to dedicate the memorial erected by the liberality of our great Commonwealth in appreciation of your services upon this field. The memorial marks the ground whereon you stood, twenty-five years ago, as the representative of her infantry regiments, at the opening of the great battle which here took place, one of the long series of battles fought during the great struggle for the preservation and perpetuation of the Union, and its beneficent government, under which its people had made such rapid and unprecedented progress in all that tends to the elevation and happiness of man. In fact a struggle the most momentous and far-reaching in its character and in its results, of any that ever devolved upon man to determine. A struggle during which the patriotism and devotion of the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the cause of liberty and human freedom, was voiced in her contributions of treasure, and the lives and services of her sons.

Owing to her geographical position at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States—having six states upon her right, and six upon her left, Pennsylvania was accorded the honorary title of the "Keystone State" of the federal arch. And, although no longer, geographically, the center of the arch, which for many years has spanned the Continent from ocean to ocean, yet when the grand arch was trembling under the measured tramp of a mighty host organized and marshalled for its destruction, then the grand old Commonwealth proved worthy of the mission implied by her title.

The memorial marks the ground whereon you stood on the morning of July 1, 1863, ere the sun had reached the meridian. It stands within forty miles



PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO., NEW YORK

of the capital of our State, to which point you came from its most distant parts in response to the call of the President of the United States for volunteers, for three-years' service in the field, in defense of our country's flag. There, in Camp Curtin—so named in honor of the patriotic, zealous and efficient War Governor—you were organized into a regiment, and instructed in the duties of the soldier. Thus the regiment was pre-eminently a State organization, and as a unit, was without any local ties, a fitting circumstance to precede its distinguished services upon this memorable field. And no less was it pre-eminently a volunteer organization.

On the morning of March 8, 1862, the regiment, under command of Colonel S. A. Meredith, moved from Camp Curtin with nearly eight hundred officers and men destined for the Army of the Potomac, then at Washington. Sixteen months of active field service and the sun of that July morning shone down upon the regiment as it came upon this field with its effective force reduced to seventeen officers, two hundred and thirty-five men; and true is it also, that the regiment was back within the borders of our State, and within so short a distance from the camp of rendezvous, and that the great struggle in which it had been engaged was still undecided. If we follow the track of the regiment's march, we shall find, however, that it had already marched a great distance, that it had already crossed many fields of battle, had moved over roads covered with stifling dust, or bottomless mud, through exhausting heat, through biting cold, through rain and hail and snow, had forded rapid streams and crossed rugged mountains. The exposure incidental to these marches had brought many a stout-hearted comrade to the hospital cot, to rise only after months of agonizing pain, and perhaps with health irreparably shattered, or there to end his days upon earth. Add to these cases, the long list of comrades killed and wounded in the battles, and the absent at that morning's roll-call are accounted for.

Moving by rail, that factor so essential to success in modern warfare, the regiment arrived at Washington on the morning of March 9, and encamped on Kalorama Heights. Then moved to Fort Albany, west of the Potomac river. April 4, it moved by boat to the "Lower Potomac" to guard government stores left there by Hooker's Division, which had gone to the Peninsula. On the 24th, the regiment was carried to Aquia Landing, then the northern terminus of the Richmond and Washington railroad. There the regiment was engaged for some time in repairing the wharf, rebuilding the railroad, cutting wood and other uncongenial duties; uncongenial, because at the time deemed to be unsoldiery duties. Long before the war had been brought to a close, it was learned that destroying and rebuilding railroads, and the general use of the pick, and the spade, and the axe, formed in fact a legitimate part of a soldier's duty. May 7, found the regiment at the Rappahannock river, engaged in guarding the railroad back to the Potomac creek bridge. It was now assigned to the brigade commanded by General A. Doubleday, and known as the Second Brigade, First Division (King's), First Corps (McDowell's). On the afternoon of August 9, the regiment joined the brigade column, crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and entered upon the march that led to Cedar Mountain, thence to the battle-fields of Rappahannock Station, to Sulphur Spring, then to Gainesville, where Captain Corman gave his life to his country, and where Colonel Meredith was

severely wounded, and for his gallantry here was promoted to brigadier-general.—Then to Groveton, and to Manassas, each of these in turn claiming a sanguinary tribute from the regiment. Then recrossing the Potomac river at Washington, the march led through Frederick City and Middletown to the foot of the eastern slope of the South Mountain, about a mile north of Turner's Gap, the crest of the mountain at the time glittering with the arms of the enemy. A gallant ascent of the steep slope, in line of battle, a four hours' fight, and the victory was won. Under cover of the night the enemy retreated. Early in the battle, General Hatch, commanding the division was wounded, and was succeeded by General Doubleday; the command of the brigade then devolved upon your lieutenant-colonel, and remained in my hands until the early part of November; the command of the regiment devolved upon Captain F. Williams. This, as an index of the severity of our losses in a campaign then extending not over five weeks, for, on leaving Fredericksburg my name stood only number seven in the order of seniority upon the brigade roster. I pause a moment in the narration to pay a well-earned tribute to two officers whom it became necessary now to detach from their company for duty upon my improvised staff, Lieutenant (now Colonel) Laycock and his friend Lieutenant Samuel Healy. Although new to the duties that now devolved upon them, the energy, zeal and efficiency with which these were performed, confirmed my admiration for them, awakening in the night battles at Gainesville and at Groveton, and which was never lessened thereafter, whether, in many changes which followed, they served in the line or on the staff. Next morning, September 15, the road was again open for the march that now led to the field, memorable in the annals of warfare, as the battle of Antietam. A battle of charges and counter-charges, but a victory so fruitful in its results. The enemy was driven back into Virginia, Maryland was saved to the Union. The intense anxiety of the people of the North for the safety of the National Capital was relieved. President Lincoln utilized the victory as a fulcrum for his pen, and sent forth the edict, one of the mightiest, most just, most humane of any issued by a ruler during historic times—the edict that expunged for all time the word slave from our statute book. Thenceforth all who stood beneath our country's flag stood there as freemen. Such were the results that were wrought by the victory achieved by the valor of the Army of the Potomac upon the field of Antietam.

October 30 found the regiment again crossing the Potomac river into Virginia, now by a pontoon bridge laid at Berlin. The Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, was retreating southward in the valley of the Shenandoah. The Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, was pursuing in the Loudoun valley. The First Corps, under General Reynolds, with our division, under General Doubleday, leading, was in the advance; our cavalry, under General Pleasonton, was in front, engaged in driving the enemy's cavalry, under General Stuart, into the gaps of the mountain that forms the wall dividing the two valleys. When in front of Philomont, General Pleasonton requested an infantry support. Our brigade was honored by being detailed for this special duty, and on the morning of November 2, it reported to him while in front of the town of Union, and at the time sharply engaged with the enemy. In conformity with his directions, the brigade was formed in line of battle, and then advanced steadily from point

to point throughout the day, and steadily the enemy was driven back. The next day the brigade held the ground that had been gained and the cavalry aided by the First New Hampshire Battery, then forming part of the brigade, drove the enemy through Upperville into Ashby's Gap. General Pleasonton, in his note from Upperville, on the evening of November 3, informing General Doubleday that he will not need the services of the brigade any further, pays a well-earned tribute to your gallantry on the preceding day. Gratifying to the soldier, as is the commendation of his commanding officer, no less so is that extorted from his enemy. Since the close of the war, a number of those who were against you in battle on that day, have placed themselves upon record, freely according your gallantry and success in your several attacks upon them.

Rejoining the division at Rectortown on the evening of the 5th, the march led to Warrenton, where General McClellan was relieved, and General Burnside was placed in command of the army. Then the march led back to Aquia Landing. Then to the battle-field of Fredericksburg; and after the sanguinary repulse the army met with on the right—to the winter's camp, near Belle Plain on the Potomac river, where it rested till the close of April. During the battle of Fredericksburg the division, under General Doubleday, was in line along the Bowling Green road, on the left of the army, ready to advance. When the army withdrew on the night of the 15th December, although you were not the extreme left, you had gained the confidence of General Reynolds so fully, that, by his direct order, you were detailed to cover the withdrawing of the troops from that part of the field, and were the last regiment to leave it.

The only incident of special note during the camp life that now followed being that known, and vividly remembered by those who participated, as the "mud march," and another change in commanding officers; General Hooker assuming command of the army, General Wadsworth that of the division and General Cutler that of the brigade. Then followed the second Fredericksburg. Then Chancellorsville, with humiliating and depressing results. Then the regiment rested again in a camp for a few weeks, now near the Fitzhugh House on the left bank of the Rappahannock, a few miles below Fredericksburg.

Late on the afternoon of June 7, the regiment entered upon the Gettysburg campaign; again honored by special detail. Some days previous our cavalry had gone on a reconnaissance in force in the direction of Culpeper. An infantry force was now sent to its support. The Sixth and the Eleventh Corps each furnished a brigade. The First Corps furnishing a provisional brigade, consisting of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and the Seventh Regiment and two companies of the Second Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers. The whole of the infantry assembled, about midnight, at Hartwood Church, under command of General Russell of the Sixth Corps. On the morning of the 8th the detail from the First Corps moved to Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock river, and on the morning of the 9th, when the cavalry under General Gregg had crossed, forded the river and moved to near Brandy Station. At noon the Fifty-sixth was detached, and moved to Beverly Ford, where it covered the recrossing of a part of our cavalry, the regiment recrossing at dark, and being the last of our troops to recross at that point. On the 13th the regi-

ment rejoined the brigade at Bealton, the whole division having arrived there. Then the march led to Centerville, then to near Leesburg.

The army under General Lee having again crossed the Potomac, was now moving on Harrisburg, *via* the Cumberland Valley.

The Army of the Potomac pursued; the First Corps crossed the river, over a pontoon bridge laid at the mouth of Goose creek, on the 25th, then moved *via* Jefferson, the Catoctin Mountain and Middletown, to Frederick City. General Hooker having asked to be relieved from the command of the army, General Meade, then commanding the Fifth Corps, was assigned to the command and entered upon his new duties by issuing the following modestly-worded, soldierly and effective order:

"By direction of the President of the United States I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order, an order totally unexpected and unsolicited, I have no promises or pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigue and sacrifices we may be called on to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve in the command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements, but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust that has been confided to me.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major General Commanding."

On the 29th our brigade was detailed for duty as the rear-guard of the corps. The regiment—which had been on picket duty during the night under Lieutenant-Colonel Osborn, as gallant an officer as ever drew sword, and as efficient as he was gallant—came in about 5 a. m., and was soon formed in column ready for the march. But a long wagon train was passing, and there was a tedious delay; it was after 9 a. m. when the column was put in motion, and then kept in rapid motion, with but two short rests, until after midnight, when it went into bivouac near the southern end of Emmitsburg. At a very early hour on the 30th, it was in line of battle in front of the town, and at noon went into bivouac on the south bank of Marsh creek, near where it crossed by the bridge on the Emmitsburg-Gettysburg pike. During the afternoon there was the usual bi-monthly muster for pay, then a formation in line of battle to resist an apprehended attack by the enemy, then came tatoo with its roll call. How many brave comrades answered that roll call "Here" for the last time! Then came "taps," and the regiment slept, slept all the more soundly because of the brief, early broken rest of the previous night; and all unconscious of the momentous events that the morrow had in store for it.

On the morning of July 1, the brigade moved out at about 8 o'clock, crossed the creek by the bridge on the pike, and moved on Gettysburg, distant about four miles. The Seventy-sixth New York led the brigade, the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania followed, and was itself followed by the One hundred and forty-seventh New York, Ninety-fifth New York and the Fourteenth Brooklyn. The Seventh Indiana was detailed for special duty. In rear of the brigade followed Hall's battery. In front of the brigade rode General Cutler and staff, in front of him, General Wadsworth and staff, in the advance rode General Reynolds and staff. At the farm, now known historically as

the Codori Farm, the column left the pike, inclined to the left and crossed the Seminary Ridge near the seminary building, descended into the swale in front of it; then the Seventy-sixth, Fifty-sixth and One hundred and forty-seventh were moved north across the Gettysburg-Chambersburg pike, and beyond the railroad grading, and were then formed in line of battle near the gentle elevation upon which you now stand. The regiment was then moved forward a short distance. As the horizon opened, a line of battle was seen approaching to the right and front, General Cutler being in your immediate rear, having decided that the line was a line of the enemy, you received the command to aim to the "right oblique," and then the command to "fire," when you delivered the opening fire of the infantry, in the great and decisive battle of Gettysburg. Thus the honor of having delivered the opening fire of the infantry, belongs to no individual officer or man, but to the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers as a unit. And it is doing you but simple justice to state, as an indication of the coolness and steadiness of the officers and men under the exciting circumstances, that a more solid volley, "by battalion," has seldom been heard. General Cutler, a few months afterwards deemed the event so well worthy of note, that he wrote to Governor Curtin, setting forth the fact that it was the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers that opened the battle, and requested him to have it so recorded in the archives of the Commonwealth as an act of justice to the regiment. And so it has been done, and so it now appears to your honor, in the enduring bronze memorial now before you. The event cannot be relegated to the chapter of accidents. You were not the leading regiment that morning; the result was owing in fact to long persistent efforts, to cheerful compliance with all orders, many involving great sacrifice to personal comforts. Comrades, this it was, constant cheerful obedience to all orders, that enabled you to give prompt response to commands when the instant for action arrived; and it has therefore, been deemed proper that the event should be, as stated, so recorded in the enduring bronze, together with the long list of battles, before and since the battle of Gettysburg, in which the regiment bore an honorable part. There is also recorded in the bronze the fact that the regiment re-enlisted and became a veteran regiment serving until the close of the war.

The severe losses sustained on this ground by the three regiments, caused General Wadsworth to order them to retire for a time. General Cutler then moved the Fifty-sixth and the Seventy-sixth to the railroad embankment east of the Seminary Ridge; but when they were rejoined there by the One hundred and forty-seventh, which had not received the order at once, by reason of Colonel Miller being wounded, and had held on to its ground heroically, as the other two regiments had done until the order was received—the three regiments were at once moved forward and again occupied their original ground. In the meantime, the Fourteenth Brooklyn and the Ninety-fifth New York, which had been detached after having crossed the Seminary Ridge, and sent westward, under Colonel Fowler, to support Hall's battery which went into position near the McPherson barn—being joined by the Sixth Wisconsin under Lieutenant-Colonel Dawes, of the First Brigade, that had now arrived upon the field—had captured a large number of the enemy who had taken shelter in the railroad cut upon their approach. The First Brigade, upon its arrival,

charged into the woods south of the pike, and met with a brilliant success, capturing a general officer and a large part of his brigade. It is deserving of note to state that in this first onset with the enemy, Wadsworth's Division, which consisted of only the two brigades, and also the division of Heth's with which it was then engaged, both lost a greater percentage, in killed and wounded than was sustained by the column of the enemy that made the charge on the afternoon of the third day of the battle, and which has commanded so much attention as a grand exhibition of valor. Early in this onset an irreparable loss had befallen us, the army and the country! General Reynolds, then commanding the First, the Third and the Eleventh Corps, constituting the left wing of the army, had fallen. Among those of the regiment who had fallen, was Lieutenant Gordon, who had earned his commission by brave and faithful service in the ranks. General Doubleday, our former brigade and division commander, now commanding the corps, directed the movements after the fall of Reynolds. Subsequently General Howard arrived, and, by virtue of seniority, assumed command of the left wing of the army. A lull in the battle now followed. It lasted for over an hour. Additional forces of the enemy came from Cashtown on the west, from Carlisle on the north, and from York on the east. The Second and the Third Divisions of our corps also arrived, and, later, the Eleventh Corps.

The three right regiments of Cutler's were now moved to the north end of the wood on Seminary Ridge, in front of which was a field of grain in full ear. Here they became immediately engaged with Iverson's Brigade of Rodes' Division. They were now soon joined by the Fourteenth and Ninety-fifth, and then supported on the right by Baxter's Brigade of Robinson's Division of our corps, and by joint action a large part of what was then left of Iverson's Brigade was then captured. The ammunition of Cutler's Brigade was now expended, and it was relieved by Paul's Brigade and moved to the east slope of the ridge, but while here, it was enfiladed by a battery that the enemy had placed in position on Oak Hill. The extreme right of our corps was at this time gallantly held by the Ninetieth Pennsylvania of Baxter's Brigade. The Eleventh Corps was then formed nearly at right angles with the general direction of our corps; but an opening was left on our right, and into this the enemy penetrated, and our line then became untenable. Then came the order to retire, but it came late, so that while passing through the thronged streets of the town the brigade lost heavily by capture. It reformed in the cemetery, and was there rejoined by the Seventh Indiana. But that regiment was at once sent to Culp's Hill, by order of General Hancock, who had been sent forward by General Meade to assume command of all the forces then present; there that regiment, under Colonel Grover, rendered invaluable services in capturing a scouting party, or rather a part of it, for some escaped and the report which these made influenced General Ewell in postponing the attack on the hill which he had proposed to make that evening, until next day. Never was delay more fatal! A short time sufficed to reinforce the thin line of the Seventh by the remnant left of Wadsworth's Division, and then came shortly, a division of the Twelfth Corps, having upon its battle flag a silver star. And when Ewell's Corps made the at-

tack on the following evening, you had the honor of aiding in inflicting the sanguinary repulse that it then met with. During the afternoon of that day the enemy had made a vigorous and persistent attack on the left of our lines then resting far out in front of the Round Tops, and at first gained some ground, pressing our troops back to the general line; but there they met with a sanguinary repulse. On the afternoon of the third day of the battle, the enemy opened a cannonade from his guns stationed along the Seminary Ridge, and directed against our troops holding the Cemetery Ridge, hoping to shake the *morale* of our troops, then penetrate there and cut our army in two! The cannonade lasted for two hours, during which the very hills seemed to be shaken by the roar of the two hundred guns that were brought into action. But the cannonade failed in its object; the *morale* of our troops remained unshaken, as the enemy discovered, when, allowing his overheated guns to cool, he launched forth that great column of infantry in which he had placed his last hopes for success, and he saw that great column torn, broken and shattered to pieces. Thus upon its left, upon its right, and at the center, the army had in turn been attacked; and at the left, at the right and at the center, it had inflicted a sanguinary repulse upon the assailant, and had thus proved itself worthy of the confidence that was reposed in it by its new commander, the illustrious Meade.

Late on the afternoon of this day, the Fifty-sixth, Seventh and the Ninety-fifth, were detached from the brigade and moved to the foot of the eastern slope of Cemetery Ridge, to support the batteries upon the crest, and within the cemetery grounds, and remained in support of these during the night. Next morning (July 4) the Fifty-sixth and the Seventh were moved through the town to the northeast angle, with the view of bringing in the wounded that might be found on the field in that direction; but after some delay after having arrived at that point, the movement was suspended, and the two regiments rejoined the brigade then still on Culp's Hill.

On the morning of the 5th, the brigade moved to the western slope of Cemetery Ridge, and bivouacked near the ground charged over by the enemy on the afternoon of the third day of the battle, and remained there until the morning of the 6th. The field return of the regiment for that day, shows "present for duty" eleven officers, one hundred and eleven men. Of the losses, one hundred and twenty occurred on the first day of the battle. A terrible loss, but the victory was won! And the Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee, was again moving rapidly for the Potomac river.

Comrades, the great losses sustained on this field by the Army of the Potomac, and by its adversary, would alone cause the battle of Gettysburg to rank as one of the greatest battles of the world; but beyond, are potent reasons why it will be so classed.

It culminated in defeating a great and powerful host, one of a number that had been organized and marshalled to destroy that, which in the language of the immortal Lincoln was—and let us thank Providence that it still is—"a government of the people, for the people and by the people;" it was upon this field that that great host which you had met on so many

fields of battle, was defeated and turned back upon the march that thereafter ever led southward; and although at times standing at bay, and obstinately fighting, still, ever thereafter marched southward, until at Appomattox it finally surrendered its colors to the grand, undaunted, indestructible Army of the Potomac.

Comrades, when the grand master of the art of warfare had carried his army to the foot of the Pyramids, and was surrounded by an active, vigilant foe, desiring to animate his troops to renewed deeds of valor in the impending battle, he turned to them, and, pointing to the Pyramids, exclaimed, "Soldiers! Forty centuries are looking down upon you!" Comrades, no voice calls upon you to-day for renewed deeds of valor! Your work is done, your arms are stacked, and your battle flag, rent and torn so oft by shot and shell, is furled. Ten times forty centuries will not obliterate from the pages of the world's history the deeds of valor which you and your comrades of the Army of the Potomac performed on the many battle-fields whose names cluster around that of Gettysburg.

But hark! There comes a voice, softly, calling to you! It comes from yonder slope where victory on high tenders the wreath of laurel. It comes from the many battle-fields that border the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Rapidan, the North Anna, the Totopotomoy, the Chickahominy, the James and the Appomattox rivers. It comes from the graves of comrades who fought at your side, and who, while gallantly fighting, fell. It asks a kind recognition at this hour for those who sleep in a patriot-soldier's grave! Comrades, in appreciation of their gallant deeds, in the appreciation of the sacrifice which they made, and all that these have brought to their surviving comrades and to all who dwell in the land, let us respond by embalming their memory sacredly within our hearts. And let us thank Providence, that in taking a retrospective view from this field to-day, there comes, irresistibly, the conviction, that the great and incomputable expenditure of treasure and of life, and, incidentally, the untold suffering and distress extending far beyond the lines where the hosts were contending, that the sacrifice has not been in vain; that the victory will redound to the happiness of millions who will follow us in the distant future; that already a quarter of a century has passed since the last Confederate banner disappeared from the land; that upon this very field the survivors of the Army of the Potomac have extended, in amity, the fraternal hand to those who were their adversaries on so many fields of battle; that again the flag of the Republic, with its union glittering with an intensified luster, waves unchallenged and gracefully, over all the land, from the pine-crested hills of Maine southward to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic ocean westward to the Golden Gate, the symbol of a free and reunited people.

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

57TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN E. C. STROUSS

COMRADES:—The men composing the Fifty-seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers assembled in skeleton companies at Camp Curtin at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, during the autumn months of 1861. These companies receiving recruits from time to time, were, about the middle of November, merged into the Fifty-seventh Regiment. The men of the different companies were principally from the following counties of the State, viz:

Company A, Susquehanna and Wyoming; Company B and C, Mercer; Company D, Bradford and Tioga; Company E, Mercer and Allegheny; Company F, Mercer; Company G, Bradford; Company I, Mercer and Venango; Company K, Crawford.

The original field, staff and line officers of the regiment were as follows: Colonel, William Maxwell, of Mercer; Lieutenant-Colonel, Elhanon W. Woods, of Mercer; Major, Jeremiah Culp, of Bradford; Adjutant, William B. Neeper, of Allegheny; Quartermaster, Horace Williston, of Bradford; Surgeon, Jonas W. Lyman, of Clinton; Assistant Surgeon, A. W. Fisher, of Northumberland; Chaplain, William F. McAdam, of Mercer.

The company commanders were: Company A, Captain Peter Sides; B, Captain, Samuel C. Simonton; C, Captain Jerome B. Hoagland; D, Captain Hiram W. Caulking; E, Captain James B. Moore; F, Captain Ralph Maxwell; G, Captain George S. Peck; H, Captain John Griffin; I, Captain Thomas S. Strohecker; K, Captain Cornelius S. Chase. Non-commissioned staff: Sergeant-Major William Wert Chase; Hospital-Steward William Bollinger; Quartermaster-Sergeant George Snell; Commissary-Sergeant John H. Rodgers. The original strength of the regiment was almost eight hundred and fifty, including officers and men.

About the 1st of December, the regiment received its arms. Companies A and K had the Belgian rifle, the other companies the Harper's Ferry muskets. These were exchanged about the 1st of January, 1862, for the Austrian rifles. The latter were discarded in August, 1863, for the Springfield rifled muskets, which remained the arm of the regiment until the close of the war.

On the afternoon of Saturday, December 14, the regiment received its colors, with appropriate ceremonies, from the hands of Governor Curtin, and was then marched to the railroad near camp, where it boarded the empty freight cars *en route* for Washington, D. C. The next day we were in Baltimore where we were well fed by the "Union Relief Association" of that city. During the following night we arrived at Washington, where we were quartered at the large building known as the "Soldiers' Retreat."

adjoining the Baltimore and Ohio railroad depot. The next day, after receiving a sufficient number of "Sibley tents," the regiment was marched to a point about a mile northeast of the capital, where it encamped near the toll gate on the old Bladensburg road. While we remained in the camp we formed a part of the Provisional Brigade commanded by General Silas Casey. In February, 1862, we moved across the Potomac, and encamped near Fort Lyon, about two miles southwest of Alexandria, Virginia. While here we were assigned to Jameson's Brigade of Heintzelman's Division. On March 8, 1862, by order of President Lincoln, the formation of "Army Corps" was adopted. General Heintzelman was assigned to the command of the Third Corps. He was succeeded in command of his division (the Third) by General C. S. Hamilton. The First and Second Divisions were commanded by General Fitz John Porter and Joseph Hooker respectively. The composition of Hamilton's Division was as follows:

First Brigade, General C. D. Jameson, Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third and One hundred and fifth, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Eighty-seventh New York Volunteers. Second Brigade, General D. B. Birney, Third and Fourth Maine Volunteers, Thirty-eighth and Fortieth New York Volunteers. Third Brigade, General H. G. Berry, Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, Second, Third and Fifth Michigan Volunteers. The artillery of the division consisted of the following batteries: Thompson's Battery G, Second United States Artillery; Beam's Battery B, New Jersey Artillery, and Randolph's Battery E, First Rhode Island Artillery. Colonel Maxwell of the Fifty-seventh resigned March 10, 1862, and was succeeded by Colonel Charles T. Campbell, formerly colonel of the First Pennsylvania Artillery. On March 17, Hamilton's Division began to embark for the Peninsula. The Fifty-seventh marched to Alexandria on that day, but as the transports were not all ready we passed the night on the wharves at that place, and next morning got on board the steamer "Kennebec," on which was also a part of the One hundred and fifth Pennsylvania, and steamed down the Potomac. The next afternoon we landed at Fortress Monroe during a rain storm. For several days we were quartered in the lofts of some cavalry sheds, after which we went into camp near the burned town of Hampton. Here for two weeks we were abundantly exercised in drill, inspections and reviews.

On the morning of April 4, we struck tents, and started towards Yorktown, Va., arriving before that place on the afternoon of April 5. The first picket duty of the regiment was performed by companies A and K, on the night of the 6th. On the left of the line, where Company K was stationed, the enemy opened fire on the morning of the 7th. Their fire was returned with good effect, as they were seen carrying off several bodies, while on our side there were no casualties. While the regiment was on picket near the same place, a few days later, we were fired on by a piece of the enemy's artillery from a small fort in our front. One of their shells exploded near a group of our men, killing one instantly. His name was George Varrick, of Company G. He was the first man killed in the regiment. The first skirmish the regiment had with the enemy occurred at Palmentary's peach orchard near the Warwick road on the afternoon of

April 11. The Sixty-third Pennsylvania was on picket and was fiercely attacked by the enemy, when the rest of our brigade was ordered out in support. The Fifty-seventh formed line in the edge of the woods, behind a rail fence, and soon became briskly engaged with the enemy. Some of our artillery also opened fire, and for a while considerable noise was made. The rebels were driven back to their works and the affair was soon over. In this skirmish four men of the Fifty-seventh were wounded, one of them dying a few days afterward. We were kept busy while at Yorktown, constructing earthworks and roads, picketing and skirmishing with the enemy. Out of the thirty days we were in front of the place it rained at least twenty. The inclement weather together with the bad water we were obliged to drink while there, greatly increased our sick list, so that we were obliged to leave forty-five sick in the hospitals when we left the place.

General Hamilton who had protested against the excessive fatigue duty required of his men, was relieved from command of the division on the 1st of May, and succeeded by the famous one-armed soldier General "Phil Kearny." The enemy evacuated their stronghold at Yorktown on Saturday night, May 3, and the next morning Stoneman's Cavalry and Hooker's Division led the advance in the pursuit, followed by our division about 2 p. m. We marched to a point about three miles west of Yorktown, and then encamped for the night. It began to rain during the night and continued to do so throughout the next day. We were up by daylight on the 5th, and had finished our breakfast, expecting to move at once toward the front. We did not go forward, however, until 9 o'clock a. m. Meanwhile we were watching the troops of all arms moving past us toward the front. When we did start we had gone but a short distance, when we found our march much obstructed by wagons stuck in the mud, and by the troops of Sumner's and Keyes' corps. Hooker, about 7 a. m., became engaged with the enemy at Williamsburg, twelve miles west of Yorktown, and Kearny was striving hard to go to his assistance. Our brigade was the rear one in the division that day, and from the horrible condition of the roads it seemed as though we were making little or no progress toward the front. When within about two miles of the battle-field, we were ordered to throw off our knapsacks—which were left in charge of guards—and proceed to the front with all possible speed. Night was fast approaching, and Hooker whose regiments were hard pressed, thought he must yield to the enemy his hard fought for position, when Kearny, with two of his brigades, arrived to support him. Our brigade arriving on the field, was formed in line near the enemy, the Fifty-seventh on the left of the Williamsburg road, with the One hundred and fifth Pennsylvania in its rear. The Eighty-seventh New York was formed on the right of the road, with the Sixty-third Pennsylvania in its rear. We were considerably exposed to the fire of the enemy, but did not become actively engaged. At night we moved to the front line and bivouacked for the night among our dead and wounded comrades. This was the first real battle on the Peninsula, and the night spent on that field, in the cold rain, among the dead and dying, will long be remembered by the men of the Fifty-seventh, as one of the most harrowing in all its experience.

The next morning it was found that the enemy had again retreated, when, at daylight, we advanced and occupied the town, the Fifty-seventh going a mile or so in advance on picket.

On May 7, we resumed the advance, marching a few miles each day, until about the 15th, when we reached Cumberland Landing in New Kent county. The whole army was concentrated here, but moved forward the day after our arrival. The place, which is on the Pamunkey river, was made a temporary depot of supplies, and the Fifty-seventh remained here for a week doing guard duty after the rest of the army had left. A new depot having been established further up the river, at White House Landing, the one at Cumberland was abandoned, whereupon the Fifty-seventh moved on and rejoined the division at Baltimore Cross Roads.

On Sunday, May 25, we crossed the Chickahominy at Bottom's bridge, thirteen miles from Richmond *via* the Williamsburg stage road.

On the afternoon and night of May 30 it rained in torrents, which raised the Chickahominy bank full and overflowed the low land on its borders. At this time the corps of Sumner, Franklin and Porter were on the left or east bank of the Chickahominy, and the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes were on the right bank. Casey's Division of Keyes' Corps was in advance, at a place called "Seven Pines," on the Williamsburg road, about seven miles from Richmond. The camp of the Fifty-seventh was about five miles in rear of this, in a pine grove near the Richmond and York River railroad. General Joseph E. Johnston who commanded the rebel forces, knowing that the swollen state of the Chickahominy would render it difficult or impossible for the right of our army to assist the left, concluded to attack that portion on his side of the river.

About 1 o'clock p. m., of May 31, he suddenly and fiercely attacked Casey's Division which soon was overpowered and driven from the field. The other divisions of Keyes' Corps, and part of Kearny's Division, were next engaged. In the camp of the Fifty-seventh we were ordered to *fall in*, and after being told to remain in camp and be ready to move at a moment's notice, we stacked arms, broke ranks and lounged about wondering where we were to be sent. About 2 p. m., the regiment left camp, and marched through the woods for a short distance, until we reached the railroad, when we filed to the left, and started up the road on the double-quick in the direction of Richmond.

On reaching the battle-field we were ordered to support the Third Maine, who were in position behind a rail fence a few rods in our front. We were there but a few minutes when we were ordered to go to the support of the First Long Island (Sixth-seventh New York) which was supposed to be somewhere in the woods on the left of the Williamsburg road. Captain Hassler of General Jameson's staff was to guide us to the place. After floundering about in the woods, through swamps and over logs, further search for the First Long Island was abandoned.

The Fifty-seventh then formed line on the edge of the woods, with the right resting near the road. We were soon attacked by the enemy who were thrice our strength, but our little regiment made a gallant stand, and it was not until our colonel and major were stricken down, and we were outflanked on our right, that the regiment retired from the field.

Our losses in this engagement, which is known as the battle of "Fair Oaks," were Major Culp killed, Captain C. S. Chase wounded (died June 17), Colonel Campbell severely wounded in arm and groin, and several other officers slightly wounded. Enlisted men, ten killed, forty-nine wounded and three missing.

The battle was renewed next day when Hooker's Division and a part of Sumner's Corps drove the enemy from the field and occupied the ground in advance of Casey's former position. From June 1 to June 25, the regiment was engaged in picketing and in constructing roads and fortifications.

On the morning of June 25, the divisions of Kearny and Hooker were ordered to advance, which soon brought on a brisk engagement, resulting in a loss on the Union side of about three hundred killed and wounded. The loss in the Fifty-seventh was two men wounded. Although the enemy was driven backward for about a mile, in the evening our forces returned to the position occupied in the morning, by orders from army headquarters. This engagement is called "Oak Grove;" the enemy call it "King's School House." The regiment remained in the front line until June 28, when with the division it moved a mile to the rear, and occupied the breastworks at the crossing of the Williamsburg road, and near Savage Station. The day previous the enemy had defeated our right wing at Gaines' Mill, and the retreat to the James river had commenced.

In the evening one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition was issued to each man, and at the same time, by order of General Kearny, every officer and man of his division was ordered to wear on his cap a red patch about an inch and a half square, in order that they might be readily distinguished in battle and on the march. This was the first distinctive badge worn in the Army of the Potomac. In April, 1863, when "Corps Badges" were adopted by that army, the badge assigned to the Third Corps was in the shape of a diamond or lozenge. "Kearny's Old Division" continued to wear its "Red Diamond" until the close of the war.

The swamps among which we had been encamped at Fair Oaks, and the bad water we were obliged to drink, had greatly increased our sick list, and many of the Fifty-seventh had died in the hospital since the 1st of June. When the retreat commenced the sick and convalescents were ordered to Savage Station, and from there were conducted, in charge of proper officers, to James river. Of this party the Fifty-seventh furnished at least a hundred. Of those who remained with the regiment and carried muskets, the number was about two hundred and many of these were barely able to stand the fatigue of the march.

On the morning of the 29th the regiment was sent across a large field and into the woods near the camp we had left the day previous. We remained here on picket until noon, when we moved back again and retook our position at the breastworks.

The rebel General Magruder was advancing with his division, and shells from his artillery were bursting near us. About 4 o'clock p. m., we moved a short distance to the rear, and formed line in a large field, and soon after we took a road leading through the woods, and were on our way to White Oak Swamp, which we crossed at Brackett's Ford. General

J. C. Robinson had command of our brigade, succeeding General Jameson, who was injured by the falling of his horse at Fair Oaks. General Jameson died at his home in Maine in November following. Having crossed the White Oak Swamp, we arrived about 10 p. m., on the ground where, next day, June 30, was fought the battle of "Glendale," better known by the men of the Fifty-seventh as the battle of "Charles City Cross Roads."

The object of making a stand here, was to hold the enemy in check until our long train of wagons and ambulances had passed in safety to James river. Had the enemy succeeded in breaking through our line at this point great disaster would have befallen our army. On our side the battle was fought principally by three divisions, Slocum on the right, Kearny in the center and McCall on the left. These troops were reinforced during the battle by troops from other divisions.

The Fifty-seventh had a good position, behind a low rail fence, on the edge of a small *chaparral*, with the left of the regiment in rear of Thompson's battery. The battle commenced about 4 p. m., the enemy making the most desperate charges in heavy masses. Their ranks were fearfully decimated by the fire of our artillery and infantry, and their most persistent efforts failed to make a lodgement within our line. The firing was kept up until 10 p. m., when silence reigned over the field.

In his report of this action Lieutenant-Colonel Woods states that the Fifty-seventh had fourteen officers and one hundred and seventy-four enlisted men engaged. Our casualties were seven men killed, three officers and fifty-four men wounded and eighteen men captured. Among the officers wounded was acting Major Simonton. We held our position in line of battle until 1 o'clock in the morning of July 1, and then took up our march for Malvern Hill.

In the battle which occurred at this place the Fifty-seventh did not become heavily engaged, although we suffered some loss from the enemy's artillery fire. We had one officer and one enlisted man killed, eight enlisted men wounded and four missing. During a lull in the battle, while Lieutenant Charles O. Etz and the first sergeant of Company D were lying side by side fast asleep, a rebel shell exploded nearby, the fragments of which killed both instantly. We left the field of Malvern Hill about daylight of the 2d, and after a weary march through mud and rain, we reached Harrison's Landing on the James river about 6 p. m. We remained in camp at this place until the middle of August, during which time we performed the usual routine of camp duties. General Kearny used to drill the whole division together three times a week in a large field about two miles from camp.

While in this camp Lieutenant-Colonel Woods was taken sick and sent to the hospital, and was soon after honorably discharged. This left us without a field officer present. There were but two captains present, Maxwell and Strohecker, and these at different times had command of the regiment. On August 12, the Fifty-seventh was transferred to General Birney's Second Brigade. About the same time Major William Birney of the Fourth New Jersey Volunteers was temporarily assigned to the command of the regiment which he retained until the following October.

General Lee having moved a large portion of his army northward to

confront General Pope, who was moving southward from Culpeper, Va., preparations were made by our army to evacuate the Peninsula and go to Pope's assistance.

Kearny's division began its march on August 15, and the evening of that day found us at Jones' bridge on the Chickahominy. On the 16th, we marched to Liberty church at Diascond bridge. The next day the Fifty-seventh was detached from the division, and took a road to the right of the main column, acting as flankers. We had a long march but the roads were good, and after dark we reached the old Williamsburg road, and encamped near the rest of the division a few miles west of Williamsburg.

On the 18th, after a hot and dusty march, we arrived at Yorktown about 5 p. m. The next day we got on board a steamer (where we were packed like herring in a box), and on the afternoon of the 25th, we disembarked at Alexandria, Va. About dark we boarded the cars of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and the next morning found us near Warrenton Junction, where we left the train and encamped. Our division was among the first troops of the Army of the Potomac to reach Pope.

For several days we moved to various points along the railroad and on night of the 26th, we were on picket at Bealton Station, near the Rappahannock. General Lee having flanked Pope's right, and gained our rear, our army began to fall back towards Centerville. On August 27, our regiment began the rearward movement, and marched from Bealton to Greenwich. On the 28th, we moved *via* Bristow Station to Manassas Junction, where we halted for several hours. Here could be seen the smoking ruins of the depot and long trains of cars destroyed by Stonewall Jackson the day previous. Resuming our march we arrived at Centerville after dark, and halted in what had been a rebel camp the previous winter. At daylight next morning we moved toward the enemy, and were soon upon the ground where was fought the second battle of Bull Run. Our division occupied a position near Sudley Springs. About 8 p. m., the division attacked the left of Jackson's line, and drove it back for half a mile. The Fifty-seventh had three men wounded in this engagement. On the 30th, there was but little fighting on our part of the line, but on the left the army was hotly engaged, and was repulsed. The whole army fell back to Centerville at night.

Late in the afternoon of September 1, the division was hurriedly ordered to fall in, and was then rapidly marched several miles to Chantilly, where a battle was in progress. When we reached the field a violent thunder storm was raging and it was almost dark. The regiment occupied the battle-field that night as pickets. In this action we had one man wounded. It was in this battle that the brave and accomplished soldier, General "Phil Kearny" was killed. He fell within the lines of the enemy. The next morning his body was sent inside our line by General Lee, when a detachment of the Fifty-seventh acted as an escort of the corpse to Washington.

On the 2d, our division started for Alexandria, Va., and on the afternoon of the 3d, we reached that place and encamped once more near Fort Lyon.

The Fifty-seventh had been greatly depleted in numbers since it left this place in March previous. Then it had in its ranks about seven hundred men for duty, now, owing to battle and disease, it could muster barely two

hundred and fifty. We remained in this vicinity until the 16th of September, when the division (now commanded by General Stoneman) moved up the Potomac *via* Rockville and Poolesville to Conrad's Ferry. We encamped here for six weeks, our brigade guarding the river from the mouth of the Monocacy to Edwards' Ferry.

On September 25, companies D and G, were disbanded and the men assigned to other companies. From this time until January 15, 1865, the regiment consisted of but eight companies. About the 1st of October the regiment, accompanied by a section of artillery and a squadron of Colonel Duffie's cavalry, crossed the Potomac at Conrad's Ferry, and made a reconnaissance to Leesburg, which is located about three miles from the ferry. We captured a few prisoners in the town and returned to our camps in the evening.

On October 11, our brigade took part in the expedition sent out to capture Stuart's cavalry, which had crossed above the right of our army and made a raid on Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Owing to some mismanagement, the enemy was allowed to recross the river with all his booty at White's Ford with a loss of but two or three men whom we captured. On the 10th of October, Colonel Campbell returned and took command of the regiment, relieving Major Birney, who was assigned to the Thirty-eighth New York. A general advance of the army being ordered, we crossed the river on October 28 and moved southward. When near Warrenton, Virginia, on November 7, General McClellan was relieved from command of the army, and was succeeded by General Burnside.

On November 12, near Waterloo Bridge, six men of Company K were captured, while returning from a foraging expedition, by some of Stuart's cavalry. About the 20th of November, we reached Falmouth, Virginia, and the whole army being concentrated there, we expected soon to be engaged with the enemy who were on the opposite side of the Rappahannock on the hills in rear of Fredericksburg. No immediate attack was made, however, and the weather growing cold, our army went into winter quarters about the 1st of December. On the 11th we broke camp, and that night bivouacked in a large field near our camp. On the evening of the 12th, we moved down the river, near the pontoon bridge, where Franklin's Grand Division had already crossed. About 11 a. m. next day, our division began to cross over, and after marching a short distance we were halted and then laid down under a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery. About 3 p. m. we were ordered forward to support an attack that had been made by General's Meade's Pennsylvania Reserves. Colonel Campbell moved the regiment forward in splendid style, and after passing Randolph's Battery we took position in a ditch, and opened fire on the enemy which checked their advance, and frustrated their hopes of capturing Randolph's Battery. Our position in the ditch enabled the battery to fire over us, killing a number of the enemy, some of whom fell into the ditch we occupied. The enemy fell back into the woods, but many of them who had taken refuge in the ditch became our prisoners when we were relieved after dark by the One hundred and fourteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

On the 14th, the regiment remained on the field in rear of our batteries, until dark, when we were again sent to the extreme front, where we

stayed until about midnight on the 15th, when with the rest of the army we recrossed the river. In the battle, Colonel Campbell, who still carried his arm in a sling (from a wound received at Fair Oaks), was again severely wounded in the same arm and in the groin. He was afterward promoted to brigadier-general and assigned to the "Department of the Northwest." Surgeon Kennedy and Captain Strohecker were also wounded. The latter was soon after honorably discharged. Our loss at Fredericksburg was twenty-one enlisted men killed, three officers and fifty-four enlisted men wounded and fifty-three men captured. Captain Peter Sides of Company A, who had been absent on account of sickness, returned on December 15, and, having been promoted lieutenant-colonel, he took command of the regiment. The division reoccupied its old camp which was now named "Camp Pitcher," in honor of Major Pitcher of the Fourth Maine, who was killed at Fredericksburg.

Between the 20th and 23d of January, 1863, we took part in the famous "Mud March," when we "marched so far in one day that it took us two days to get back."

On January 25, General Hooker succeeded General Burnside in command of the army, General Birney our division, and General Ward our brigade.

Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, certain evil-disposed persons at the north were loud in their assertions that the Army of the Potomac was demoralized and tired of the war, and circulated other reports derogatory to the character of that army. To confute such reports, and to denounce those with whom they originated, a meeting of the officers and men of the Fifty-seventh was held on February 26, at which resolutions were adopted denouncing as false the calumnious reports circulated concerning the army. One of the resolutions declared that the Fifty-seventh would sustain the government in the future as in the past, a resolution which was made good by three-fourths of the regiment re-enlisting for three years in the following December. Our regiment was the first to adopt resolutions of this nature, which were ordered to be published in the newspapers in the counties from which the regiment was raised. Our example was followed by many of the regiments of the Army of the Potomac.

Camp Pitcher was abandoned on March 4, when we moved about four miles and laid out a new camp near the railroad bridge over Potomac creek. On the same day, the Fifty-seventh was reassigned to the First Brigade, commanded by Colonel Collis, who was succeeded a few days later by General Charles K. Graham. The brigade now consisted of six Pennsylvania regiments, viz: Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third, Sixty-eighth, One hundred and fifth, One hundred and fourteenth and One hundred and forty-first. The two last mentioned and the Sixty-eighth were new regiments which entered the service in September, 1862.

On the afternoon of April 28, 1863, we left camp, and in a drizzling rain marched to near Franklin's Crossing on the Rappahannock; this was our initiation into what is known as the Chancellorville Campaign.

On the 29th we moved backward and forward to various points along the river, the object of which seemed to be to lead the enemy to think that we were going to cross and attack at that place. On the 30th the weather

had become clear and warm, and about noon we started up the river road, and at night halted near Hartwood Church. Next morning we crossed the river at the United States Ford. About 2 p. m. the march was resumed and soon after we reached the Chancellor House, a large brick building on the Fredericksburg and Orange plank road. After a short halt our brigade was marched westward along the plank road, for almost a mile, to Dowdall's tavern in rear of the position of the Eleventh Corps. We remained here but a short time when we marched back and rejoined the division near the Chancellor House, halting for the night in a large field. The enemy annoyed us some by shelling us with their artillery which was posted near the Old Furnace, but did no damage.

On the morning of May 2, we moved west on the plank road for a short distance, and then, turning to the left, we marched along a road leading through the woods, on the southern border of which we threw up a line of works of logs and dirt. This is the position known as Hazel Grove. About noon a column of the enemy, and a wagon train, was seen moving across our front about a mile distant, and as their course was southward it was thought that they were retreating. Our artillery opened on them, which caused them to take another road. Our division was advanced, skirmishing with the enemy, and soon captured the Twenty-third Georgia which was stationed at Welford's Furnace.

Barlow's Division of the Eleventh Corps was advancing with us on our right. On reaching the high ground overlooking the furnace a halt was made and the line rectified. It was growing late in the day and everything seemed to be moving along finely, when about 6 o'clock a tremendous cannonade was heard in the vicinity of the plank road and Hazel Grove, which we had left but a few hours before. It proved to be the onset of Stonewall Jackson, who, by marching along roads hidden by the woods, had reached the right and rear of our army and was driving back in confusion the divisions of Schurz and Steinwehr of the Eleventh Corps.

At dark we were ordered to fall in and move to the rear, at the same time we were cautioned to make as little noise as possible. We soon reached the open field in front of the line of works we had thrown up in the morning, and which now were held by the enemy. Ward's Brigade on our right made a charge into the woods and succeeded in driving back the enemy far enough to give us an opening to get out in the morning. At the dawn of day on the 3d the enemy's skirmishers attacked us on our left, their fire enfilading our line, and as the ground would not permit our forming a line to oppose them, we faced to the right and double-quicked until we reached the large field which runs back to the Chancellor House. Here the regiments were deployed, and faced the enemy, and until 10 o'clock we were in some of the hottest fighting seen during the war. General Hooker had been injured by a shell and General Couch had temporary command.

Our corps commander General Sickles, had asked to be reinforced from the unemployed troops in the rear, but none came. After having repulsed charge after charge we were finally withdrawn to a new line in the rear.

We did not again become engaged with the enemy but they gave us a severe shelling while we occupied the new entrenched line, on the evening of the 4th, wounding some of our men.

The casualties in the Fifty-seventh at Chancellorsville were, Captain E. J. Rice of Company E, and Lieutenant Joseph Brady of Company H, killed; eleven enlisted men killed; three officers and forty-five enlisted men wounded and twenty-three men captured. Chaplain McAdam and Assistant-Surgeon Leet were captured, but were soon after paroled and exchanged. On the afternoon of the 5th a rain storm set in, which continued through the night and next day, raising the river, and threatening to sweep away our pontoon bridges.

On the morning of the 6th, we recrossed the river at United States ford and after a hard march through mud and rain, we reached our old camps about dark.

The weather having become quite warm, we abandoned our winter quarters the last week in May, and moved about two miles, and pitched our tents in a large field near Belle Plain Landing, where we remained until the Gettysburg campaign opened on the 11th of June. About 1 p. m. on that day we packed up in a hurry and began our long march northward. The weather was exceedingly warm, and there was considerable straggling, but the men all came up at night, after we had halted near Hartwood. On the 12th, we marched to near Bealton Station, on the O. & A. R. R. On the 13th, we marched a few miles towards Rappahannock Station. On the 14th, we started in the evening and marched to Catlett's Station, arriving about midnight. On the 15th, we moved to Manassas Junction. This was one of the hottest days of the summer, and about forty men were prostrated by sunstroke in our division.

On the 16th, we moved to Bull Run, camping at Mitchell's Ford. On the 17th our march was continued to Centreville. Late in the afternoon of the 19th, we started for Gum Springs. We had not gone far when a severe storm of rain, thunder and lightning set in. We arrived at Gum Springs about 3 a. m., on the 20th, when part of the regiment went on picket, and the rest laid down on the drenched soil to sleep.

We remained at this place until the 25th. It having been ascertained that Lee's army had crossed the upper Potomac, and was on the march to Pennsylvania, we broke camp and crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, and from thence moved up the river to the mouth of the Monocacy. On the 26th, we moved to Point of Rocks on the Potomac.

On the 27th, we resumed our march at 8 a. m., and marching through Jefferson, we halted for the night near Middletown, Md. On the 28th, we marched through Middletown and Frederick City, halting for the night a mile or so beyond the city. In the evening we learned that General Hooker had been relieved from the command of the army, and had been succeeded by General Geo. G. Meade. On the 29th, we moved one mile beyond Taneytown, and encamped for the night in a pleasant grove. On the 30th, we moved to Bridgeport near Emmitsburg, Md.

On July 1, we left Emmitsburg about 1 p. m., and after a hard march through the mud, we arrived after dark at a point about two miles south of Gettysburg. We bivouacked for the night in a field to the right and in rear of the Trostle house.

The Sixty-third Pennsylvania of our brigade was sent on picket, and early in the morning of the 2d, they began skirmishing with the enemy.

The Sixty-third was occupying the Peach Orchard and the ground about the Sherfy house and barn.

About three o'clock our brigade moved out and was posted on the east side of, and within a few rods of the Emmitsburg road. The regiments of the brigade were posted from right to left in the following order. The One hundred and fifth on the right of the Sherfy house, the Fifty-seventh opposite the house, next the One hundred and fourteenth, Sixty-eighth and One hundred and forty-first. The latter was in the peach orchard. From the peach orchard the line of our division (Birney's) curved around to the Devil's Den at the foot of Round Top, where Ward's brigade was stationed.

Hood's division of Longstreet's Corps, was opposed to our left, and McLaws' division of the same corps, was opposite our right, Barksdale's brigade of the latter division being opposed to our brigade.

For about two hours after we took position near the road, we were exposed to one of the hottest artillery fires we ever encountered. The enemy's batteries south of the orchard, and west of the road, poured a regular stream of shells towards us, but fortunately most of them exploded after passing over us.

When this fire slackened, the enemy's infantry advanced towards us through the fields west of Sherfy's house. The Fifty-seventh and One hundred and fourteenth were then ordered to cross the road to meet the enemy. The Fifty-seventh took advantage of the cover afforded by the house and adjoining out-buildings, and opened fire with good effect.

No doubt the regiments stationed at this point could have beaten back the enemy, but we had not been long engaged, when we learned that the enemy had broken through the angle at the peach orchard, and were swarming up the road in our rear. It was evident that if we remained at the house, we would all be captured, so we were obliged to fall back. We tried to warn our comrades, who had sought the cover of the house, and were firing from its doors and windows, but could not make them understand the situation, and all were captured.

During all this time the battle was raging fiercely at the Round Tops, Devil's Den and the Wheatfield. The Excelsior Brigade of our Second Division, and troops of the Second Corps were sent to our assistance, and the battle raged until dark in the fields between Plum Run and the Emmitsburg Road. Birney's division at the opening of the battle occupied a very exposed position, and in trying to hold it, had met with such severe losses that it was not again actively engaged during the battle. The Fifty-seventh entered the fight with a total of two hundred and nine officers and men. It lost, officers, two killed, nine wounded and four captured. Enlisted men, twelve killed, thirty-four wounded and fifty-five captured, a total of one hundred and fifteen, being over half the number that entered the battle.

Lieutenant Henry Mitchell of Company E, and Lieutenant John F. Cox of Company I were killed. Among the wounded were Lieutenant-Colonel Sides, Acting Adjutant Nelson and Captain Houser. Major Neeper was captured and remained a prisoner for about a year when he was exchanged. Lieutenant Crossley, after one ineffectual attempt to escape in November, 1864, succeeded on a second trial and escaped from prison at Columbia,

S. C., and entered the Union lines December 20, 1864, after his term of service had expired.

Lieutenant Hinds was one of the one hundred and ninety-officers who escaped from the famous tunnel at Libby Prison in February, 1864, but he had the misfortune to be recaptured, and remained a prisoner until shortly before the war closed, and was honorably discharged in May, 1865.

Lieutenant Burns remained a prisoner until after his term of service expired and was honorably discharged in March, 1865.

Of the fifty-five enlisted men who, on the 2d of July were captured at Gettysburg, forty-four died in southern prisons.

On the morning of July 3, our brigade was posted in a small grove, about three-fourths of a mile in rear and to the right of the Sherfy house. Here we enjoyed a good rest under the shade of the trees, until about 2 p. m., when the tremendous cannonade that preceded Pickett's charge began. Soon after we were ordered into line, and facing to the right we took the double-quick step, and on reaching the open field, we formed line in rear of our artillery, which was busily engaged in replying to the enemy's guns.

Immense cheering was soon after heard on the right, and then we learned that the last attempt on our lines had failed.

At night the regiment went to the front on picket, being posted on ground that was thickly strewn with dead men and horses; and as some of these had been dead for twenty-four hours, the stench was sickening. At daylight we rejoined the brigade, the enemy in the meantime having begun their retreat.

We remained at Gettysburg until July 7, when our corps moved off, passing through Emmitsburg to Mechanicstown, Md. On the 8th, we passed through Frederick City and encamped two miles beyond the town. On the 9th, we started from near Middletown and marched to South Mountain.

About this time the division of General W. H. French was assigned to the corps, and was designated as the Third Division. General French took command of the corps, succeeding General Sickles, who lost a leg at Gettysburg. Colonel Madill of the One hundred and forty-first commanded the brigade, General Graham being made a prisoner in the late battle.

On July 10, we marched from South Mountain to about five miles beyond Keedysville, Md.

On the 11th, we marched to near Falling Waters. On the 12th, we were drawn up in line of battle and expected to make an attack on the entrenchments of the enemy, but we were not ordered forward. The enemy having recrossed the river into Virginia, we left our camps on the 15th and after passing over the old Antietam battleground, we halted about two miles beyond Sharpsburg. On the 16th, we passed through Brownsville and Rohrersville, and encamped near Harper's Ferry. On the 17th, we crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and were once more in Virginia. We resumed the march on the 18th and 19th, and on the 20th, we reached Upperville. On the 23d, we were near Manassas Gap, where it was expected we would strike the enemy's column, that was moving up the Shenandoah Valley. We moved to the top of a high hill, where we had

a fine view of the surrounding country, and also witnessed a battle between a small force of the enemy and the Excelsior brigade. The Fifty-seventh was only slightly engaged and had a few men wounded. The enemy having disappeared during the night, we marched next day some miles beyond Piedmont on the Manassas Gap railroad.

The greater part of our march was over the torn up railroad track, and as the weather was excessively hot, we were a tired lot of men when we encamped that night. On the 25th, we marched to within six miles of Warrenton, and on the 26th, we moved to Sulphur Springs about four miles west of Warrenton. At this place we encamped for about six weeks, during which time Colonel Sides, and some of the officers and men that had been wounded at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, returned for duty. We had a fine camp, with good facilities for bathing in Hedgeman's river, a branch of the Rappahannock. For exercise we had frequent brigade and regimental drills, with occasional picket duty.

We broke camp on September 16, and crossed the Rappahannock at Freeman's Ford near which we bivouacked for the night, and the next day we moved on and encamped near Culpeper.

Here we remained until October 11, when it was found that General Lee was trying to turn our right, and get in our rear as he had done the year before. This made a retrograde movement of our army a necessity. On the afternoon of the 11th we moved to the rear, recrossed the river, and about dark camped a few miles south of Sulphur Springs. We continued our move to the rear and on the 13th, about 4 p. m., we encountered the enemy's cavalry at Auburn Creek. Our brigade held the advance of the column on that day, and the Fifty-seventh was the leading regiment. Companies A and K acted as advance guard. These companies deployed on either side of the road, and opened fire on the enemy's cavalry, who were dismounted and were advancing through the woods and open fields. Our firing soon brought up the rest of our brigade and a battery. A few shells thrown toward the enemy sufficed to drive them off; when we moved on and at night halted at the village of Greenwich.

On the 14th, we marched to Centerville, via Bristoe and Manassas Junction. On the 15th, we moved to Fairfax Station, where we remained until the 19th.

The enemy having declined to attack us in position at Centerville, they retreated, closely followed by our army. On the 19th, we again moved forward and encamped near Bristoe Station. On the 20th, we marched through Greenwich and encamped about two miles beyond the town. On the 21st, we passed through Auburn, and over the ground where Hays' Division of the Second Corps had engaged the enemy a few days before. At night we encamped near Catlett's Station on the O. & A. R. R.

From this date until November 7, we moved to various points along the line of the railroad, which having been destroyed by the enemy, made it necessary for us to rebuild it; consequently our advance was slow.

At 5 a. m., November 7, we broke camp and moved to Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock. Here the enemy disputed our crossing and a brisk skirmish ensued. They finally relinquished their attempts to hold the ford, when we crossed over and encamped. In this skirmish, while Captain T.

L. Maynard, our brigade inspector, was giving a drink of water to a wounded rebel, he was mortally wounded and died next morning.

On the 8th, we moved to Brandy Station, and after a few days we moved into the woods close by, and occupied a lot of huts that had lately been constructed by the rebels, to be used as winter quarters, but they had now fallen back beyond the river Rapidan. We remained in this camp for a few weeks, when we were once more on the move, to take part in what is called the "Mine Run Campaign."

On the morning of November 26, we moved out of camp, and in the evening crossed the Rapidan at Jacobs' Ford, without interruption by the enemy. The advance was resumed next morning, and about 4 p. m. our division was hurried to the front to relieve the Third Division which had become engaged with Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps. We got into a brisk little fight in which the Fifty-seventh had seven men wounded. This action occurred at Locust Grove. It appears that our corps commander, General French, got on the wrong road, and instead of getting between the corps of Hill and Ewell, who were miles apart, we ran against Ewell, and that brought on the engagement.

The enemy retreated during the night, and the next morning their army was concentrated, which our movements the day before were intended to prevent. On the 28th, we started again and after marching all day in the rain we came up with the enemy, who were occupying a strong position along the banks of Mine Run. The next day we laid in a field in support of a battery, and at night were ordered on picket. The weather had grown very cold, and as no fires were allowed we were nearly frozen.

After several days spent in manoeuvring, it was decided that the enemy's position was too strong to be successfully attacked, therefore a retreat was ordered. On the night of December 1, during a severe snow storm, we moved to the rear, and recrossed the Rapidan at Culpeper Mine Ford, about daylight on the 2d. About 9 o'clock the march to the rear was resumed, the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-third Pennsylvania acting as guard to our wagon train. Having run out of rations we were very hungry, but we managed to procure something to eat before night.

The next day we reached our old camp and as we found our huts all in good condition, we soon had them roofed with our shelter tents, and were once more comfortably housed.

For some weeks after the Mine Run expedition the question of re-enlisting formed the chief topic of conversation among the men of the Fifty-seventh. The War Department had issued General Order 191, which allowed a bounty of $400, and a furlough of thirty days to each man who re-enlisted. Where three-fourths of the men present in any regiment re-enlisted, the regiment was allowed to go in a body to the place of organization, and from thence the men could go to their homes on furlough.

On the 24th of December, the regiment was formed in a hollow square in front of headquarters, and then briefly addressed by Chaplain McAdam, on the propriety of re-enlisting. At the conclusion of the Chaplain's remarks, Colonel Sides requested those who were willing to re-enlist to step three paces to the front. Over three-fourths of the men stepped forward, and after giving three cheers for the Union, were dismissed.

Then for several days the officers and first sergeants were busily making out muster rolls, furloughs, and re-enlistment papers, etc.

Among the men the furlough was the all absorbing theme. It is safe to say that a bounty of $1,000 without the furlough would have secured but a small portion of the men. But the assurance of being allowed to spend thirty days at home, was the great inducement to re-enlisting.

The following named officers resigned or were honrably discharged during the year 1863:

Major Simonton, Major Strohecker (resigned as Captain), Assistant-Surgeon Leet; Captain Gillespie and Lieutenant Collomore, Company B; Captain Eberman, Company E; Captain Maxwell, Captain Clark and Lieutenant Cameron, Company F; Lieutenant Edmiston, Company H.

Promotions.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sides to Colonel; Captain Neeper to Major; Second Lieutenant Hinds to First Lieutenant and Sergeant Green to Second Lieutenant, Company A. Sergeant Burns to Second Lieutenant Company B. First Lieutenant Hill to Captain, Sergeant Major McCartney to First Lieutenant and Sergeant Houser to Second Lieutenant Company C. First Lieutenant Rice of Company A, to Captain Company E. Color Bearer Williams to First Lieutenant and to Captain Company E. Second Lieutenant Mitchell to First Lieutenant and Sergeant Parks to Second Lieutenant Company E. Second Lieutenant Nelson to First Lieutenant and to Captain, Sergeant Ruger to First Lieutenant, and Sergeant Cameron to Second Lieutenant Company F. First Lieutenant Darling to Captain, Sergeant Shaw to First Lieutenant and Sergeant Gore to Second Lieutenant Company H. First Lieutenant Bumpus to Captain and Sergeant Bowers to First Lieutenant Company I.

January 8, 1864, was the time appointed for the regiment to leave for the north, and long before daylight the men were up and getting ready for their departure. About 7 a. m., we boarded the cars at Brandy Station and were soon under way for Washington, where we remained for a day and a night and then started for Harrisburg, Pa. Here we deposited our arms in the arsenal, and then the men departed by various routes for their homes. Before we left Brandy Station, each man who re-enlisted had received the pay due him; the old bounty of $100, one month's pay in advance, and the first instalment ($50) of the new bounty. Therefore the men were well fixed financially, to enjoy what is known as the "Veteran Furlough."

When the men had been at home for some time many of their former companions and friends were eager to enlist and return with our boys to the army. On account of our success in obtaining recruits the furlough of the men was extended. When we left the front the regiment numbered barely 200 enlisted men. After an absence of about forty-five days it returned with at least 500 men in its ranks.

Our old flag, which had been torn by the bullets of many battles, was left at Harrisburg when we came home; and on our return to the front we received a new one from the hands of Governor Curtin. On the 25th

of February, we rejoined the brigade near Culpeper, Va., and on the 27th, we went with the brigade on a reconnaissance in the direction of Madison Court House. We were gone two days during which time nothing of importance occurred.

General Grant having been appointed Lieutenant-General and placed in command of all our armies, made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac some time in March, 1864.

About the 16th of the same month, that army was reorganized. The First and Third Army Corps were disbanded and the divisions assigned to other corps. The First and Second Divisions of the Third Corps (the old divisions of Kearny and Hooker) were assigned to the Second Corps and were commanded by Generals Birney and Mott respectively. General Hancock commanded the Corps. Our division was now designated the Third Division of the Second Corps.

Our brigade (now the Second) was commanded by General Alexander Hays, who was formerly Colonel of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Our Third division was assigned to the Sixth Corps. The men having a great pride in their former organizations, and proud of the badge which designated them, were allowed to wear the badge of the old Corps to which they had been attached.

The great campaign of 1864 began soon after midnight on the 3d of May. The Second Corps with a strong force of cavalry moved out and about daylight crossed the Rapidan river at Ely's Ford. On the night of the 4th, we bivouacked on the old Chancellorsville battlefield on the ground where we had fought one year and a day before.

On the morning of the 5th, we moved down the plank road towards Fredericksburg, then turned to the right and took a road leading southwesterly towards Todd's Tavern, near which we halted at noon. About 2 p. m., we renewed our march, passing over the Brock Road, and soon after formed line in the woods on the left of the road. Here we were moved about from place to place for some time, and finally moved back into the road, and then faced to the right and ordered forward in double-quick time, until we reached the crossing of the Orange Plank road. When the left of the regiment had crossed the road, we were faced to the left and advanced in line of battle through the dense woods known as the Wilderness. Brisk firing was going on in our front and we had not gone far when we met the enemy. The left of the Fifty-seventh rested on the plank road and on the opposite side of the road was the Seventeenth Maine. Our line was quite close to the enemy, but the density of the underbrush made it almost impossible to see them, so taking direct aim was out of the question. Never before were such volleys of musketry heard as those which rolled through that gloomy wilderness on May 5, 1864.

The old regiment fought nobly, meeting with fearful loss, but they stood their ground until relieved in the evening, and then went back to the Brock Road. The next morning we moved out beyond the position where we had fought the evening before. We soon came against the enemy, drove him back nearly a mile but they were soon re-enforced and then it was our turn to fall back. We had been fighting the troops of A. P.

Hill's corps and had them about whipped, when Longstreet came on the field with his fresh corps. After some grand bushwhacking, our line fell back to the breastworks along the Brock Road.

The casualties in the Fifty-seventh (which were principally incurred on the 5th), were four officers wounded; enlisted men, twenty-two killed, and one hundred and twenty-four wounded and three missing. Colonel Sides was badly wounded in this battle and did not again return to the regiment for duty. We also had to mourn the loss of that brave soldier and hero, General Alexander Hays, who fell at the head of the brigade on the evening of May 5.

At about the same hour on May 7, the two armies began to move on parallel roads toward Spotsylvania. The regiment now commanded by Captain A. H. Nelson of Company K, had a slight brush with the enemy at Ny river on May 8.

At Spotsylvania on May 12, Birney's and Barlow's divisions formed the first line in Hancock's great charge on the enemy's works, when we captured from thirty to forty guns and several thousand prisoners.

From May 11 to May 18, the casualties in the Fifty-seventh were one officer killed and wounded; enlisted men, six killed, seventeen wounded and three missing. Lieutenant Green of Company A, was killed May 12, Lieutenant Bowers of Company I, died May 22, and Captain Williams of Company E, May 28, of wounds received in action.

In a charge at the battle of North Anna river, the regiment had one man killed and three officers wounded. At Totopotomoy river on May 31, and at Cold Harbor on June 3, the regiment was engaged losing in each action, one man wounded and three missing.

On June 3, the colors of the Fifty-seventh was furled around the staff, which was stuck in the breastworks, when it was struck by a piece of shell and cut in two. On June 12, our army left Cold Harbor and started for Petersburg, our Corps crossing the James river at Wilcox's wharf on June 14. From June 16 to 18, the regiment was in several charges which were made on the enemy's works at Petersburg; losing Adjutant Clark M. Lyons, and four enlisted men killed, and twelve men wounded; Lieutenant Henry M. Adams, while standing on our works, was killed by a rebel sharpshooter, June 15.

Major Neeper, who had been captured at Gettysburg, had been exchanged, and promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, returned to the regiment about this time and assumed command.

In an engagement on June 22, the Fifty-seventh had one officer and four enlisted men wounded; Lieutenant James F. Ruger and nine enlisted men were captured.

The regiment was also under fire at Deep Bottom on July 26, and during the "Burnside Mine" affair on July 30.

During a second expedition to Deep Bottom August 12 to 18, the Fifty-seventh lost one officer (Captain Lyons) and fifteen men wounded and four missing. In the fight at Poplar Grove, October 2, three men were wounded.

Our next engagement was on the Boydton Plank Road on October 27. Our division (now commanded by General Mott) and Egan's division of the same corps, had moved to the left with the cavalry, to attempt to

capture the South Side railroad. While these two divisions were in a large field surrounded by woods, near Burgess' Tavern, waiting for General Warren's (Fifth) Corps to join us on the right, the enemy discovered the gap between the two corps, through which Mahone's rebel division charged, and came suddenly upon us. For a short time there was considerable confusion, but order was soon restored, and the enemy driven back, leaving with us many of their men as prisoners. This affair is generally known as the "Bull Pen Fight." Our effort to surprise the enemy had failed, so we moved back to camp during the night.

On December 9, an expedition under General Warren, consisting of his own Corps, Mott's Division of the Second Corps, and a brigade of cavalry, started out for the purpose of further destroying the Weldon railroad.

We struck the railroad near Jarratt's Station, and effectually destroyed it for twenty miles, to a point near the North Carolina line. A very disagreeable feature of this expedition was the snow storm through which we marched back to our old camp near Petersburg. Several hundred recruits, substitutes and drafted men joined the regiment during the autumn months of 1864.

The term of service of a number of officers and men expired in the month of November, 1864, for which reason they were honorably discharged and mustered out.

The following changes occurred among the officers during the year. Those killed or died have already been mentioned.

Colonel Sides discharged on account of wounds November 28. The following were discharged on account of expiration of term in the month of November: Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Neeper, Quartermaster Israel Garrettson, Captain Hill and Lieutenant McCartney of Company C, Captain H. H. Nelson, Company F and A. H. Nelson, Company K.

Surgeon Lyman was mustered out September 16, to accept the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Two hundred and third Pennsylvania Volunteers; while serving with that regiment, he was killed at Fort Fisher, N. C., January 15, 1865. Captain J. R. Lyons discharged for wounds; Captain Darling and Lieutenant J. M. Robison for physical disability.

In the month of January, 1865, the Fifty-seventh and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers were consolidated, the Fifty-seventh retaining its numerical designation. Since September 25, 1862, the Fifty-seventh had consisted of but eight companies. By special Order No. 8, War Department, January 6, 1865, the Fifty-seventh was consolidated into six companies. Companies A and E were broken up and the men distributed with the remaining six companies so as to equalize them in strength.

By the same order the Eighty-fourth was consolidated into a battalion of four companies, and these were then united with the Fifty-seventh, forming a regiment of ten companies, averaging fifty men present to each company.

The Eighty-fourth had a splendid record. Its first fighting was at Winchester, Va., March 23, 1862, where it lost many gallant officers and men. Since August of the same year it had been connected with the Army of the Potomac, where it nobly sustained its old reputation.

The consolidation made it necessary to change the letters of some of

the companies of the *old* Fifty-seventh although the organization of the companies whose letters were changed was not disturbed.

Per Special Order, No. 4, Headquarters Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, January 16, 1865, the following alterations in the lettering of the companies of the *old* Fifty-seventh was ordered:

Company H, to be designated Company A; Company I, to be designated Company D; Company K, to be designated Company E; Companies B, C and F, to retain their letters.

The companies of that part which comprised the old Eighty-fourth were lettered G, H, I and K. Lieutenant-Colonel Bumpus who commanded the regiment from November, 1864, until the consolidation, was mustered out as a supernumerary, as were also the non-commissioned officers of the disbanded companies.

For about two months after consolidation the regiment was commanded by Major Bryan. Colonel Zinn, who was absent on account of wounds, returned and took command on March 18. About the same time Lieutenant-Colonel Perkins, who had been serving on General Mott's staff as Captain, returned for duty with the regiment.

On February 5, another move was made beyond Hatcher's Run for the purpose of extending our lines, and if a favorable opportunity offered, of taking the coveted South Side railroad. We moved by the Vaughan road, and having crossed the run threw up a line of works. Late in the afternoon the regiment (excepting Company E, which was on picket duty on another part of the line) had a brisk fight with the enemy, in which two of our men were wounded. We were out on the expedition until the 10th and as usual were caught in a snow storm.

Nothing of importance occurred on our part of the line until March 25. Early on that morning the enemy tried to break through our lines at Fort Stedman some miles to our right. A few hours later the picket line of our brigade was ordered to advance. We had not gone far when the enemy's pickets opened on us. Several of the Fifty-seventh were wounded, among whom was Lieutenant R. I. Campbell who was hit on the hand. The line was ordered back again to the entrenched position in the rear, where it remained until relieved at 9 a. m.

About 3 p. m. the whole division was ordered to the front where we threw up a line of works near the house of Mrs. Watkins. About dark the enemy made a heavy attack, but we had the strongest force on the ground, and but few of them got back to their works. The Fifty-seventh captured one hundred and sixteen prisoners, among which were six officers. The regiment had five men wounded, one of Company E, mortally.

On the morning of March 29, was inaugurated what proved to be the last campaign of the Army of the Potomac. On that morning we moved about three miles to the left, and began to throw up a line of works. The cavalry and the Fifth Corps, under General Sheridan, and the Second Corps under General Humphreys, were operating on this flank. For several days there was more or less fighting, but our brigade had not become seriously engaged.

On the evening of April 1, Sheridan gained his great victory at Five Forks, some four miles to our left.

On the same night a large detail of the Fifty-seventh was sent on picket on an entrenched line which ran across the field where occurred the "Bull Pen" fight on the 27th of October previous. This line was hotly shelled by the enemy on the morning of April 2, during which time several of our men were wounded.

Far off on our right the splendid charges of the Sixth and Ninth Corps had made the fall of Petersburg a certainty.

About 9 a. m. our division started for Petersburg via the Boydton Plank road. Arriving near the city we moved about from one point to another until late in the afternoon, when we were formed in line a few rods from the house that had been the headquarters of the rebel General Mahone. Here while we were constructing a temporary line of works, we were subjected to a severe shelling which wounded several of our men.

During the following night the enemy evacuated Petersburg and retreated westward; our army following on parallel roads, and also pressing their rear.

On the afternoon of April 6, at Sailor's Creek, our division and Miles' division had a brisk fight with the rear guard of the enemy which resulted in our capturing a wagon train of about two hundred and fifty wagons, and also the teams belonging to the same. In the wagons were many trunks containing officers' clothing, and many were packed with feminine apparel. These were appropriated by the men; and we had quite a masquerade around our camp-fires that night. In this engagement Lieutenant-Colonel Perkins and some of our men were wounded.

On the 7th, we again encountered the enemy, near High Bridge or Cumberland Church. In front of the Fifty-seventh, the enemy held a strong position along a high ridge within cannon shot of our position. We suffered some from their artillery fire but did not attack. Part of our corps on our right attacked and turned their position, causing them to retreat once more.

On the 8th, the regiment acted as flankers to the main column, marching in this manner for about six miles.

Rumors were flying about that Grant and Lee were corresponding relative to the surrender of the rebel army, causing our men to be in high spirits.

About noon on April 9, when we were resting near Appomattox Court House, we received the welcome tidings that the old enemy of the Army of the Potomac had surrendered.

During its active service which began in April, 1862, and ended in April, 1865, the Fifty-seventh had been engaged in twenty-seven battles, and eight minor engagements or skirmishes. Its casualties during the same period were: officers, eleven killed, thirty-two wounded and five captured; enlisted men, ninety-four killed, four hundred and seventy-two wounded and one hundred and ninety-four captured, making a total of eight hundred and eight.

The total enlistments in the regiment were seventeen hundred and eleven, but in this number are included about two hundred men who re-enlisted in December, 1863, which are counted as new enlistments, and about two hundred and fifty men who joined the regiment in May, 1865, after its fighting was over.

Of the one hundred and ninety-four men captured, it is safe to say that at least two-thirds died in southern prisons. It has been impossible to ascertain the number who died of disease in field and general hospitals, but as a rule the number who died of disease is greater than the number killed in battle.

After the surrender of Lee, the regiment marched to Burkeville, Va., and from thence to Richmond, Va. From here it moved by land to Alexandria, Va. On May 23, it took part in the Grand Review of the Army of the Potomac at Washington, D. C.

On the afternoon of June 29, near Bailey's Cross Roads, Va., it was mustered out of service. The next morning it proceeded to Harrisburg, Pa., where the officers and men received their final pay and discharges, on July 6, 1865.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

61ST REGIMENT INFANTRY

JULY 24, 1888

ADDRESS OF COLONEL ROBERT L. ORR

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—Twenty-five years ago, after the historic march of the Sixth Corps, of forty miles in seventeen hours without an organized halt, our regiment went into line near this place. On the night of the 2d or the morning of the 3d, we were moved to this spot, on the extreme right of the infantry of the Army of the Potomac. Our skirmishers were deployed at once and went to work to dislodge the enemy's sharpshooters concealed in yonder house. It was on this field, now known as one of the greatest battlefields in the world—Gettysburg, famous in story and and song—that a quarter of a century ago, the two great armies of this nation, engaged in a war for which history has no parallel, a war which shook this country to its very center, met face to face, and challenged one another to battle. Lee flushed with recent victory and resting on the prestige which continued praise and devotion for military triumph, at home and abroad, had given him, resolved to enter Pennsylvania, and strike the last effectual blow at the Union army. This army under Meade, blood-stained and worn blunt and strong by campaigns which had been both disastrous and glorious, here gathered itself with grim resolution, though wearied by hardship, march and engagement, to await the onslaught. And these two mighty armies closed in a contest, the result of which was to prove that the North was not ready to surrender the bulwarks which our fathers had built around our liberties. And here, on this very spot, and all around here, within the sound of my voice, stood the gallant Sixty-first, to the end, enfeebled by forced marches, but not discouraged; broken by severe losses, but not dismayed, covered with dust and smoke and blood, but still sturdy and brave and true. We had known no defeat on the plains of Virginia, our banner was the banner of

61ST. PENNA. INFANTRY.
3RD. BRIG. 2ND. DIV. 6TH. CORPS.

victory, and it was here unfurled to the breeze when cannonading shook the earth and strong men went down to death. Where danger was, the veteran Sixty-first went and our tattered and stained colors never trailed in the dust. And here, where our brave comrades fought and fell, where they surrendered to death, but not to rebellion, where they laid their lives on their country's altar, here where they strove that "Liberty and the Union" might live, here, where to-day sleep under the blue vault of Heaven, the loyal sons of scores of battles, we, the surviving members of the Sixty-first Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, dedicate this monument to their memories. It is right that we should raise this shaft and inscribe upon it in enduring characters the praise which history offers to brave warriors, for by doing this we honor the memories of the men who as volunteers, left fireside, home and position, to give their services to the preservation and prosperity of the Union. And they were daring men, who had the courage to meet armed treason on many a field and challenge it to mortal combat. The dead of our gallant Sixty-first sleep to-day on every field where the Army of the Potomac and the Sixth Corps fought. It won official recognition and high praise from every officer who commanded them in battle, and no other where than here at Gettysburg, did the men of our regiment exhibit more endurance and courage, or seal with braver blood their fidelity to the cause for which they fought. When Lee, bent upon the total annihilation of the Army of the Potomac, suddenly transferred the seat of war across Mason and Dixon's line to the north, and penetrated the peaceful valleys of southern Pennsylvania, when he turned back the page of history, and read on it the record of successes and defeats of two eventful years of bloody strife, when he saw that the advantages of war were only gained by exercising superior strategy, by summoning courage and by constant and incessant attrition of opposing forces, when he beheld the flower of the Confederacy massed in his presence, still strong in the confidence of its own ability to wrest victory from defeat, and when with the mathematical precision which characterizes the evolutions of a trained soldier, he weighed the responsibilities with which the South had entrusted him and how these responsibilities would fare did he wrestle with the Army of the Potomac, on the hills of Gettysburg, and when he finally determined to hurl himself like a thunderbolt at an army waiting on its native soil, the entire world stood aghast, and watched these two might contending forces, concentrating themselves for the final contest. And when after three days of smoke, din, carnage, blood and death, the terrors of war had written themselves in the clouds, and the sun, long concealed behind the black curtain of gloom, burst forth through the mist of the battle, and the roar of the last sullen wave of strife had died beyond the hill tops, Lee, the proud champion of the Confederacy, his army helpless and bleeding, hastened away from a field of irretrievable disaster, looked back to behold the scene, had nothing but dismay and ruin to his hope and cause and country, saw high up in the heavens of midsummer, wreathed upon a scroll of immaculate white, "Victory for the Union," and yet higher upon the very last and highest scroll of fleecy whiteness "Liberty and Freedom Forever."

ADDRESS OF SERGEANT A. T. BREWER.

We meet to-day in a treble capacity. As citizens of our great republic; now imperial in power as well as extent. As representatives of the historic Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so abounding in the unsearchable riches of patriotism, and as survivors of a conflict to maintain the one and shield the other.

The American nation, twenty-five years ago, spontaneously and officially, recognized this place as one destined to an honored immortality. Hither came the illustrious Chief Magistrate, and, inspired by the association, uttered exalted sentiments, with a splendor of language unequaled in oratory. These blood-stained hills and valleys, battle-scarred rocks and trees, were sacredly dedicated to the patriotic valor displayed by the dead and the living. Here nature, rugged, grand, diversified, as it is, has yet been enriched by what art could do in marble, bronze, granite and landscape decoration, and the sixty-five million people of our restored Union have charged themselves with the perpetual and reverent care of this consecrated ground. And outside of our own country, the world over, for all time, the fame of Gettysburg will live. The human sympathy in great struggles for liberty, which has preserved Marathon twenty-three centuries, will secure this field to the remotest age.

But as representatives of the sovereign state on whose soil the conflict occurred, we have an interest more personal than historic. All other states concede to Pennsylvania a peculiar relation to Gettysburg. It was her territory which was moistened by so much precious blood. It was the only battle fought on free soil during the war, and the only great battle ever fought within the bounds of the Keystone state. It was the only meeting of hostile armies within her limits since Washington, in 1777, led his heroic band against the English at Germantown. On the part of Pennsylvania, it was a conflict to protect, from immediate capture, her proud capital, sitting like a queen on the rippling Susquehanna, and her renowned metropolis, where Independence was first proclaimed. It was natural that Pennsylvania, with peerless colonial history, and acknowledged preeminence in the Revolution, should resist with deathless valor, any foe that dared cross her border. And it was a piece of good fortune for Pennsylvania, attributable to a favoring Providence, that the National Army at Gettysburg was composed so largely of her troops, affording them the privilege of defending their own State. Her regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery were here to the number of nearly one hundred, and they were on all parts of the field, from the magnificent resistance of Buford's cavalry and the First Corps, July 1, to the repulse of Pickett, July 3. That they did their whole duty is abundantly attested by the long roll of dead and wounded, and the effective work accomplished. The most distinguished officer killed, the much loved and lamented Major-General John F. Reynolds, was from Pennsylvania. Right grandly did he defend his native state in the early and discouraging part of the battle. Then came the incomparable Hancock and the Commander-in-Chief General Meade, both from the same state.

The people of Pennsylvania, therefore, have reasons for their determination to exhibit to the world the high esteem in which they hold the services of their own forces on this memorable field. While fully approving all the nation has done, the state adds yet other honors to perpetuate the deeds of her own sons. The monument to-day dedicated, is the gift of the State, under a law passed no longer ago than June 15, 1887, twenty-four years after the battle. How significant was the passage of this law by the men then composing the legislature. Some were born after the battle. Many others were school boys when the thundering cannonade at Gettysburg was heard over half the State. The pure stream of patriotism flowing out from here has spread its benign influence all over the State and opened the heart and the purse of a new generation.

Yet we sustain another and still more intimate relation to this battlefield. To us this atmosphere is perfumed with recollections of July 2 and 3, 1863, but how changed the scene. The same sun, indeed, shines in the heavens, some of the same trees spread their green foliage over us, the same brook rolls its gentle flood at our feet, the same rocks, hills, valleys, ravines, greet our vision; the same Baltimore pike stretches its white length before us, and the same Taneytown and Emmitsburg roads wind through the same fertile farms and cragged glens. Still, the scene is different. Instead of the deafening roar and din of a mighty conflict, all is peace and good will. But our minds and hearts are stirred no less than they were twenty-five years ago. Indescribable emotions agitate and thrill us as we look abroad over this field to-day, and especially as we behold the spot where we now are.

There is, however, one feeling which can be expressed. We are thankful to realize that no sacrifice was made in vain. Not alone did the cause triumph for which we contended, but the Nation, taking new life, has had unparalleled growth and prosperity. From something over thirty million, it has increased to sixty-five million of happy, free people, devoted to the Union and teaching their children to love liberty and revere the memory of those who saved the Nation in the great civil war.

Returning in 1865 to peaceful pursuits with our fellow-countrymen, most of us still young, we have waged the battle of life for five-sixths of a generation, and yet our average age now is not over fifty years. At the same time we are as old as the majority of those who served as volunteers in the late war. How young then, must have been the lives here laid on the altar of liberty and national unity a quarter of a century ago? While the loss was great, can any one say the gain was not commensurate? Dare any one say the sacrifice was too great, beholding at the same time the splendid republic, washed by two oceans, bound together by iron rails, with teeming millions of contented people, knowing but one flag, and that the stars and stripes? It is true, the noble young men who fell here at the average age of twenty-two, gave great promise of distinguished usefulness in all walks of life; but without the government, they and their comrades fought to save, what would life be worth? No one would want to live amidst the dissevered fragments of the Union, and no one could then look even upon a picture of the old flag without pangs of remorse and bitter humiliation.

We are not here, therefore, to bewail the fallen as those who fell in vain, nor to bemoan the sacrifices of those who yet live, but rather to honor the services of both on this and other fields of the war.

As the organization, whose monument is to-day dedicated, belonged to the Army of the Potomac, and shared its experience for four years, we will contemplate for a while that celebrated army.

Considering its history from first to last, no army of which we have any record, can be compared to it. It exhibited a peculiarity never before witnessed in a vast army, and that was the indestructible personality and spirit of the soldiers. As a whole, in its formative period at least, it was a political foot-ball and victim of party intrigue, adversely criticised by the press, sneered at by the other armies, and covertly censured by government officials. Yet the soldiers, with unsurpassed intelligence, keeping constantly in mind the object for which they enlisted, bore themselves like senators, preserving a dignity and self-respect which no disaster could affect. No army of men in the world's history ever suffered so many defeats and disappointments without losing its martial spirit and becoming worthless as an organization. In ancient times one defeat in a general battle practically ended an army, leaving the survivors utterly discouraged. The famous Roman armies sent against Hannibal were each ruined in a single battle, though only a small proportion were killed. Each of the three Austrian armies sent against Napoleon in Italy, were destroyed in a single battle, yet not over ten per cent. were killed or wounded. So it has ever been with armies in all countries. The military prestige is all gone after one or two defeats. This being true, what will the historian of the future say of the Army of the Potomac? Look at its battles—Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, march against the wooden guns at Manassas Junction in the spring of 1862; Yorktown, a month in the mud; Williamsburg, an obviously unnecessary sacrifice; Fair Oaks, a great battle, only to be followed by a month in the Chickahominy swamps, and the seven days retreat engagements ending with Malvern Hill. Second Bull Run, Chantilly; Antietam, a bloody, but indecisive victory, with nothing to encourage soldiers; Fredericksburg, a sacrifice of fourteen thousand men in a movement known to be foolish by half the private soldiers in the army; Chancellorsville and second Fredericksburg, costing over sixteen thousand more, with no advantage.

Up to July 1, 1863, the Army of the Potomac, in its thirteen principal engagements, had lost 92,494 men in battle, of whom 10,524 were killed, being over seventeen per cent. of all men killed in the entire war. This is not counting those who fell in minor affairs and skirmishes, nor those who died of disease, and leaves out entirely the losses sustained in the ill-starred campaign of General Pope, and the fruitless Shenandoah movements. Behold then an army that had fought thirteen pitched battles, losing in the aggregate as many effective men in actual contest as it ever had at any one time, marched and countermarched through three states, always facing the enemy, never achieving any substantial success; and yet its ardor was unimpaired. This army was now called to meet the best and largest force ever mustered by the Confederacy, not in the enemy's country, but far in the interior of Pennsylvania. But this is not all. The rebels were flushed with a recent

victory, and two years' experience had convinced that army it was unconquerable. Nor can we stop here. The concentrated ambition and hate of a century was in the rebel army. It was determined to go to Harrisburg, Baltimore, cut off Washington and dictate terms of peace from the steps of Independence Hall at Philadelphia. It had boundless confidence in its leaders and in the efficiency of its organization.

On the contrary, the Army of the Potomac scarcely knew who its commander was, for no order had been read to the troops relieving Hooker, or appointing Meade. McDowell, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, had all failed and no one expected anything great from Meade. If the troops had been consulted they would have appointed Hancock, the very man whom Meade himself considered the great general of the army, and selected to direct the battle. According to all teaching of military history, the Army of the Potomac was doomed to certain defeat at Gettysburg. The chances appeared to be a hundred to one against it. If anything was needed to make its defeat beyond a peradventure, it was furnished by the government in the change of commanders, three days before the battle, when the armies were actively feeling for each other. The removal half severed the hair suspending the sword of Damocles. But history will have to reconstruct its theories. It will be compelled to record that the Army of the Potomac presented features hitherto unheard of in martial organizations. The historian will find the explanation in the character of the private soldiers and subordinate officers of the line. These men had not taken up arms for nothing, nor had they been following a great, dazzling leader, as willing instruments in his hands. They had the conviction which moves the patriot as well as the dauntless courage of the tried soldier. The desperate forces of treason surged and dashed against them in vain. They stood their ground, and the proud foe retreated never again to set foot on free soil.

It is not possible to give a history of the battle, but justice to the Army of the Potomac requires a few statements. On the first day our forces were greatly out-numbered by the enemy. Then Reynolds, the commander, was killed in the forenoon and by the time Doubleday, who succeeded him, got his forces well in hand, and was doing good work as mortal man ever did under like difficulties, he, in turn, was succeeded by Howard, in virtue of seniority. Howard, with inadequate knowledge of the situation, made some movements, but he was soon relieved by Hancock, who came on the field, representing General Meade. In the face of so many changes, the marvel is that the army was not completely crushed.

On the second day the enemy had the advantage in numbers and the enthusiasm arising from victory, as thousands of Union prisoners had been captured and marched to the rear through the Confederate lines.

By a mistake, the Third Corps, under Sickles, was placed in an advanced and untenable position at the famous Peach Orchard, which the enemy attacked, carried, and was only prevented from driving the left of the army off the field by the timely arrival of the Sixth Corps. During the third day the battle raged, at different points, all day except a short time prior to the great charge, say from 12 m. to 1 p. m. Then ensued the most stupendous cannonnade ever heard in the new world; a roar which shook the earth, and was heard nearly two hundred miles to the west and northwest. After the can-

nonade, when the enemy supposed the Union lines were shattered, came the fierce assault on our left center, by about 20,000 of the best troops in the Confederate army.

The charge, though conducted with uncommon bravery, was met by the dauntless blue lines and repulsed with such terrible loss to the enemy that he gave up and abandoned the field. This great charge, its repulse and the fighting which then occurred, showed the very acme of human courage on both sides. Interpidity could do no more. The division of Pickett, leading the assault, was practically annihilated.

In the entire battle the Army of the Potomac exhibited a steadiness in movements, a firmness in maintaining positions, and a gallantry in actual contact with the enemy, never surpassed by an army, and this is the testimony of all American as well as foreign writers on the subject. If that army had fought no other battle, its fame would have been secure. But after Gettysburg it fought thirty-eight battles, losing on the field no less than 280,656, of whom 22,691 were killed.

According to official statistical record, the Army of the Potomac from first to last, in its fifty-one battles, lost 32,268 killed, 256,830 wounded and 69,597 prisoners, a grand total of 367,295. By disease it lost, on the usual estimate, at least 62,000 more, who actually died in the service, making the total number of deaths 94,000, and aggregate loss, so far as shown by accessible records, of 429,295. But to this number should be added those who were discharged for disability, arising from disease contracted in the service. Of such there must have been enough to swell the total loss to half a million, not counting losses in small affairs and skirmishes. One other fact should be mentioned, not as a complaint, but as an incident, relating to the Army of the Potomac.

During the war, Congress, beginning with December 24, 1861, and ending with March 3, 1865, passed fifteen joint resolutions, expressing thanks of the nation to various officers and armies, and providing special honors for them. Yet the Army of the Potomac was never mentioned except once, January 28, 1864, when the three names, selected for honor, were not the men entitled thereto, in the estimation of that army, and therefore, the resolution did more harm than good.

Here then was an example of pure patriotism. An army, battling with the flower of the Confederacy, defending the national capital, suffering unprecedented losses, which are unavailing through various causes, ignored by Congress, whose sessions were held within the sound of its cannon, and whose laws derived all their effect from its power, still maintaining the conflict until the last enemy of the republic was killed or captured.

The fame of the Army of the Potomac must constantly increase as its services are better understood, as was said of illustrious heroes of old: "Far reaching, bright shining, through ether, to heaven, ascending."

The Army of the Potomac, like other Union and Confederate armies, was divided into corps. But so many changes occurred, from time to time, in the troops that only a few corps, as such, acquired special honor on account of fighting qualities. One of the few, having a special and distinct fame, was the "old Sixth," as it was affectionately called. It was organized under an order of President Lincoln, dated July 22, 1862, and remained with few

changes until June 28, 1865. Included in that corps, from first to last, was the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, and what is said of the corps will apply also to the regiment. The Sixth Corps, besides taking a most conspicuous part in every movement of the Army of the Potomac, had some striking and dramatic experiences of its own. It was the famous Vermont brigade of the Sixth Corps that was sent to New York to quell the riots in 1863, and it was the commander of that fighting brigade who, when complaint was made by the New York authorities that his men fired bullets instead of blank cartridges at riot prisoners, on attempting to escape, replied, "My men never learned how to fire blank cartridges." On September 16, 1863, at Culpeper Court House, the Sixty-first Pennsylvania turned out and presented arms to the Vermonters on their return from New York. This shows the generous spirit always a feature of the Sixth Corps. It was the Sixth Corps alone that fought and won the second battle of Fredericksburg, while the remainder of the army was at Chancellorsville; that fought the battle of Salem church, losing in both battles over twenty per cent. of its entire force.

It was the Second Division, Sixth Corps, that fought the brilliant and bloody battle at Fort Stevens, July 12, 1864, under the eye of President Lincoln and his cabinet, in the very suburbs of Washington. In this battle the Sixty-first Pennsylvania was one of the six regiments making the successful charge on Early's position, and its commander, Colonel Crosby, lost an arm. In fact every regiment in that charge lost its commander. The Sixth Corps then went to the Shenandoah Valley and won fadeless renown with Sheridan. At the battle of Cedar Creek, while Sheridan was making his immortal ride from Winchester, the Sixth Corps kept up the fight, swinging around like a gate on its hinges to meet the enemy, after the left flank of the army had been turned. It was on the unconquerable lines of the Sixth Corps, then reduced to a mere handful of men, that Sheridan rallied his shattered army, and it was a charge from the Sixth Corps and Custer's Cavalry that started the enemy on the run and inaugurated the movements ending in the crushing defeat of the rebel army. General Sheridan, after the surrender of the French army, at Metz, being on the ground, paid a high compliment to the Sixth Corps by remarking to Prince Frederick Charles, the German commander, that he (Sheridan) could have cut his way out of Metz with one division of the Sixth Corps. The French had 172,000 men. It was reserved for the Sixth Corps, under the immediate direction of General Grant, to make the final assault at Petersburg and break the rebel lines on April 2, 1865, starting Lee's army for Appomattox. It was also the Second Division and Third Brigade which led that charge, and the Sixty-first Pennsylvania was in the center and hottest part of the battle, losing its colonel. The Sixth Corps did most of the fighting at Sailor's Creek, the last hard battle of the war. After the surrender of Lee the Sixth Corps was immediately started to join Sherman and aid in finishing Johnston's army, but only reached Danville before Johnston capitulated.

The Sixth Corps was not present at the grand review in May, 1865, at Washington, but had a separate review by the President afterwards, and ended its existence June 28, 1865. Stevens, the historian of the Sixth Corps, says "It was the grandest corps that ever faced a foe."

The regiment, whose services we are to-day commemorating, fitly repre-

sents the State of Pennsylvania, the Sixth Corps and the Army of the Potomac. More than any other regiment it presents the true type and average character of the Keystone soldiers, who volunteered for three years in 1861. This is true because it was raised in different parts of the State, and included all classes in its ranks. Company A was recruited in the northern part of Indiana county, on the skirts of the Alleghenies, from hardy farmers and bold lumbermen of that locality. Five companies, B, C, E, F and K, were raised in and about Pittsburg, from the enterprising manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, iron workers, coal operators, boatmen and other brave men of the Union-loving region. Company D was raised in Luzerne county, the neighborhood of hard coal, where the beautiful valley of Wyoming recalls sad and bloody massacres by English and Indians a century ago. The company was composed of intelligent, stout men of all trades and callings. The other three companies, G, H and I, were raised in Philadelphia; the patriotic city of brotherly love, of womanly sympathy, of chivalrous generosity, whose motto of "hot coffee free for volunteers" was known and read of all men. The pride of every Pennsylvanian, the inspiration of all friends of liberty, equality and Union, the home of unpretentious refinement and culture, the abode and patron of art, the seat of unostentatious wealth and diversified industry, the paradise for every wounded soldier. These three companies were in all things worthy of the city they represented. They furnished the regiment three colonels and two lieutenant-colonels in less than three years' time.

The regiment, as a whole, combined every element of military strength. It could build bridges, lay out and make roads, plan and construct forts as well as make long marches and fight battles by day and night.

The Sixty-first was fortunate in having for its first colonel a veteran of the Mexican war, who had also been in the three months' service. A patriot, an orator, a model soldier was Oliver H. Rippey, from Pittsburg, whose commission was issued twenty-seven years ago to-day. His command, the Sixty-first, was soon organized and in September, 1861, moved into Virginia near Alexandria, joining the Army of the Potomac, whose fortunes it shared, without interruption, to the end of the war.

If it is true that the Army of the Potomac deserves the place in history which has been indicated, and that the Sixth Corps in the amount and variety of its services, ranks so high in that army, then, indeed, is the record of the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, a proud one to contemplate. Only one regiment in the Sixth Corps had more men killed in action during the war than the Sixty-first, and only seven regiments in the five hundred or more in the Army of the Potomac, had more men killed in any one action. But the Sixty-first has a broader reputation than the army or the corps with which it served. Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. F. Fox has been examining the record of all Union regiments and gives the result in an interesting article in the May *Century*, 1888. His tables show that the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, in the number of officers killed in action, stands first in the entire Federal army, also that it stands eleventh in the number killed in any one action in the Union army, and fifteenth in the total number killed during the war.

It is worthy of remark that the fourteen other regiments having greater total losses than the Sixty-first, every one, belonged to the Army of the Potomac. It is also worthy of note that forty out of the forty-five regiments

sustaining the heaviest losses in killed during the war, belonged to the Army of the Potomac. It is worthy of still further mention that out of the forty-five honored regiments, eleven belonged to Pennsylvania.

The aggregate loss in the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers is frightful for any one regiment. It had nineteen officers and two hundred and thirty-five men killed in battle, twenty-seven officers and six hundred and ten men wounded. One officer and one hundred and seven men died of disease, making total killed, wounded and died of disease nine hundred and ninety-nine. In the whole Federal army, on an average, two died of disease for every one killed, but in the Sixty-first nearly an average of three were killed to one dying of disease.

It is not possible to give a history of the Sixty-first in less than a volume, nor is it necessary in order to appreciate the character of the regiment. By experienced military men, three tests are applied to troops. Firmness in remaining where they are placed, gallantry in assault and steadiness when surprised. Let these tests be applied to the Sixty-first, in three actions, each furnishing a fair trial of its firmness, gallantry and steadiness.

At Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, a large Confederate army attacked the Fourth Corps of the Army of the Potomac with a view of capturing or destroying it before General McClellan could move reinforcements across the swollen Chickahominy. The Sixty-first, after standing in line for hours, was led forward into the woods, by General Couch in person, to meet the enemy, advancing in strong force. Directly the rebels were met marching by the flank. When the columns had approached near each other the rebels went "right by file into line," and the Sixty-first filed right and moved its entire length parallel to the Confederate line, and faced to the front, the lines being about two hundred feet apart. Then at the word of command from the colonel the regiment opened a point blank fire. At the same instant the enemy opened and a deadly struggle began. The Sixty-first had no support on its right, and the Union troops on the left were soon driven back, leaving one regiment to contend against a line of battle out-flanking it on either side. But the Sixty-first did not stop to calculate. It poured in a continuous fire. The rebel line was reinforced time and again and finally worked around on the right and left, opening an enfilading fire, and yet the Sixty-first maintained its ground.

The brave Colonel Rippey was killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Spear and Major Smith were wounded. Still the men kept up the fight until an order was passed along the lines to fall back. When the order was given, and not till then, the uninjured men started back. They found the rebels on their right and left closing rapidly the small gap left for escape. Disregarding all demands for surrender they rushed past and through the rebel lines reaching the second Union position in small groups.

On moving back the Sixty-first left on its line ninety-one killed, including its colonel, and over two hundred wounded, including Lieutenant-Colonel Spear and Major Smith, both being captured. During this engagement the men of the Sixty-first fired thirty-seven rounds apiece. Toward the close hot muskets burned the soldiers' hands into blisters. After retiring, remnants of the Sixty-first without field officers, part under command of Captain Jacob Creps of Company A, and part at another point under Captain after-

wards Colonel Robert L. Orr, joined the second line and aided in the final repulse of the Confederate army. No prisoners were taken from the Sixty-first except the wounded who were unable to leave the field,

Passing over a whole year of hard fighting and marching, another engagement will be noticed, illustrating gallantry. On Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, as beautiful a morning as ever smiled on humanity, the Sixty-first headed a charge on Marye's Heights, at Fredericksburg, across the canal bridge marching by the flank in column of fours. It was exactly like Napoleon's famous charge across Lodi bridge. The Confederate forts were on the heights in full view a quarter of a mile away, with lines of rifle pits in front. As soon as the regiment started over the bridge double quick, the rebels ran cannon out into the road and fired directly into the head of the column, the grape sweeping through the ranks for the whole length of the Sixty-first, and even into the troops behind it. At the same time artillery opened from the forts, raining grape and canister like hail upon the advancing force, and the rifle pits in front and on both flanks were a sheet of flame. Just as the line, left in front, reached the Confederate side of the bridge Colonel Spear, while gallantly leading the column was killed. Others, familiar with the movements then to be made, were also killed or disabled, and no one remained to give any command how to deploy the line or what to do. It being impossible to move further by the flank, some of the men went to the right, others to the left, and in a few seconds the supporting regiments came forward and the works were carried. In the assault all the confidence of the commanding general shown in selecting the Sixty-first to lead the column was justified, and no charge during the war was better suited to test the gallantry of a regiment.

After the terrible experiences of the Wilderness and night marches following, on another Sunday, May 8, 1864, the Sixty-first stood in line of battle near the far-famed "bloody angle," at Spotsylvania Court House. About sundown the regiment was ordered forward through the woods, but cautioned to be careful, as four lines of Union troops were ahead. Proceeding slowly so as to keep the alignment, the Sixty-first descended into a gloomy and thickly wooded ravine, crossed a small brook and began moving up on the other side. Twilight was rapidly deepening into darkness when suddenly a rebel line of battle appeared, close in front, as if dropped from the clouds. A Confederate officer seized the flag of the Sixty-first and demanded instant surrender; the color sergeant held on while the bold rebel was caught by officers of the Sixty-first and made a prisoner. Sergeant Brady of Company A was shot dead by a rebel, who in turn was shot and bayoneted by Jno. E. Allison of Company A. A battle was then commenced so quickly that officers had no time to give commands. Every man in the regiment, as if propelled by machinery, went straight for the rebels in front of him. Officers used their swords and revolvers, while the men, after firing one shot, took their bayonets or used their guns as clubs, dispersing the enemy as police scatter a mob. When the fight ended it was pitch dark, and no Union troops to be found on the right or left. The Sixty-first put out its pickets and lay on its arms until daylight. About midnight Colonel Smith sent Adjutant Wilson to find brigade headquarters. The Adjutant proceeded a short distance to the rear and then toward the right. While groping his way through

the dark woods a sentinel challenged him, and almost immediately fired instantly killing the Adjutant. Other thrilling incidents occurred, but the Sixty-first came out the next morning with little loss and with undiminished intrepidity.

That day, May 9, 1864, the regiment with the army and the Nation was called upon to mourn the loss of a great and beloved soldier, Major-General John Sedgwick, commander of the Sixth Corps, who was killed on the front line of his corps.

These three severe tests demonstrate that the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers had all the high qualities which distinguished the most famous soldiers of the world, the firmness of Alexander's phalanx, the steadiness of Cæsar's legion and the gallantry of Napoleon's battalion.

It only remains to describe the part taken in this battle by the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers. The official reports are meagre. Many maps and diagrams show the whole Sixth Corps massed in rear of Little Round Top marked "reserve," a position the corps never occupied for a moment.

In order to a full appreciation of the services of the Sixty-first here, it is essential to go back twenty-four hours. On the evening of July 1, the Sixth Corps was at Manchester, Maryland, thirty-eight miles away, to the southeast, on the extreme right of the army. After dark the corps was put in motion for Gettysburg. But over fifteen miles of trains headed toward Baltimore blocked the way, and had to be turned in the opposite direction. All night long the men were on their feet marching a little at a time and then waiting while the obstructions were being removed. By daylight, July 2, not over half a dozen miles had been made, yet with a gun, forty rounds of cartridge and other necessary equipage to carry or hold, the experience had been enough to weary the toughest veterans. The sun was well up over the trees before the road was cleared. After stopping ten minutes for breakfast began the great march, which has so justly distinguished the Sixth Corps.

The battle was raging thirty-four miles away. The enemy was concentrated and the absorbing question was whether the Sixth Corps could arrive in time to be of service. Could the soldiers, or even the horses, after moving all night, march thirty-four miles more along a dusty road, under a a scorching July sun, carrying everything that must accompany an army to make it effective, and if the march could possibly be made would the corps be in a condition to render any aid after reaching the field. These were questions agitating the commander of the army, and the brave and sturdy leader of the Sixth Corps.

Most of the march was to be along the old Baltimore pike, paved with broken white limestone, which long use had ground into powder. The road rain in a straight direction, up hill and down, through a beautiful and fertile country; "sweet fields arrayed in living green" were beheld on every hand. The sun, warm at the beginning, grew hotter and more piercing every hour and his rays gathered fresh force as they were reflected from the hard road. Toward noon the radiating heat could be observed in waves, like colorless clouds, floating from the earth and mingling with the fine dust created by the moving column.

The Sixth Corps then consisted of thirty-six regiments of infantry, eight batteries of artillery, and two companies of cavalry, numbering in all about

18,000 men. When stretched along a single road, exclusive of trains, except those carrying ammunition, the corps was over ten miles long, and was in itself a larger army than was ever marshaled on American soil prior to 1861. This corps was then the largest of the seven in the Army of the Potomac, and was equipped to fight a great battle alone, as it had done two months before at Fredericksburg and Salem Church, while the balance of the army was at Chancellorsville. During July 2, while this famous march was in progress, the men knew nothing of any battle having been fought on the day before, but each believed something of vast moment was at hand in which the Sixth Corps would probably take an independent part. Yet but little was said as the blue line moved forward, bearing the Greek cross along with the stars and stripes. No halt, no dinner, no command, no indication of any enemy, no roar of battle, as the wind carried the sound in other directions.

From seven o'clock in the morning, until three o'clock in the afternoon, the march was one steady swing and tramp, with no stimulation or event of any kind to awaken special enthusiasm. But at that time, miles ahead on the side of the mountain which had long been in sight, shells were seen bursting high in the air, with red angry flashes. Soon smoke was observed curling along above the trees and floating away to the north, and yet up to this time not a cannon had been heard. Now the rapid step was yet quickened, the gun was not so heavy, the cartridge box pulled down less than before, the end was at hand. On and on moved the column. Directly the familiar roar of battle began to be heard indistinctly, then louder and more continuous. Ambulances came in long white procession, and wounded men streaming back with other unmistakable indications of a bloody conflict. Still the Sixth Corps pressed on, stopping for nothing until the rear of Little Round Top was reached. Here was a halt, the first in ten hours.

At this moment the roar of musketry was awful beyond description, and the whole valley trembled with the thunder of artillery. Little Round Top was blazing, smoking, quaking like an active volcano. The arrival of the Sixth Corps so soon was a surprise to both friend and foe. An incident is related by Charles Carlton Coffin, presenting a striking scene at General Meade's headquarters as the Sixth Corps came in sight. The movement of the column was so fast that it was believed to be cavalry. The author says: "I was at Meade's headquarters; the roar of battle was louder and grew nearer; Hill was threatening the center; a cloud of dust could be seen down the Baltimore Pike. Had Stuart suddenly gained our rear? There were anxious countenances around the cottage where the flag of the commander-in-chief was flying. Officers gazed with their field glasses. 'It is not cavalry, but infantry,' said one, 'there is the flag, it is the Sixth Corps.' We could see the advancing bayonets gleaming in the sunlight. Faces which a moment before were grave became cheerful. It was an inspiring sight. The corps crossed Rock Creek, filed into the field, threw themselves upon the ground, tossed aside their knapsacks, and wiped the sweat from their sunburnt cheeks."

The author, after describing some other stirring movements then in progress, continues: "At the same time an officer rode down to the Sixth Corps. I saw the tired and weary men rise from the ground and fall into line. They moved off upon the run towards Weed's Hill (Little Round Top), which

was all aflame. The dark lines of the Sixth Corps became lost to sight as they moved into the woods crowning the hill. There were quicker volleys, a lighting up of the sky by sudden flashes, followed by a cheer. Longstreet gave up the struggle and fell back."

Stevens, the Sixth Corps historian, describes the same movement, as follows: "On receiving orders assigning our position, and the information that our presence was actually needed, the three divisions were moved simultaneously at double quick, in parallel lines, and arrived on the line of battle at the critical moment, just as the rebels, flushed with victory, were penetrating our lines to the right of Round Top. Owing to the direction in which we approached, little more was necessary than to halt the lines and face to the right to bring three lines of battle facing the enemy's advance, and to close the gap made by the rebel onslaught." "The volley from our front line," says General Wright, "was perhaps the heaviest I have ever heard, and it had the effect not only of checking the triumphant advance, but of throwing his ranks into the utmost confusion."

The movements of the Sixth Corps on July 2, 1863, are such as to challenge the admiration of mankind. Its majestic tread on the battle-field, at the supreme moment, after such a memorable march, will resound through the ages. It was the realization, the embodiment of the sublimest figure of inspired poetry, "terrible as an army with banners," became in fact "a terrible army with banners," the Greek cross floating over it, and the Greek fire like that which could not be extinguished at Salamis, burning within it.

The Sixth Corps, after aiding in the repulse at Little Round Top, was separated and used to patch up weak places in the lines, and was moved from place to place, in brigades, regiments and even battalions, during the remainder of the fight. For a long time, during July 3, one brigade of the Sixth Corps, the Vermonters, held the extreme left of the army at Round Top, and another, the Third, the extreme right at Wolf's Hill.

In the Third brigade, Second division, Sixth Corps, was the Sixty-first Pennsylvania, whose movements will now be described. The regiment was then under command of Major George W. Dawson. It occupied four different places in the lines. First, in the evening of July 2, to the right of Round Top, with the corps in its first movement against and repulse of Longstreet; second, later the same evening, after stopping awhile in Hancock's line on Cemetery Ridge, took position in the woods to the right of Culp's Hill; third, at Wolf's Hill, on the extreme right of the army connecting with the cavalry. Here four companies, under Captain Creps, were on the picket line all day on the 3d, continually engaged with the enemy, the balance of the regiment being in the front line on the northerly slope of Wolf's Hill; fourth, about noon, and during the lull which preceded the great cannonade, that part of the regiment not on the picket line moved to Cemetery Ridge and took position in front of Meade's headquarters, where it remained until about six o'clock. Then after the repulse of Pickett, and termination of the battle, the Sixty-first marched back again to Wolf's Hill and remained there until the morning of July 5.

By this description it will be seen that the Sixty-first marched four to six miles after reaching the battle-field on July 2, which, added to its long

march, made nearly forty miles for the day. Besides, a part of the regiment remained on duty all night and began fighting at break of day, July 3.

It is not possible or necessary to give further details, though the speaker cannot close without referring to the scene on Cemetery Ridge during the artillery firing and the assault which followed. For a few minutes after the Sixty-first formed its line all was silent. Then a rebel signal gun was fired to the north on Seminary Hill. Instantly the whole line of rebel guns, one hundred and thirty-eight in number, joined in the cannonade. All the guns northeast, north and northwest concentrated their fire on Cemetery Ridge. Every size and form of missile known to gunnery crashed, shrieked, whirled, moaned and whistled along the ridge, splintering trees, bounding from rocks, smashing wagons, disabling guns, tearing through the house at Meade's headquarters and plowing up the ground in all directions. It is said they came six in a second. The roar at first was deafening, but became awful when over a hundred Union guns replied firing from all the hills on the line. The earth shook and it seemed from the sulphureous smoke and flame and thunder that the last day had arrived. At this moment the reserve artillery of the Union army, eighty guns, came into position along Cemetery Ridge, making the most sublime and exciting spectacle ever witnessed by the speaker. Soon the firing of cannon ceased on the enemy's side, and on came their bold charge accompanied with wild yells extending a mile or more along their serried ranks. The moment was thrilling. It was the high water mark of Rebellion and made an epoch in human destiny. The Union lines were immovable, the assailants were crushed.

From that moment the Nation was saved and consecrated anew for coming ages. Americans the next day adopted the motto:

"All honor to the heroic living,
All glory to the gallant dead."

The monument this day dedicated speaks to the living and for the dead. When the living shall have joined their comrades in the deathless world, the memorial will proclaim to descendants of those who formed the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, the imperishable honor here and elsewhere achieved by that regiment, and when its monument here and other memorials on this most renowned battlefield of the ages, shall have crumbled to atoms, every lover of liberty will yet crown with unfading laurels and burnish with immortal luster the memory of the gallant and dauntless men who won freedom's battle at Gettysburg.

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

62D REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN W. J. PATTERSON

COMRADES:—Gettysburg takes distinguished rank as one of the great battles in the history of warfare. The vital interests that hung in the balance, the gallantry of the opposing armies, the number of men engaged and the abilities of the leaders, all combined to make this field one of the grandest that was ever baptized with the blood of valor. To understand its importance to the Union cause we must remember that the darkest hour of the war was upon us. The Union arms had signally failed almost under the shadow of the nation's capitol. The disaster of Fredericksburg had been followed by the defeat of Chancellorsville. The administration was discouraged and the people of the North disheartened. The martial spirit of the young men of the loyal states seemed to be exhausted and the unpopular method of the draft had to be enforced to fill up our ranks. The clouds of adversity cast a gloom of despondency over the north which threatened to eclipse the light of patriotism in our fair land. The South was correspondingly elated. The Army of Northern Virginia was the hope and pride of secession. The supreme opportunity of the struggling cause was at hand. The leaders were filled with renewed confidence; "change the war from a defensive to an aggressive one," they exclaimed. "Make the North feel the crushing effects of its iron heel on her own soil, and the flag of truce would soon take the place of the relentless ensigns of battle, and the olive branch of peace would eventually float over a triumphant confederacy."

The leaders fondly hoped, too, if invasion proved successful, foreign intervention would step in to their assistance and victory at last crown their efforts. The vision was not an unreasonable one and the plans were well laid. General Lee, at the head of the flower of the South, the veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, was entrusted with this weighty movement. He promptly turned his columns north and crossed the Potomac into Maryland. His advance divisions penetrated Pennsylvania as far as Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna river. But the leaders of the South had yet much to learn of northern patriotism and northern bravery. That gallant and spirited old Army of the Potomac was to cover itself with new glory. The eyes of the whole country were upon it. While it had been defeated and baffled and mismanaged, it never lacked patriotism and bravery of the highest type. It always had its face to the foe. From Yorktown to Appomattox it never failed to give blow for blow. No army in the world was better organized, better disciplined, or better officered with skilful leaders. Its morale could not be excelled. Competent authority pronounced it the youngest and most intelligent body of men ever gathered together in the military service. The average age of its members at the close of the war

was under twenty-five years. Many who are now serving on the bench, in the pulpit and in the legislative halls of the state and nation, marched in its ranks as private soldiers. General Lee's movements were closely followed. Three days before the battle General Meade assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. The Union forces pushed forward into Pennsylvania, and early on the morning of July 1, the enemy's skirmishers were encountered at Marsh Creek, near the Chambersburg pike, on which General Hill's corps was moving east. A severe battle was fought, in which the Union troops were overpowered and driven back at all points in considerable disorder. About 4 o'clock General Hancock arrived on the field and directed the movements for the final stand that was made on East Cemetery Hill. On the report of General Hancock, General Meade decided to order up the remainder of the army for a general battle at Gettysburg. Orders were sent out hurrying forward all the troops. The Fifth Corps, after a long and wearisome march, reached Hanover about 5 o'clock in the evening. At this point news of the battle reached us, and we were asked to press forward to the assistance of our comrades at the front. The march was continued and after midnight, the Second brigade turned into a grove, about five miles from the battlefield for a short rest. An incident occurred while on this night march that illustrated the strong attachment and abiding confidence the troops still had for their first commander. Word was passed along the line that General McClellan was again in command and awaited the arrival of his old battalions at Gettysburg. This announcement caused unbounded enthusiuasm, and to that extent contributed the victory that followed. With the first flush of day the brigade was again in motion, and reached the battlefield about 7 o'clock. The division was massed in a field not far from Wolf's Hill, on the right of our line. We then moved some distance to the left, crossed Rock Creek to the front, and massed in the orchard just above the stone bridge on the Baltimore pike. There was nothing to indicate the terrible contest soon to shake the earth. Everything was quiet until the middle of the afternoon. But it was the calm before a storm. About four o'clock the battle opened with unabated fury on the left. The lines of the Third Corps, General Sickles commanding, extended from the Cordori house on the right along the Emmitsburg pike to the Peach Orchard, then bending back were continued to the base of Round Top. The engagement commenced with a determined effort to turn the Union left at Devil's Den. Hood's and McLaws' divisions advanced to the attack, and the action rapidly extended along the line until the entire position of the Third Corps was furiously assailed. Re-enforcements were called for. General Barnes' division of the Fifth Corps was the first to respond, and moved over the field, left in front, in the direction of the woods near where General Zook's monument now stands. When the head of the column came across the Taneytown road, General Warren met it and by permission of General Barnes detached the Third brigade and conducted it to Little Round Top, where it had a terrific struggle with a portion of Hood's division for the mastery. In this conflict the gallant Vincent fell, but his brigade held the ground. The rest of the division proceeded to the "Loop," Colonel Sweitzer's brigade in advance. The three regiments formed in line of battle, the Thirty-second Massachusetts on the left in the position indicated by its

tent-shaped monument, the Sixty-second in the center and the Fourth Michigan on the right. (The Ninth Massachusetts was absent on picket duty.) The First brigade formed in the woods further to the right. The enemy was discovered advancing over the low ground on our left to attack the Thirty-second Massachusetts, the other two regiments were wheeled partially to the left and rear to strengthen that position, thus forming three separate lines facing the same way and supporting each other. The firing became rapid and severe, but the brigade maintained its position. Many of our officers and men were struck down. Major Wm. G. Lowry fell, instantly killed. In his death the service lost as brave a soldier and as faithful an officer as any that fell that day in defense of this country. The First brigade fell back and no other troops taking their place on the right left our brigade in a critical condition. We were directed to fall back, which was done deliberately and in good order, the regiments halting and firing until well into the woods. We then moved by the left flank, struck the wheatfield, and passed along its border to the Peach Orchard road where we took position parallel to it, facing this field. The First division of the Second Corps had moved forward and was engaged in these woods on our front. General Zook had just been carried from the field mortally wounded. While we moved along the edge of the woods before reaching the Peach Orchard road, several of our men were struck by stray shots, and when in line on that road the command was ordered to lie down to avoid the flying bullets. Lieutenant Scott McDowell was killed and several more wounded while the regiment occupied that position. After remaining on the clay road about twenty minutes, General Caldwell requested Colonel Sweitzer to take the brigade to his assistance in the woods beyond. Before starting a straggling line came back through our ranks. We then moved forward across the wheatfield in splendid style. When this point was reached the brigade became hotly engaged with the enemy in front, the Sixty-second in the position indicated by this monument and these markers, the Fourth Michigan on the right and the Thirty-second Massachusetts on the left. About the time we moved forward across this field Graham's division had been driven from the Peach Orchard, and Humphreys' division being threatened in reverse, changed front and moved further to the rear. These operations made a large opening in the line, through which the Confederates hastened to enter with a strong force. We had not been long in this advanced position when shots were noticed striking our lines from the woods to our right and rear. General Wofford's brigade of Georgia troops held the Peach Orchard road and the elevation at Zook's monument and was firing into our command. Colonel Boyd McKeen, in his report of the First brigade, First division, Second Corps, says: "They were relieved by a brigade (Sweitzer's) of Barnes' division, Fifth Corps. Passing the relieving brigade by file they were enfiladed by a galling fire," thus showing that the enemy made his appearance on our flank and rear almost immediately after we moved from the Peach Orchard road. The Fourth Michigan and Sixty-second changed front to the right to meet our enemies in that direction. The brigade was now nearly surrounded and in a very perilous position. Attacked in front, right and rear its chances of extricating itself were anything but good. General Barnes exclaimed, "There goes the Second brigade, we may as well bid it good-bye."

But it was not the first time the Second brigade had been in critical positions, and by good judgment and indomitable pluck come out all right. The command was terribly exposed in the open field, while our enemies had the cover of the woods. The men's blood was up and they fought with desperate resolution. The brigade fell back diagonally across the field, fighting every inch of the way, the command frequently halting and firing as it retired. The Fourth Michigan and Sixty-second became mixed up with the enemy and many hand to hand conflicts ensued. Colonel Jeffords, of the Fourth Michigan, was run through with a bayonet while gallantly defending the colors of his regiment. When we were engaged at the stone fence a large squad of prisoners had been taken and sent to the rear, and when the regiment became entangled with the enemy the opposing forces could not at times fire into each other for the unarmed captives between the lines. When we emerged from the toils of impending capture, broken and cut to pieces, General Crawford led Colonel McCandless' brigade of Pennsylvania Reserves in a sweeping charge, which again cleared the wheatfield. Our brigade took position in support of a battery on the line just to the right of Little Round Top extension, where it remained until the army moved in pursuit of Lee. The Sixty-second lost heavily during the afternoon of the 2d, particularly in its passage across the wheatfield. The story of its casualties is chiseled on this marble shaft. It marched to the "Loop" with twenty-six officers and four hundred enlisted men in line and emerged from the wheatfield with twelve officers and two hundred and thirty-nine men. Four officers and twenty-four men had been killed, ten officers and ninety-seven men wounded and forty men taken prisoners, a loss ratio of fifty-four per cent. of the officers and forty per cent. of the men. Two of the wounded officers died in a few days afterward, and it is safe to say that not less than fifteen men died from the effects of their wounds. The figures given on this monument are taken from the official records of the War Department, and show a percentage of casualties greater than the famous Light brigade suffered in its charge at Balaklava. Lord Cardigan took into action six hundred and seventy-three officers and men, and lost one hundred and thirteen killed and one hundred and thirty-four wounded, total two hundred and forty-seven, or 36 7-10 per cent. Of those who passed through the fight unhurt General Sweitzer had several close calls. His horse was shot under him, and the crown of his hat was laid open by a minie ball. Colonel Hull's tall form was conspicuous in the engagement, moving about with his accustomed coolness, directing the manœuvers of the regiment. He passed the ordeal of the wheatfield unharmed, to meet his fate like a gallant soldier in the Wilderness. Lieutenant Seitz ran into the enemy's lines at the Peach Orchard road while trying to communicate with General Barnes. He had his horse shot, and barely escaped capture. But I cannot go into particulars. The officers and men did their whole duty, and the regiment added still another laurel to its wreath of heroic deeds. No point in the extensive lines of Gettysburg saw fiercer or more continuous fighting than here. This field had been taken and retaken, the lines swaying back and forth repeatedly, during the progress of the contest that afternoon. It has been fitly styled the whirlpool of the battle. When the action opened it was covered with the plumage of waving grain, ready for the harvest, and when twilight gathered

over its surface the ripening stalks were strampled into the earth and dyed with the blood of the blue and the gray, and when the light of the moon cast its gentle rays over this gory plain it revealed scores of the pale, upturned faces of friends and foes, whose only heritage in the glory of the battle was soldiers' graves. Hundreds of papers have been written on this famous battle, yet the one-thousandth part has not and never will be told. We read of the gallant Meade, justly named the hero of Gettysburg; how ably he marshaled his army and guarded every point on the line, until victory perched on our banners. We read of the death of Reynolds; of the wounds of Hancock while leading his trusty veterans against the terrible charge of Pickett's division. We read of Warren, who, with the intelligent and practiced eye of a soldier, saw at a glance the importance of Little Round Top, and with the instinct of a chieftain promptly took steps to hold it. We read of scores of other brave and skilful officers who aided in driving the invincible veterans of the South, under the so-called ablest general of the age, from our state in hasty retreat, never again to return. While a great deal is due to the brains and valor of the officers, yet the glory of victory should not be ascribed to them alone. The part the rank and file played in the great drama of war is recorded and eulogized. But who among the private soldiers is named? Have the dead been mentioned except in numbers? Have the cripples been referred to except in the aggregate? Yet it was the rank and file that stood the shock of battle and that gave blow for blow. It was the columns of soldiers that charged the enemy or stood like a rock against fierce assaults. Does history do more with the name of the private soldier than bundle it up with a thousand others and call the combination a regiment? The only glory the rank and file have is in the honor and reputation of their own organization. The spirit of generous emulation that ran through all organizations in the army was the outgrowth of enlightened valor, and is the distinguishing characteristic of the American soldier. Every man took pride in his own regiment and believed it the best and bravest in the army. No soldier who wore the blue and was singed with the fire of battle would ever change his regiment for any other in the service. The associations and memories and friendship and hard-earned glory could not be transferred. Every organization has its own peculiar history, which it would not exchange for that of any other. This pride of organization calls us together to-day. We meet to honor and be honored by the name and fame of our gallant regiment. Among the many valiant organizations that participated in this battle, none can show a prouder record than the Sixty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers. The career of the regiment throughout its three years' service was continually marked with devotion to honor and duty. The history outlined on this monument is an eloquent tribute to its bravery. The list of killed and wounded shows the deadly chasms it had to fill. The blood of its slain is sprinkled all the way from Gettysburg to Richmond. But all who passed through this fight and through the war untouched by the hand of death are not here to-day. Many have fallen in the march of peace that passed unharmed through the storms of battle. Among this number none is missed more or held in dearer remembrance than the brave and ever faithful colonel of the regiment, General J. B. Sweitzer. There is a peculiar tinge of sadness in his absence. He took a special in-

terest in the erection of this monument. The Sixty-second was his pride; he gloried in its honor and reputation, and if living his voice would have led to-day in the encomiums of its achievements. We miss many manly faces from the ranks, whose patriotism and courage were not excelled by the highest in official stations. We miss many of the line officers, and the field officers are all gone except Assistant Surgeon Gardner. As we turn our gaze backward from this field, we recall the familiar form of the gallant Black, whose name is inseparably associated with the Sixty-second; whose ability as an organizer and bravery as a commander speedily brought it to the front in the line of crack regiments in the service. We miss his knightly bearing and eloquent voice. In the lapse of a quarter of a century many have fallen by the way, and this remnant of a gallant organization, once full in numbers and strong in youth, comes here to celebrate its share in the victory of Gettysburg. We came to dedicate this monument. In the name of justice; in the name of constitutional liberty; in the name of chivalrous devotion to duty; in the name of purity in public affairs; in the name of one country, with but a single flag, for which the blood of this regiment was shed, we dedicate our monument and consign it to posterity. Coming generations may read from it the simple story of the devoted patriotism and unflinching courage of the Sixty-second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the war for the Union.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

63D REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF COLONEL JOHN A. DANKS

MY comrades of the Sixty-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers:—Very few people (comparatively speaking) attach as much importance to the battle of Gettysburg as really belongs to it. Very few think of it as the Calvary of American Freedom. But such it is in the history of the United States.

When we think of humanity as being crushed by sin, and look for a remedy, we begin at the Garden, and find the conclusion at Calvary. When we think and speak of the government of England as threatened with dismemberment and ruin, and look for the remedy, we find it at Waterloo. So, when we think and speak of oppression, class and caste in America, and look for the remedy, we begin at Harper's Ferry, with old John Brown, and find the answer in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. So we say: For Humanity, Calvary; for England, Waterloo; for America, Gettysburg.

What a thrilling recollection it must be to each one of us, that we formed an important part of the army that rescued and saved the Nation. Furthermore that we discharged a duty on this line, more than twenty-six years ago, that has been increasing in interest and importance as the years go by. I had the honor to command the regiment in this battle, I, there-

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

fore, know whereof I speak, and deliberately say, that never did twenty hours witness, or one-fourth of a mile measure, more earnest devotion to the Union, than you rendered here on this line July 2, 1863.

When the battle of Gettysburg was joined, the Third Corps in which we were serving was near Frederick, Md.; we then marched to Emmitsburg, Md., stacked arms and were resting, when the word came—the armies are fighting at Gettysburg and General Reynolds is killed—go at once to Gettysburg; we started at double-quick, we came in here about 8 o'clock on the night of the 1st. We halted for supper just to the right of Little Round Top; at about ten o'clock that night we were ordered and led here on this line to do picket duty; early on the morning of the 2d, the enemy being in front fired on the right of our line; this continued at intervals until about nine. When a Maine regiment went out in front to test the strength of the enemy at this point, soon they and we became hotly engaged all along the line. But soon the enemy withdrew—four times that day did the enemy come out, deploy a skirmish line as though they would bring on a general engagement. But you met them promptly and each time they retired. Between four and five o'clock p. m. I was informed by the company commanders that our ammunition was about spent and we would have nothing but the bayonet, should the enemy come again. This report I sent by an orderly to General D. B. Birney; soon a regiment wearing a white patch came up to relieve us, and a staff officer came with instructions for me to take the regiment and replenish the ammunition.

We crossed the ridge and when on the Taneytown road I noticed our brigade and division headquarters flags in our front. We moved into our place, and remained there that night. Next morning we took our place in the line just to the right of Little Round Top, there we remained until after Pickett's charge, when we were taken at a double-quick down the line, and halted in front of where Pickett had been repulsed. We remained in the line there until the morning of the 5th when the army went in pursuit of the enemy.

Reviewing the time and work, I am prepared to say, surely no man or nation could ask or expect an organization to do better service than you did at Gettysburg in 1863.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS OF LIEUT. ANDREW G. WILLIAMS.

COMRADES:—The swiftly speeding days of more than twenty-six years have come and gone since first the Sixty-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers stood in the might and majesty of its loyal manhood in defense of this identical portion of the Union line of battle, and to-day we, the survivors of that gallant old regiment, have met on this historic field; the field which marks the high flood tide of rebellion; the field against whose every side and flank the impetuous torrent of fratricidal war in all their hellish fury surged; to be rolled back and submerged only when its ridges and its plains, its orchards and its glens, its rocky round tops and its devil's den had been drenched and ran red with

the heroic blood of twenty thousand of your comrades, and not even then were the fierce fires of secession quenched on this field until three thousand more brave men went down to death and placed their lives, the one most valuable and unmeasurable offering that ever was or can be made by mortal man for home and country, upon the Nation's altar.

Standing in this presence to-day we all fully realize how changed the scene.

"No hostile armies gather now
But autumn air around
Breathe peace and joy where once we fought
Upon this very ground.

When on this monument we gaze
What hallowed memories throng
Our cause—forever it was right
Our foes—forever wrong.

Forever wrong; all time will point
To Gettysburg with pride
Here freedom triumphed and on this field
The hopes of treason died."

Monuments are as old as our race and all along the history of the dim and dusty ages of the past down to the bright and joyous present man has been perpetuating the memory of heroic men and deeds in monumental pile and storied urn and this inclination comes to the mind of our common humanity but as promptings from and a reflex expression of the great divine original himself. God ever was and still continues to be a monument builder.

On this field to-day we are reminded by the many monuments, all of which are silently, yet eloquently, proclaiming that affection for and appreciation of heroic patriotism and patriotic heroism still survives. We have met again on this once bloody field, after the lapse of so many years of peace and prosperity to perpetuate the memory and render our faint and feeble tribute of praise to the valor of Pennsylvania's soldiers and especially do we meet on this historic spot—the Peach Orchard—to dedicate this monument to the memory of the services of our loved and gallant Sixty-third, than which there was no braver, whose long lists of glorious achievements have never yet been enumerated and the history of which when written will be the history of the Army of the Potomac. And yet it's true on every hand we are reminded that here the brave men of eighteen sister states stood elbow to elbow and side by side most nobly fought and fell.

A Grecian philosopher once said "The whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men" and the Hon. Edward Everett in his matchless oration at the dedication of yonder national cemetery added "All time is the millenium of their glory."

The peaceful gathering here to-day of you, my comrades, but evidences the glorious success of your patriotic service. The Union and all that word implies; flag and all the privileges and rights it represents; country and all the hallowed memories and illustrious kinship we claim. All these must have inevitably and forever been engulfed in the whirlpool of rebellion, but for the service and sacrifice made by you bronzed and battle-browned veterans and your comrades.

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

And now, my comrades, there remains for us who survive our fallen comrades the high, the holy duty of here and now resolving that these our dead shall not have died in vain, but that the cause to which they yielded their full measure of devotion shall forever have our undying fealty. This ground has been consecrated by the blood and death of our comrades; and this monument we now most solemnly dedicate to their memory and in honor of your service, and in its presence with uncovered head and upraised hand, we pledge our lives in eternal defense of the principles of right and justice, the contest for which has made this field so memorable. We have all reached the meridian of life and many with halting step and silvered locks are far down on the shady side of the mountain, indeed almost in the glades at its base and soon must lay us down at "taps" and bid our last adieu to comrades dear and the loved land we helped to save; let us see to it then that we so keep step to the music of moral heroism; so touch elbow to elbow in the march of human happiness; so stand in the ranks of valiant manhood, presenting a solid front against all the enemies of our race; so to put on the entire armour of Christian soldiers and fight successfully the battles of this present life.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

68TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

JULY 2, 1888

ADDRESS OF PRIVATE ALFRED J. CRAIGHEAD

COMRADES:—A quarter of a century has passed away since you and I marched up that road yonder, amid the echoes and passion of war, which have all died. Then we were soldiers in defense of this glorious Union, and here, upon this field, we fought, shoulder to shoulder together, and upon this spot our gallant old regiment stood without flinching, subjected to one of the most deadly onslaughts ever known, from that portion of the Confederate army in our front and flank. This spot marks the left of our regiment, the right extended to and rested north of this point to where you will see a flank stone marker standing. About this hour in the day, twenty-five years ago, we advanced from here into that Peach Orchard beyond, and formed an angle, which we have marked by a white marble shaft; in that orchard we engaged the enemy in heavy musketry firing. You all remember that afternoon, and out of the small band of us that went into that orchard few of us came safely out, but you did your duty bravely while there.

Comrades, those are deeds of the past and you are all citizens now, and I trust you all are as good citizens as you were soldiers. We are here

to-day under different circumstances and have invited our friends to assemble with us upon this sacred and memorial spot to participate with us in the ceremonies that are about to take place in commemoration of the event of our first appearance upon this field years ago. Before you will be permitted to listen to the eloquent remarks of deeds of valor of this regiment from my esteemed and illustrious friends, who have kindly consented to come here and address you, you, comrades, have selected me to inform our friends why we have assembled here to-day, methinks I hear them say, "Who or what is this Sixty-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers?" Well, I will tell you, my friends, all about this grand old regiment, whose officers, exploits and achievements, we all who fought in its ranks feel proud of.

This celebrated regiment, surnamed Scott Legion, was recruited during the summer of 1862, in the city of Philadelphia, except Company H, which was recruited at and from among the German residents of Pottstown, Montgomery county, and Company I from Chester county. The regiment was completely organized and mustered into the United States service on September 2, 1862, with one thousand and forty-nine (1,049) officers and men. The following were the field officers of regiment: Andrew Hart Tippin, colonel; Anthony Hart Reynolds, lieutenant-colonel, and Thomas Hawksworth, major. At that time all citizens of the city of Philadelphia.

Colonel Tippin also served as major of the Twentieth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry during the three-months' service, and had seen service as Lieutenant in the Eleventh United States Infantry during the war with Mexico in 1846 and 1847, and fought bravely in General Scott's army on several bloody fields. Well, we remember the dispatch from headquarters that told how Lieutenant Tippin was the first man to mount the ramparts of the Mexican works at the battle of Molino-del-Rey, King Mills, to wave his sword and lead his men on to victory that so quickly followed; he was twice breveted for gallant and brave conduct in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Molino-del-Rey and other battles of that campaign in Mexico. The sword carried by this gallant defender of his country's cause and flag during the campaign in Mexico, has been presented by his widow to A. H. Tippin Camp No. 41, Sons of Veterans, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and it bears marks of battle, a portion of a bullet embedded in the handle which struck it when its owner sprang upon the walls of the fort previously mentioned. The Sons of Veterans have placed this weapon of this dead hero of two wars among their archives of relics, and they prize it as dear to them as was the sword of Bunker Hill to the patriots who wielded it in the historic contest of revolutionary times.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds who was wounded and permanently disabled while gallantly leading us comrades upon this bloody and memorable field, and since deceased, and Major Hawksworth who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862, and Captain Robert E. Winslow, subsequently lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Michael Fulmer, subsequently major, who is with us to-day, our honored president, some seventy years old, who has passed the meridian of life threescore

and ten, full of vigor and manhood, carrying the scars of battle, all saw service in Mexico and displayed their gallant conduct and bravery during that campaign. Many of the line officers and men, of whom some fell upon this and other fields of battle in defense of their country and this glorious Union, were all veterans of Mexico, and also served during the three-months' service.

The defeat of our arms in Pope's Campaign of Northern Virginia, concluding with Chantilly, in 1862, caused the national authorities to summons peremptorily troops which had been mustered. The Sixty-eighth, our regiment, was at that time lying in camp at Frankford, a suburb of the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; though above the minimum, its ranks were not up to the maximum standard and the men were only partially uniformed and equipped and not mustered into the United States service. Colonel Tippin at once responded promptly to the order. The regiment broke camp on the evening of September 1, 1862, and at once proceeded to Washington city where it was mustered into the United States service. The army was just falling back to the heights around the National Capital, the regiment was immediately ordered across the Potomac river and went into camp on Arlington Heights, there it was armed and furnished with a complete outfit for an active campaign, and was assigned to Robinson's Brigade, Stoneman's Division, Third Army Corps. Soon after the battle of Antietam the regiment moved from camp and passed through Georgetown, proceeded to Poolesville, Maryland, arriving there on the 10th day of October, the day on which the rebel Generals Stuart and Wade Hampton with a large force of cavalry made their famous raid on Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and a complete circuit of the Union army; intelligence soon spread of the daring ride, and our regiment was marched rapidly to Conrad's Ferry, near Poolesville, Maryland, in expectation that the bold raiders would attempt to cross the Potomac river at that point on their return into Virginia, but they made for a ford considerably lower down the stream and passed over without opposition. After the regiment remained several days in the vicinity of the ferry it rejoined the brigade, and crossed the Potomac into Virginia, by fording the stream, and proceeded southward with the rest of the army. While on the march, the rebel cavalry under Colonel White suddenly dashed in upon the wagon train moving with the brigade, and captured wagons belonging to the Sixty-eighth, containing officers' baggage, books, papers, etc., and camp and garrison equipage, overpowering and making prisoners of the feeble guard which had it in charge; about forty of the Sixty-eighth were taken prisoners, sent to Richmond, Virginia, and kept in confinement several months.

On the 12th day of December, 1862, the regiment was lying in winter quarters on Falmouth Heights opposite to Fredericksburg, Virginia, the order was given to break camp, and the regiment with the division, then under command of General David B. Birney, moved down to the heights overlooking the field where the Union troops had taken position on the opposite side of the Rappahannock river below the town, and remained there until the 13th instant. It was not until afternoon, and until the battle was in progress on the left, that orders were given to cross over

the river, when the regiment, with the division led by the fearless Birney, double-quicked across the pontoon bridge and moved up into line of battle under a heavy artillery fire, reaching the field just as the Pennsylvania Reserves, under the gallant Meade, were forced from the heights of Fredericksburg, followed closely by the triumphant foe. Our regiment was ordered to support Randolph's Battery E, First Rhode Island Artillery, which at this critical juncture was being rapidly served and doing fearful execution. The regiment remained in this position, exposed to the enemy's answering fire and defending the guns from infantry attack, until the cannonading ceased. It was then ordered into position in the first line with the brigade, close to the enemy's front; for two days the regiment remained in this position, but beyond occasional picket firing was not further engaged. On the night of the 15th instant the brigade was relieved by the Second Brigade, which had been in the rear, and under cover of darkness recrossed the river and again went into winter quarters on Falmouth Heights. The loss sustained by the regiment was forty killed and wounded, among whom were Major Hawksworth, and Lieutenant Joseph E. Davis, of Company F, killed; and a number taken prisoners, including the regimental brass band.

The regiment remained in comparative quiet until January 20, 1863, when the army again moved under General Burnside, who purposed to proceed up the Rappahannock river, and to cross the river and a second time offer battle, which proved a great failure, and is known as Burnside's stuck in the mud. For three days we endured unparalleled suffering from the inclement weather and exposure, at the end of which the campaign was abandoned, and we returned to our old camp below Fredericksburg and again went into winter quarters and remained there until April 28, except at times when the regiment was sent out to do occasional picket duty.

In the movement upon Chancellorsville, the Third Army Corps was at first marched down the Rappahannock river to the point where they crossed in the Fredericksburg campaign, to make a demonstration as if to cross and offer battle at this point, while General Hooker, with the main body of his army, crossed and effected a permanent lodgment some miles above. When this had been accomplished General Daniel E. Sickles, who had succeeded to the command of the Third Corps, marched it hastily away to rejoin the army, then concentrated at Chancellorsville. We crossed the Rappahannock river on the 1st day of May, 1863, having left camp on the 28th day of April, passing the intermediate time in the operations below Fredericksburg. On the evening of May 1, we were drawn up in column, with the brigade supporting a battery which had opened upon the enemy, that was soon replied to spiritedly with shell. One of our regiment's pioneers was wounded. Here we remained during the night. The next day we moved into various positions, covering the line of skirmishers in the operations against the enemy on the left. At evening we retired and remained in position with the brigade. Before the men were fully prepared the next morning the enemy made a vigorous attack on our left and front and the position of our regiment was changed to the extreme right, so as to more carefully cover the battery we were

supporting, now firing rapidly; the onset, however, was so rapid and determined and the front line having broken, and fallen back in some confusion, our regiment was forced to retire with the brigade, after which the brigade was quickly reformed and moved again to the front in column doubled on the center, deploying at the edge of a woods, to the right of our first position, which the enemy now held. We entered and soon engaged him in his rifle-pits, which we charged, and after a sharp and severe contest we succeeded in taking them. At this point our regiment captured some thirty-five officers and men of the Tenth Virginia Regiment, its colors and color guard. During the battle the regiment was always placed in the hottest part of the line and subjected to the severest kind of musketry fire. The loss sustained by the regiment was very severe. Captain John D. Pawling of Company I, and Captain James Shields of Company E, were both mortally wounded.

The army then recrossed the river and went into camp at Belle Plain near Aquia Creek where we remained until the 11th day of June, 1863, when we broke camp to enter upon the Gettysburg campaign; the march was a long and wearisome one, as we were compelled to watch the movements of the enemy.

At the opening of the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, the Third Army Corps was at Emmitsburg, Maryland, moving rapidly forward, reaching the field late at night. After the day's conflict was over as the column reached this field it went into line of position along a slight ridge extending diagonally across that open plain between Cemetery and Seminary ridges, connecting with Hancock's Second Army Corps on its right and its left refused at this Peach Orchard, and stretched obliquely back through that woods to a rocky ravine in front of Round Top, called Devil's Den. The brigade, then commanded by General Charles K. Graham, was placed in position on that part of the line deflecting from the Emmitsburg pike, it stretched away to Round Top. The angle formed by this departure was at the point where this road upon which you now stand leads from the pike to Little Round Top, and in this angle, near the house of John Wantz, which was one of the most exposed parts of the field, our regiment was placed, open to a fire on front and flank, supporting Clark's Battery B, First New Jersey Artillery, which was stationed in the yard in the rear of the Wantz house, just in our front, and being rapidly served and dealing out death and destruction to the enemy with the shot and shell they were throwing into their ranks. Many of the men of our regiment assisted the artillerymen to serve the cannoneers with their ammunition.

Standing upon this spot, which is the most elevated part of the field, but not sufficiently so to be of any advantage in defense, it was a conspicuous mark for artillery for long range around, and open to the charge of infantry. Skirmishing commenced about nine o'clock on the morning of July 2, and gradually increased in severity until the battle opened in earnest. About four o'clock in the afternoon the enemy opened with heavy artillery fire and followed up with infantry, putting in brigade after brigade (en-echelon), commencing on his extreme left; it was some time before the infantry attack reached this Peach Orchard, here where

our regiment stood, but the artillery fire bearing upon us was terrific, carrying away men at every discharge. As this was the key to the whole position it was necessary to hold it at all hazard, and the only alternative was to stand and be shot down without the opportunity to reply. In the midst of the fight General Graham was wounded and borne from the field and the command of the brigade devolved upon our gallant old Colonel Tippin. We then advanced into yonder Peach Orchard, and formed an angle fronting on the pike at the point where you will see that we have erected a white marble shaft. In that orchard we received the enemy's heavy charge and musketry fire, and bravely did the boys of our regiment return that fire with telling effect at every volley. During that bloody ordeal our brave color sergeant was killed, but our flag was not permitted to fall, as the young and brave Color Corporal McLarnon received the flag from the dead sergeant's hands as he was falling, and held it high at the same time waving it and cheering the men on to renewed vigor; for such acts of bravery he was subsequently promoted to color sergeant of the regiment, and faithfully did he discharge his duty and carry the flag until the close of the war, and he is now present with us to-day. It was a terrible afternoon in that orchard, and we all were anxious for reinforcements to come up, as we were being decimated by their artillery. In that orchard Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds and Major Winslow were wounded and ten other officers of our regiment were killed or wounded, leaving but four officers to bring the regiment out of the fight, having had in all but seventeen officers for duty at the commencement of the battle. Just at sunset the rebel infantry charged upon the position held by our regiment with great impetuosity, and the brigade, greatly weakened by its losses, and exhausted by frequent manoeuvrings, outflanked and vastly outnumbered, was compelled to yield, but not in disorder, retiring slowly and contesting the ground inch by inch. At this critical juncture a portion of the Fifth Army Corps came to our relief, a new line was formed and the enemy repulsed and held in check; near the close of the action General Graham, having returned upon the field attempted to resume command and rally the brigade, but being weak from loss of blood and unable to endure the trials of that desperately contested field, unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy, and was taken prisoner, together with a number of our regiment's men. On this field upon this same afternoon the brave and gallant Sickles, our corps commander, lost his leg.

On the 3d day of July, our regiment with the brigade, under command of Colonel Tippin, was held in reserve, forming part of a second line of battle on the left center in the rear of the famous Philadelphia Brigade of the Second Corps, as their support while they held the bloody angle against Pickett's suicidal charge; the position held by the regiment at that point was upon the lowest part of the entire field. Although not engaged we were exposed to the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery and lost numbers of our men, Colonel Tippin's horse being killed under him at that point; the loss sustained by our regiment was about sixty per cent. of the entire number engaged. Captain George W. McLearn and Lieutenant Andrew Black, both of Company D, and Lieutenant John Reynolds

of Company G, were among those killed, and Lieutenant Lewis W. Ealer of Company F, was mortally wounded.

The following is the official report of Colonel Tippin, viz:

HEADQUARTERS SIXTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, *August* 4, 1863.

LIEUTENANT:—In compliance with orders from headquarters of the 27th ultimo, I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of my regiment in the recent engagement at and near Gettysburg.

On the morning of July 2, I moved my regiment with the brigade to the position assigned us in a large open field in the rear of our line of skirmishers, then engaged with the enemy's skirmishers in front. The brigade was deployed in line of battle by battalions doubled on the center, my regiment being on the left of the line. After remaining in this position some time, the brigade was moved farther to the front, immediately in rear of Clark's Battery, deployed in line of battle, and ordered to lie down. We remained in this position nearly two hours, suffering severely from the destructive fire of the enemy's batteries posted on our left and front. I was then ordered to move my regiment forward into a peach orchard, and fronting a road running parallel with the enemy's front. We had been in this position but a short time when significant movements on the part of the enemy made it evident we were about to be attacked; soon he advanced. I ordered the men to reserve their fire until reaching a certain point, when a destructive fire was opened, the enemy halted and dropping behind a fence, receiving reinforcements, and heavy masses of his infantry coming down on our right, I ordered my command to fall back to the position in the rear of the batteries, which was done in good order. Here I met General Graham who ordered me to at once engage the enemy coming down on our right flank, which was promptly done under his directions. Here too the gallant general was severely wounded and subsequently made prisoner. He declined any assistance, and directed me to take command and fight on. I supposed him able to get to the rear, as after dismounting, he walked with apparently little difficulty.

We held the position as long as it was possible to hold it. The artillery having retired and the ranks very much decimated by the fire of the enemy, who was pushing forward in heavy masses, I ordered the command to retire in order, which was done. I reported to General Ward, now in command of the division, who assigned me a position, with directions to bivouac for the night.

On the morning of the 3d, I was ordered with the brigade to proceed with the division to a field a short distance from the place where we bivouacked and stacked arms; remaining but a short time, I was ordered to move with the division to the left where we formed line of battle in rear supporting a part of the Fifth Army Corps. In the afternoon the brigade again moved with the division to the rear of the center and in support of a battery; we remained here until evening when I was relieved of the command. I regret the loss of a great many gallant officers and men of my regiment. The brave Captain McLearn and the no less conspicuous Lieutenants Black and Reynolds all fell close to the enemy while

cheering on their men. Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds, Major Winslow, Captains Funston, Young and Fulmer, and Lieutenants (John J.) Fenlin, Jr., Ealer, Guest, Porter and Heston, all wounded, bear evidence of their good conduct and gallant behavior. I can also bear testimony to the gallantry of the other officers of the command.

Of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiment I cannot speak with too much praise. Their obedience to command and the determined stand made against overwhelming odds, their thinned ranks fully prove; animated by the glorious cause in which they were engaged, each vied with the other in deeds of gallant daring.

A list of the casualties has already been forwarded. A tabular statement of killed, wounded and missing is herewith appended.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW H. TIPPIN,

Colonel Sixty-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

After the return of the army into Virginia, the regiment participated with it in the fall campaign, and was actively engaged at Wapping Heights, on the 23d day of August, and at Auburn, on the 14th day of October, and sustained the loss of a number of men.

In the sharp turn taken by General Meade, at Centerville, Virginia, Colonel Tippin was taken prisoner and was confined in Libby prison, at Richmond, Virginia, where he remained for nearly nine months. In the subsequent advance of the army the regiment, now under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Winslow, was actively engaged at Kelly's Ford, on the 7th day of November, and at Locust Grove, on the 27th day of November, suffering severely, Captain Milton S. Davis, of Company F, being among those killed, and at Mine Run, on the 28th day of November, 1863.

In the entire campaign our regiment was given little rest, being almost constantly on the move and suffered considerable loss by sickness and battle. The regiment went into winter quarters at Brandy Station near Culpeper, Virginia, where the regiment received a number of recruits. In March, 1864, the Third Army Corps was broken up and the Sixty-eighth, together with other regiments, was assigned to the Second Army Corps.

On the 18th day of April, 1864, the regiment still under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow (Colonel Tippin being still in confinement at Libby prison), was ordered to headquarters of General Meade, where it was placed under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Patrick, the Provost Marshal-General of the Army of the Potomac, and employed in doing guard duty; in this position it remained until the close of the war (the duties were onerous and severe) with other regiments in the same line of duty and formed into a Provisional Brigade which was subject to duty on the battle-field when emergencies required, and in several instances, at the critical moment of the battle, when the scale was so evenly poised as to be doubtful which way it would turn, this Provisional Brigade was sent to the support of the wavering line and made victory secure. When infantry was required for duty with the cavalry in toilsome and fatiguing

raids, this brigade, with our regiment, was ordered to accompany the cavalry, or when regiments were taken from the entrenchment, this brigade was obliged to take their places in the works. While in front of Petersburg, Virginia, one-half of our regiment was on duty at Meade's headquarters, and the other half on duty at City Point, Virginia. In the official report of General Patrick, dated the 10th day of August, 1864, he says the Sixty-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers has been employed as prison guard at these headquarters, by no means a light duty, and has given very general satisfaction in their performance of it. In the battle of the Wilderness and the skirmish at Guinea Station, May 21, they acted with a great deal of dash and bravery. On the 25th day of June, 1864, Colonel Tippin was released from Libby prison and exchanged, and resumed command of the regiment. In the last charge upon the enemy's lines at Petersburg, before the final move, our regiment was one of the storming party. In the sharp conflict which ensued, Major John C. Gallagher of our regiment was mortally wounded, and a number of our officers and men were killed and wounded; among those wounded were Captain Michael Fulmer of Company K, who was badly wounded in the head.

After the capture of Lieutenant-General Ewell and his forces at Sailor's Creek, Virginia, the Sixty-eighth Regiment, in conjunction with other regiments of the Provisional Brigade under the command of Colonel Tippin, was detailed to guard the prisoners and proceed with them to City Point, Virginia. The order was faithfully executed without the loss of a man; among the prisoners were Lieutenant-General Ewell, Major-Generals Custis Lee and Kershaw, and other prominent generals of the rebel army, and about six hundred officers of a lesser grade. This duty done, the regiment returned to the headquarters of the army near Appomattox, having in charge about 6,000 recruits that had accumulated at City Point. It had been but a short time with the moving column, when General Lee surrendered; then General Meade ordered the regiment, in company with the One hundred and forty-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to proceed to Hart's Island near the city of New York, to take charge of rebel prisoners confined there. We proceeded by cars to City Point and from City Point to Fortress Monroe by boat; upon our arrival at the Fortress, we were transferred to and on board of a large government transport steamer and conveyed to Hart's Island; we remained upon the Island until the 9th day of June, 1865, when we were mustered out of service with four hundred and thirty-two officers and men upon the regimental rolls, and returned home to Philadelphia, June 10, 1865.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN THOMAS H. LEABOURNE.

COMRADES:—Another year has passed away and gone and this beautiful summer's day finds us standing on this sacred spot, commemorating the memory of our fallen comrades. The harvest is ripening with the summer's sun.

The Alleghenies tower lofty above us; and our comrades to whom we dedicate this monument, lie buried at our feet; with what solemnity I

approach this spot. When I look back, back a quarter of a century, and remember this grand old regiment left my native city with over one thousand men, the flower and youth of that city, and when I remember that only four hundred and thirty-two of them returned and were mustered out, is it any wonder that I say I approach this spot with a feeling of solemnity. The faces before me look from the hills of middle life down into the valley of declining years, and the heads are sprinkled with silver sand dropped from the hour glass of flying time. Are these the same young men who laid their schemes of life aside, abandoned their career, and with the spirit of patriots and the devotion of martyrs offered themselves a willing sacrifice to that country whose startled hills were echoing to the guns of Sumter. This is not the time nor is it the place to dwell upon the tender memories that connect themselves with this association, or the higher or nobler inspirations that come from this scene.

I cannot make myself believe that twenty-five years ago you who stand at my front were in the midst of actual war, and the whole world leaning forward breathless to hear the latest news from the scarred and bleeding front. I close my eyes and the whole bloody panorama is unrolled before me. I catch the roll of the drum, and the shrill music of the fife; I see the marching columns stretched across sea to lake; I hear the bullets whistle at the picket line; I catch the sentry's call; a line of camp fires stretches off across a continent; swords blaze; bayonets bristle, and a million men are under arms.

The Army of the Potomac flings itself again and again against the enemy, night turns into day in the blaze of the cannonade, and up from the field of blood comes the moans of wounded and dying. I hear the voice of a hundred thousand bleeding lives and broken homes, whence the wail of agony arises; the vision passes, I open my eyes upon a new life, new people, a new nation, disenthralled, regenerated, this by the goodness of Providence and the curing force of time. All the old scars are healed. The guns are silent and moss covered. Well for us and for all of us, and all who come after us, that you and such as you fought. And I say that I count it my highest honor to be connected with those who played such parts in such an army. Peace has been greater than war, the skilful hand of science has brought into use unknown powers of the air, and mysterious forces of the earth, and the lovely hands of art are crowning our country with beauty. The numbers and wealth of our people have doubled, so has our territory, for the condemned deserts of the west turn out to be granaries of bread and pastures of meat, for the world, the forbidden rocks of silver and gold, and under their frowning peaks are found the sublime glories of nature, the pleasure grounds of mankind. The genius of America has united our distant coasts with bands of steel, and planted her feet upon those blue precipices which old explorers used to call the land of the shining mountains beyond the western plains.

But, comrades, I am reminded that I am getting away from my duty. The oration of the day has already been delivered by my distinguished friend. I have a plain duty to perform, a duty that might have been placed in abler hands, but as I have assumed the responsibility, nothing remains but the performance of that duty.

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

Comrade Craighead: Your committee has designated me to present this monument to the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association. And, comrades and friends, this grand old regiment, with its war-worn officers who distinguished themselves in more than one war, whose deeds of valor and whose bravery will be handed down to posterity, will live forever. Colonel Tippin was a born soldier, beloved by his officers and men; he died as he lived, a faithful soldier, a true gentleman, a kind and loving husband. Lieutenant-Colonel Reynolds, who was shot and wounded on this field, and totally disabled for future service, died in Philadelphia city but a few years since, honored by all who knew him for his devotion to his country and to his people. The fearless and no less brave Major Hawksworth, was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, while gallantly leading his men. Captain Robert E. Winslow and subsequent major and lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Michael Fulmer, subsequent major, all veterans of the Mexican war. Colonel Winslow is still alive, Major Fulmer, the latter—look at the old war worn veteran bearing the scars of many battles and with over seventy years of life's battles passed, with all the vigor and manhood of a boy—is with us to-day.

But do not have me forget the brave boys who ranked as privates, a braver and more determined and faithful regiment of men never entered the army, and, sir, in presenting to your association this beautiful monument, I do it with a devout reverence and with an undying love for the memory of those brave men who in their youth and manhood offered and gave their lives that this country might live. They fell defending and upholding all that that flag represents and embodies; the armies of the Union and the armies of the Rebellion together, the people, north and south, east and west, can and will make for all time to come this republic that Lincoln died for, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; and now in the name and in behalf of the survivors of the Sixty-eighth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry, Philadelphia Scott Legion Regiment, I have the honor of presenting to your care and keeping this handsome granite monument which marks the spot upon this memorial field where this grand old regiment stood unflinching twenty-five years ago, and where their brave comrades fell and gave up their lives upon the altar of their country that this glorious Union might be forever perpetuated.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

69TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF COLONEL JAMES O'REILLY

COMRADES:—Standing here on ground at once historic and sacred, and to memory ever dear once again, I greet you, and to you I would say that this time—perhaps the last time, as an organized body, that we shall visit this hallowed spot—we have come to pay final tribute, final honor, to our dead; not only those who here fell fighting that the Union

might live, but to all our comrades, who, on any of the battle-fields of the war for the Union (and that was nearly all in which the grand old Army of the Potomac took part) offered up their lives a willing sacrifice, that this, the most beneficent form of government which has ever blessed the earth, should be preserved and perpetuated in all its beauty, grandeur and greatness and forever.

It is written that

> "Whether on the scaffold high, or in the battle's van,
> The noblest place for man to die, is where he dies for man."

Is it so?

Then I claim for these, our fallen comrades, that they died in the forefront of the battle, for the rights of man and in the interest of humanity.

Again, it is written that "greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friends," and who so proves his love for his friends as the soldier who willingly yields up life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in their interest.

Again, I claim for these, our comrades, that from the gloomy beginning of the struggle in 1861, until its final and glorious termination in 1865, they daily offered themselves to death and to God, with that sublime end in view. Does any man question this? Then to him I would say, "Behold a country, which under God's providence, has been and is now the refuge of God's poor, the oppressed of all nations—preserved from destruction, let us hope forever. Behold the arch enemy of the liberties of this and of all nations and peoples, utterly discomfited and thwarted in her vile purpose of disrupting, destroying this government of the people, for the people, and by the people, who, not as of yore, by brazen armed intervention in our affairs, but this time by most wily and insidious means, did all in her power to ruin and make it a dependency of hers and plunder and impoverish its people. Of course, I allude to the government of England. And again, behold a hideous crime atoned for, a foul blot wiped out forever—in blood, it is true—but wiped out forever by the enfranchisement of over four millions of bondsmen, slaves set free, a dissevered people, reunited, the blessings of peace restored."

Oh! surely, my dear comrades, living and dead, it was a holy cause you battled for. Yea, and God's holy ones, the priests of God, were with us. They blessed our arms and the hands that bore them. They accompanied us to the field and daily ministered to our spiritual wants, and by word and example did what they could to encourage us and bless our efforts—God bless them, dear Fathers Martin, Paul E. Gillen, Corby, Willets, McKee, Dillion, and a host of others, God be with them.

Comrades, it is also written that it is a wholesome and a holy thought to pray for the dead. Forget not this duty, this day nor any other day of the time that is left you. Pray then to the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battle, for your dead, for all the dead, whose souls rebaptized in their blood, went up to him amidst scenes of strife and carnage during those dire years of war and its attendant calamities. They may need our prayers—who can tell? Pray then, most ardently, I beseech you, for the soul of that heroic soldier, Colonel Dennis O'Kane, who fell near the spot now

marked by our monument, where, but a short time before, he stood grimly smiling at the stubborn resistance offered by the sturdy men under his command, to the fierce onslaught of Pickett's men, and forget not the other brave officers and enlisted men, who, to the number of one hundred and forty-seven, fell here beside him, and whose unparalleled bravery and stubborn courage here tossed back the highest, mightiest wave of the Rebellion.

Nor would I have you forget those of our comrades, who fell on other fields than this, for

> Some fell on far-off fields of fame,
> Some here sank down to rest,
> And the dear land they loved so well,
> Now folds them to her breast.
> All nearly gone, yet still lives on
> The memory of these who died,
> And true men, like you men,
> Remember them with pride.

Comrades, in thus honoring the dead, you do honor to the living. You honor yourselves, and that beautiful monument will tell the story to generations yet unborn, of your heroic deed, and the deeds, the heroism of the comrades who have gone on to "fame's eternal camping ground" before you. They lived with honor—they died with honor; be it yours to follow their example.

And now, dear comrades, as a part of the duty assigned me on this occasion, I will proceed to give our hearers a brief glimpse of the early history of the regiment.

Long before grim-visaged civil war reared his horrid front in this our land, affrighting the inhabitants thereof, there existed in the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, a body of Irish-American citizen soldiery, known as the Second Regiment Philadelphia County Volunteers. It was numbered the Second Regiment, Second Brigade, and belonged to the First Division Pennsylvania Militia.

The material of which it was composed (the officers and men) was recruited or came from the humbler walks of life in the great city. They were mostly hardy sons of toil; men who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows. But very ambitious in a military point of view, and very patriotic, always ready to obey the orders of their officers; always ready to defend the authorities and assist them, whether national, state or city; ever ready to shed their blood, if necessary, in defense of the honor and integrity of their adopted country, while cherishing an ardent love for the land of their birth, not because of the nationality of the officers and men, and the names of the companies of which it was composed. It was frequently, and truth compels me to add, derisively styled the Irish brigade, and there are here, to-day, some who can look back with shame and sorrow, to the time when hisses, derisive cries and shouts of contempt were freely bestowed on us, and on more than one occasion something harder, in the shape of bricks and stones, fell thick and fast in the ranks of the organization, as it marched through the streets of that city—the city of brotherly love.

But, thanks to God, and the services rendered by them and kindred

organizations of which there were many in the late war, such senseless bigotry, such mean and contemptible prejudice obtains no more in this broad land.

And, oh, my countrymen, Irishmen, what a debt of gratitude you owe to these, our comrades, to the brave men of our race, who, to the number of one hundred and forty-four thousand (see Professor Gould's statistics) went into the field in defense of our adopted country and made such a glorious record there. Nor does the above number include the tens of thousands of Irishmen's sons and their immediate descendants who took part in the strife on the side of the government.

At the outbreak of the war the above organization was altered, as follows:

For certain cogent reasons, Colonel Conroy resigned and by the advice and on the recommendation of the brigade commander, General John D. Miles, Joshua T. Owen was elected to fill the vacancy; D. Heenan remained lieutenant-colonel; James Harvey, beaten in the race for the majority, resigned and organized a company for Max Einstein's regiment. Dennis O'Kane, then captain of Company C, was elected major, and James O'Reilly, fourth sergeant of Company C, was elected captain of said company; in this order the regiment entered the field as the Twenty-fourth Infantry Pennsylvania Volunteers for three-months' service under the call of the President for seventy-five thousand men. The regiment faithfully performed all duties assigned it, and was one of the two regiments who listened to the appeal of General Patterson to remain in the field after its service had expired until reinforcements could arrive to defend the upper Potomac, although over two hundred of the men were shoeless and with underwear for breeches.

Mustered out August 9, 1861, it was immediately reorganized for three-years' service as the Second Regiment of Baker's Brigade, afterwards known as the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers. It would have been known as the Sixty-eighth but for a few of the old officers who were proud of the record made by their kindred of the Sixty-ninth New York, and appealed to Coloned Andrew Tippin and his officers to exchange numbers—this they agreed to do, and the consent of the great War Governor, A. G. Curtin, himself Irish by descent, being obtained, the regiment became the Sixty-ninth.

Four of the company commanders, for reasons best known to themselves, refused to remain under the former command, and left the organization. These were Captains Thomas A. Smyth, Hugh Rodgers and James McGeough and P. O. Murphy. Captains Rogers and McGeough were replaced by Captains Thompson and Fury, and sometime after its arrival in the field it was joined by two companies under Captains Davis and McNamara.

The complexion of the field and staff was altered by the retirement of Lieutenant-Colonel Dennis Heenan, who afterwards organized the One hundred and sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the appointment to his place of Major Dennis O'Kane; John Devereux of Chestnut Hill was made major; Martin Tschudy, a prominent young lawyer of West Washington Square, was appointed adjutant; C. C. Bombaugh, M. D., surgeon; and B. A. McNeill, assistant surgeon, with J. Robinson Miles as quarter master.

During its organization, some generous friends of the regiment, headed by Thomas Dolan, Esq., procured and presented to the regiment a beautiful green flag. On one side was painted the coat-of-arms of Pennsylvania, and on the other the Wolf-dog, Round Tower and Sunburst of Ireland. And here let me call your attention to the fact that the Sixty-ninth was the only regiment that went out from the State of Pennsylvania carrying the flag of Ireland side by side with those of the United States. Under these flags, these glorious emblems, under officers tried and true, a sturdier, nobler-hearted, braver body of men than those who in this regiment left Philadelphia for Washington in the early fall of 1861, it were hard to find. I say this as a comrade, as one who by long association with the majority of them before and during the war had learned their worth. I say it because I am speaking of the dead—the greater number having passed from scenes of strife here below to, I fervently hope, the peaceful abode of the blessed.

And without disparagement to our comrade regiments, or any body of troops then in the field, I claim for this regiment, first, that it faithfully performed all duties assigned it, in camp, in garrison, on the march or in battle, never turning its rear to the enemy, except when compelled by orders from superior authority; second, that the regiment never lost a flag to the enemy, and on two occasions saved the colors of other regiments from falling into the enemy's hands; third, that by its desperate charge at Glendale or Frayser's Farm, it saved the day and possibly the army; fourth, that this regiment furnished to the service three able general officers, to-wit, General J. T. Owen, a former commander, General M. Kerwin, formerly a sergeant in Company H, now editor and proprietor New York Tablet, and General Thomas A. Smyth, who was formerly captain Company H (Twenty-fourth), and whom, I believe to be the last general officer killed on the Union side during the war; fifth, that but for the mistaken zeal in the performance of his duty and the persistent and positive refusal on the part of Captain Wm. McBride, Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers to permit it, the flag of this regiment would have been the first to float over the enemy's work at Yorktown, and in all probability, the regiment would have furnished a fourth general officer to the service, as Devens of Massachusetts, who entered the works four hours later, was made a general therefor; sixth, that this regiment was among the first to enter the field in defense of the Union, and served continuously until honorably mustered out at the close of the war by reason of its services being no longer required.

All this to your lasting credit, my comrades living, all this to the honor of the dead of this regiment, who here and elsewhere sleep the sleep that knows no waking—ah!

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
  By all their country's wishes blest.
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
  Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
Even freedom shall awhile repair
  To dwell a weeping hermit there.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN JOHN E. REILLY.

COMRADES of the Sixty-ninth:—We have again met on this historic field to rededicate this memorial shaft which marks the spot made famous by your heroic deeds. Within the twenty-five square miles of this battle-field there are many interesting places where many deeds of bravery were performed, but there was but one Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and on this spot, and by you, my comrades of the Sixty-ninth, ably supported by your comrades of the Philadelphia Brigade, was that charge met, and the flood-tide of rebellion checked. It was here you met the flower of the Confederate army in hand-to-hand encounter, and here many of our brave companions laid down their lives in that terrible struggle.

When Hancock arrived on this field during the first day's fight everything was in doubt; the right wing of the army having been driven from beyond the town, the gallant Reynolds killed, and many of the regiments panic-stricken in consequence of their loss. And not until he brought his own Second Corps on the field and deployed them along this ridge on the 2d, and brave Warren had secured Round Top for the artillery, was our army secure in its position.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment was placed along the slope of this ridge and ordered to hold the line secure in this position. And you faithfully did what you were told, as in every position throughout the war in which you were placed you proved faithful to the trust.

On the afternoon of the 2d, the enemy in force attacked the left; the brave Sickles was badly wounded and his corps being driven from its advanced position, when gallant Hancock came to the rescue. But so impetuous was the enemy's assault, that on they came like the fury of the whirlwind, until they had advanced to within a few paces of this line; the battery on your front was driven from its position and two of its guns were left to the advancing enemy who made several desperate attempts to capture them, and was driven from them each time by your well-directed fire until at last they were forced to retire, the guns recovered from the battery, the contest for the day ceased, and the Sixty-ninth nobly held their position.

On the third day, notwithstanding there had been ample time for entrenching, there were no entrenching tools furnished and consequently no attempts made to strengthen this position expecting every moment a renewal of the contest, when suddenly, about one o'clock, yonder ridge commenced to belch forth its volcanic fire on your unprotected position. Shot, shell, Whitworth bolts, every missile known to modern warfare, was thrown against this position for two long hours. This was the prelude to the most desperate infantry charge of modern times, for soon Pickett's Division was seen marching out from the shelter of yonder woods with colors flying defiantly to the breeze and seeming to say, We come to pierce your center, match us if you can.

Kemper, Garnett and Armistead, 4,900 strong, with Heth's Division under Pettigrew on their left, and Wilcox's Division on their right, the whole of the advancing column about 13,000 men.

Pickett's men had been given this clump of trees as an objective point for their attack, and the Sixty-ninth was the barrier between them. On they came in grand display, and, notwithstanding their ranks were being thinned by the artillery fire from all along this ridge, they marched forward with the steadiness of men on parade seeming determined to sweep all before them. These, my comrades, were the moments that tried men's souls, none but the bravest hearts could await the assault which was then approaching, but as confidently as the attacking column came just as confidently did you await their coming. The eyes of the whole country were at that moment centered on Gettysburg, and fervent prayers were ascending to the God of Hosts that the sweeping flood of rebellion should be checked. All attention of both armies was directed to this position, for soon the giants met to determine the fate of the day, and then was the tug of war on your front and in your midst. My comrades, the pride of the rebel army was broken, demoralized and almost annihilated. Aye! the proud and defiant champions of Lee's army had met their match. The gauntlet so defiantly thrown down by them had been picked up, and they paid the penalty for their rashness. These fields were covered with their dead who came never to return again.

Pickett's charge was repulsed and the country saved. Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Pennsylvania relieved, for had General Lee's plan succeeded in cutting this center position, nothing could have stayed their onward march; so here, on this very spot, the flood-tide of rebellion reached its high water-mark, from whence it was ever after made to recede. But at what frightful cost of precious blood, 40,000 mowed down in that mighty harvest of death around this little town of Gettysburg, and you, my comrades, contributed largely to that number. Your gallant leaders, Colonel O'Kane and Lieutenant-Colonel Tschudy were killed, and of the two hundred and fifty-eight comrades of the Sixty-ninth Regiment entering the fight on the 2d of July, 1863, you lost in killed, wounded and missing, fifty-five per cent. of that number in this battle.

Tennyson has immortalized in poem the famous six hundred who lost thirty-six and seven-tenths per cent. at Balaklava, and we read in history of great achievements being performed on other battle-fields, but, my comrades, the deeds and glories of Roman legion and Grecian phalanx would pale before the deeds of valor performed at Gettysburg.

Centuries may pass and new generations populate our land, yet the name of Gettysburg will not fail to call before memory the heroic deeds enacted there. Its deeds of valor are not chanted in undying epic or immortal poems, yet beside Thermopylae and Marathon, Waterloo and Balaklava, stands the name of Gettysburg, and coupled with that of Gettysburg as one of the glittering stars in the brilliant firmament of fame, will be that of the gallant old Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania. Many years have passed, my comrades, since your brave deeds helped to make this field famous. In all these years you had no one to sing your praise. You modestly awaited the time when the truth of history must be known, and your deeds would then compare favorably with the most valiant. You were always placed where carnage was thickest and you unflinchingly did your duty. None could do more. Few did as well.

But look now once more on these fields which were once the theatre of bloody strife; the scenes have changed. These ridges no longer belch forth their volcanic fires; the beaten intervale furrowed by shot and shell is smoothed by rolling years. The trees have drawn their coats of bark over their wounds, the sharp volleys of musketry have ceased, no parks of artillery awake their thunder, no hoofs of rushing squadrons sink into the bosoms of the dying, the shrieks of the wounded are hushed. No comrade searches for friend, no father for son, no sister for brother, the actors have disappeared, the dead are mingled with the dust, the survivors scattered and the great chieftains have fallen asleep. Horse and rider, plume and epaulet, flashing sword and gleaming bayonet, cannon and cannoneer, trumpet and banner, have all vanished, and the sun as it rises from its purple bed, crowns the battle-field with the jewels of the morning, and mantles the warrior's grave with tender grass and nodding flowers. So may there come through this great war perennial peace. May time assuage all sorrows and heal all wounds. May the blood of the sacrifice cement and sanctify the Union and the principles settled by it stand forever. May the north and south, the east and west, our whole country redeemed, reformed, regenerated, unite to perpetuate the nation over which the star of the empire, having no farther west to go, may pause, shine and stay forever.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

71ST REGIMENT INFANTRY

JULY 3, 1887

ADDRESS OF SERGEANT JOHN W. FRAZIER

WITHIN a day or two of the firing upon Fort Sumter by the rebels of the South under command of General Beauregard, the Hon. Edward D. Baker, a Senator from Oregon, called upon President Lincoln and tendered his services in any capacity he might best serve his country, or the President choose to make use of them. President Lincoln promptly suggested that he raise a regiment of infantry, and Senator Baker at once started for the city of New York for that purpose.

The firing upon Sumter had caused a great uprising of the people of the loyal North, and in harmony with that patriotic impulse of the people, a great town meeting was held in the city of New York, at which Senator Baker was invited to be present and to speak. Never did the eloquent statesman from the Pacific slope speak more feelingly than on this occasion, and with a voice tremulous with emotion and a determination characteristic of the great patriot he closed that short speech in these words:

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

And if from the far Pacific a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be here to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well-nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion and in such an audience, let me say as my last word, that when amid sheeted fire and flame I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged upon a foreign soil for the honor of your flag, so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword never yet dishonored—not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for government, for constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity, and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves there glory may follow and freedom be established.

Colonel E. D. Baker was born in England and with his parents and a younger brother came to this country when he was about ten years of age; they settled in Philadelphia in which city he attended the public schools until the death of his father which compelled him to seek employment in one of the many cotton mills of Philadelphia. At the age of twenty-one years he started for the great West, settling in Springfield, Illinois, where he soon afterwards commenced the study followed by the practice of law. In the year 1846 he was elected to Congress as a Whig, defeating Abraham Lincoln before the nominating convention. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war, Congressman Baker returned to Springfield, raised a regiment of infantry and with it joined General Scott's army on its march to the city of Mexico. After the battle of Cerro-Gordo Colonel Baker was placed in command of a brigade. After the close of the Mexican war he returned to Illinois, and was again elected to Congress from that State. In 1851 he removed to San Francisco; later on he removed to Oregon Territory, and was chosen the first United States Senator upon that Territory's entrance into the Union—taking his seat in the United States Senate on the day that Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President, March 4, 1861.

Sometime during the month of April, 1861, President Lincoln gave informal authority to Colonel Baker to raise a regiment of infantry, and he went from Washington to New York for that purpose, but not meeting with the success he anticipated he came on to Philadelphia for the purpose of conferring with Isaac J. Wistar, his law partner during the time he was a resident of San Francisco. Wistar promised to raise a regiment inside of thirty days, but his legal mind led him to suggest that official authority first be obtained. That was given by General Cameron in the following form:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *May 8, 1861.*

Colonel E. D. BAKER, *Senate:*

SIR:—You are authorized to raise, for the service of the United States, a regiment of troops (infantry), with yourself as colonel, to be taken as a portion of any troops that may be called from the State of California by the United States, and to be known as the California Regiment. Orders will be issued to the mustering officer in New York to muster the same into the service as soon as presented.

In case the proper government officers are not prepared to furnish clothing for the men of your regiment at the time you find it necessary, you are authorized to purchase for cash their outfit of clothing, provided the same is properly charged on the muster rolls of your command.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

Even previous to the writing of that letter by the Secretary of War, Mr. Wistar had three companies, A, B and C, mustered into service for three years, the mustering officer, Colonel Ruff, of the United States army, performing that duty in Philadelphia, and before the first day of June a full regiment of ten companies was organized, equipped and drilling in squad, company, battalion and regimental manoeuvres on the beautiful parade grounds of Fort Schuyler, located at the junction of East river and Long Island Sound. The enrolment and muster of several companies of the regiment are dated April 16, 1861.

Such, in brief, was the formation of the California regiment, afterwards the Seventy-first of the Pennsylvania line. Its colonel was a member of Congress when the Mexican war broke out and resigned his seat to lead a regiment and brigade in that conflict; he was a Senator in Congress when the rebellion to overthrow the government of the United States began, but, at the request of President Lincoln, he retained his seat in the Senate while in command of his regiment, and the Seventy-first had the distinction of being commanded by an officer who was at the same time a Senator of the United States—an honor accorded to no other regiment during the war of the rebellion.

Colonel E. D. Baker was in truth a statesman and soldier; he fell with his face to the foe at Ball's Bluff, his body pierced by seven rebel bullets; his death took from the Philadelphia Brigade its loved and loving commander; it made vacant a seat in the Senate, and it cast a deep gloom, a shadow dark, over the whole loyal North.

On the 13th of April, 1886, the surviving members of the Seventy-first Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers organized a regimental association, and, under the chairmanship of Lieutenant Wm. S. Stockton, proceedings were begun for the erection of a monument to mark the line of battle held by the regiment at the Bloody Angle of Cemetery Ridge, and on the afternoon of July 3, 1887, in the presence of seven hundred surviving members of the Philadelphia Brigade, of nearly all the surviving members of Cowan's New York Battery, of three hundred members of Pickett's Division of Confederate soldiers who were present as the invited guests of the Philadelphia Brigade, and more than two thousand citizens of Gettysburg and the surrounding country, the Association of Survivors of the California Regiment, the Seventy-first of the Pennsylvania Line, dedicated their monument.

ADDRESS OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. W. BURNS.

BAKER'S California Regiment:—Called into being by the inspiring eloquence of the great orator whose name you bore, how could a 'dumb servitor" of the State master such glowing sentences to vibrate a rythmic sound in your ears or stir a throbbing pulse in your hearts?

I came to you when in the deepest mourning for your dead father—stricken on the field of battle before your eyes—when your hearts refused to be comforted. Like the Israelites in Egypt, you felt that I was a

Pharaoh, who knew not Joseph, and oppressed you—strangers in a strange land. You had been reared under patriarchal rule; I brought the iron autocratical rule of stern discipline. How you hated the despot! who, if not an usurper, used all the forms of tyranny.

I had to be cruel, only to be kind, to arouse your lethargy to a sense of duty. Your health, your life, and your honor were in my keeping, all shaken at Ball's Bluff, and to be tried in future fields. You forgave me when you knew. The hour of your forgiveness is stamped upon my memory—it was at Fair Oaks. The brigade was in column, closed in mass, the sound of battle approaching. An awe of expectancy was in the surrounding stillness, when suddenly was heard the pattering of balls on the leaves of the forest trees near. The shriek of a shell! The detonating crash of its bursting overhead! Then the wolfish howl, first heard—the rebel yell!

The mass was petrified. A shiver ran through the ranks. I turned and saw a sea of upturned faces, pale as the dead. I was shocked. My outburst of "*Steady men*" was like a thunder-clap in a clear sky—an electric shock—that ran through the nerves, and sent the blood back to the surface. The reaction was instantaneous. A shout arose in answering confidence, which made the welkin ring. Caps were thrust on bayonets and run up in air. Round after round of stentorian cheers rolled over the field, which were said to have checked the onset of the foe, and strengthened friends far and near. It was a moral victory, followed by a victory in deeds.

That moment cemented a union between the hearts of the men and that of their general, never to be weakened. What was the lesson of that hour? It was the confidence of discipline. The shoulder to shoulder camaraderie. The doubt of your fitness for the work was instantly removed. You were eager for the test of your prowess, to win your fame, to conquer under your flag. I said in my report of that battle, "My brigade was christened under fire. It will do what is required of it." So you did. In every battle afterwards it stood like a wall in the fight. I had occasion soon after to thank a captain of your regiment, before the brigade, for stemming a torrent with his men, when attacked behind the rifle-pits we had captured at Garnett's Farm. I had occasion to report at Peach Orchard, where your regiment alone held an army in check, "The Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, under its gallant young lieutenant-colonel, wrung high enconiums from the corps commander, who knows what hard fighting means."

At Glendale (Charles City Cross Roads) I sent you in with the Nineteenth Massachusetts, to fill a gap between the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-second Pennsylvania of our brigade, where you met and repulsed the advancing and exulting foe, and, although we did not know it then, your crashing volleys held forty thousand men at bay, who, but for our brigade, would have pierced the line of march of our army at that point.

Why these reminiscences of other fields than Gettysburg? My farewell order enjoined strict adherence to discipline. The God of war did not, like Minerva, spring full equipped from the head of Jove. You were preparing for the culminating test of discipline. You were destined to fill a space in a line of battle with the world for spectators, where a typical

elan of the cavalier was to hurl its momentum against disciplined courage—the staying qualities of the cooler North—where the waves of the highest tide of war were to dash upon the rocks of the Union, that echoed in the rear, "Thus far, no farther; and the mighty ocean of strife was to ebb back into the bed of peace." Pickett's charge will live in song, and its sad requiem will echo "the Philadelphia Brigade." "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Here upon this historic field Americans can say the same of Americans. Which can claim superiority, when perhaps chance turned the scale? Had some other brigade been here, without your staying qualities—had not the prescience of your colonel seized upon the guns loaded and capped, left by the dead and wounded of the day before, and piled here opportunely at hand, whereby he multiplied the force of your fire many times your numbers, and by so placing his right behind walls as to enfilade the advancing mass; had not the one piece of cannon been seized by the aid of your infantry, and run into the angle of wall to be loaded to the muzzle with broken shells, balls and bayonets, hurling its deadly contents into the staggering mass at a close range; had not your brothers of the Sixty-ninth wheeled to face the breach opposite, and take the foe in flank, while the Seventy-second and a part of the One hundred and sixth advanced to meet his front—what might have been the result at that weak center?

These unique and terrible resources might well have astonished and broken the hearts of exhausted manhood. They exhibited the genius of war in concentrating on strong points, and opening a trap to choke in a defile. The God of battles alone can know why the center of our army was not pierced on that day. But we now know that it was the second time in the history of the war that the Army of the Potomac owed to the Philadelphia Brigade the safety of its center. The fact that less than a hundred Confederates crossed that stone wall proves that the force of the charge was broken by the cross-fire beyond, and these could well be cared for by the reserve of the brigade. Bachelder's map shows the great space between your brigade and that on your right, the thinnest of the line. You claim only to have done your duty, but the time, place and opportunity were yours. God, in his all-wise providence, decided events. We are now united, never again to be divided; our Union is cemented with our blood. Those who fell are honored as heroes; those who remain are brothers in arms, dedicating here mementoes of valor, not of strife. I met recently an officer, a colonel, here. He said he started to ride at General Armistead, to overthrow him, and prevent the men from shooting him. This was valor in strife, honorable warfare, so different from political strife, which never forgives its own wrong-doing.

The Philadelphia Brigade fraternizes with Pickett's Division. They recognize each other's bravery and respect each other's fame. The world will applaud both alike, and history will record their deeds together. This memorial of a regiment's deeds is a memento-mori of those who fell on both sides, and will be a guide-mark on the route to fame for the future American soldier.

The fortunate few who fought here that day, must wear the wreath of greatest glory, for the most conspicuous hand-to-hand encounter. That

honor is shared by the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, as a member of the Philadelphia Brigade, which received the force of the gallant charge of Pickett's Division. It is not invidious to speak of this regiment and that brigade, for it was the key of the position, and it was the fate of war.

Other regiments and other brigades did their duty, and assisted in the fight; but here was the point of attack, here the rain of shot and shell centered, and fell in torrents long before the charge. Here is the historic spot, and around it a halo of glory will ever cluster, and the aureole encircle the brows of those who fought, with the light of undying fame.

It is *fiat justitia* that Pennsylvania's sons should here defend their native soil.

ADDRESS OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL ISAAC J. WISTAR.

COMRADES and friends:—Upon me has been conferred the honor of delivering this completed monument to the custody and pious care of the Battle-field Memorial Association.

We hope it may endure while these surrounding hills shall stand, not simply to mark for posterity this spot on which such momentous events transpired, but as a memorial from us few survivors to commemorate the far greater number of our glorious dead.

You must give me a minute to recover myself. I cannot look on your small array—pitiful indeed in numbers, though in nothing else—without contrasting it with the numerous and gallant body I once led, and the feeling is too much for me.

Your regiment, the Seventy-first of Pennsylvania, was mustered in on the 16th of May, 1861, by a captain of engineers, who afterwards became one of the greatest and most distinguished soldiers of our country, and whose great fame and reputation are among the most precious possessions of his fellow-soldiers and countrymen, General William F. Smith.

It served its term in the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac, but I will not enter on its history, which is well known to every gallant soldier of that army. It was entitled to be mustered out on the 16th of May, 1864, when the army was locked in deadly embrace with the brave Army of Northern Virginia, but at the call of its corps commander cheerfully remained and participated in the bloody assaults at Cold Harbor, where an historian has justly said that the Second Corps suffered losses from which, though it recovered and continued in service till the last day of the war, it was never afterwards exactly the same body it had been.

I cannot speak to you with calmness. If you think I can or ought to look on the scanty and battered remnant of your once splendid array unmoved you are wrong. I cannot do it.

Enough, however, has been said here by far better orators, though one hundred times as much would be inadequate to express the reminiscences and solemn thoughts which this historic spot and our dwindled ranks of scarred and battered survivors send surging through our breasts and welling from our eye.

I cannot look into your faces and speak with steady voice. I can say

no more now, but will express one single sentiment which I believe will reach all of our hearts. That while life remains for this small remnant, we may every one of us, till our last breath, continue to cherish for our friends and comrades, affection, love and personal friendship, and to share with out gallant enemies of long ago—enemies, thank God, no longer—peace, concord and fellowship under one common flag forever more.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

72D REGIMENT INFANTRY

JULY 4, 1891

ADDRESS OF PRIVATE JOHN REED

FRIENDS and comrades:—The war is over, your legal contest is at an end. It becomes my duty as chairman of the monument committee of the Seventy-second Regiment to make a few remarks before placing the monument in your care. In 1887, the State of Pennsylvania determined to erect monuments to mark the spots where each Pennsylvania command was engaged in the battle of Gettysburg. The legislature passed an act appropriating $1,500 to each regiment, and the Governor was required to appoint five commissioners to co-operate with five survivors of each command, in the selection of a design and location of the monument. Your committee selected a design which was approved by the Commission; it was a typical soldier of the day, a youth, for you will remember, that at the original muster of your regiment, 1,485 names were on your rolls, 1,200 of whom were under the age of twenty-one years. It is clothed in the uniform of which you were so proud, that of the Fire Zouaves of Philadelphia. The attitude of the figure is that of a soldier clubbing his musket to illustrate the closeness of the struggle that had taken place in this angle on the 3d day of July, 1863. When the location was selected, it became necessary to bring ample proof that the site would be historically accurate. This has been done, and the Commission were convinced beyond a doubt that the Seventy-second were in line during the cannonading of the rebels sixty yards to the left and rear of this spot, and when the enemy forced the troops from the first line of battle, you marched by the right flank until you nearly reached the north wall, faced to the front and engaged the foe. From that point you advanced fighting down to this wall having men killed and wounded in the advance, but in order to conform to the rules of the Memorial Association, the position of your monument was agreed to be twenty feet from the wall. Some unauthorized persons protested, and when your committee attempted to dig for a foundation, your chairman was arrested and held to bail for trespass. Then your legal battle began. I would say here, comrades, that you were fortunate in the selection of your counsel, for had your committee hunted the country they could not have found more true and able gentlemen than Captain W. W. Ker, Major W. White Wiltbank of Philadelphia and J.

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

C. Neely of Gettysburg. The two former, veterans of the late war, gave their time and talents to your case without compensation. Your counsel filed a bill in equity asking for an injunction restraining them from interfering with us and the supreme court decided in our favor. But our troubles had not ended. They said they could prove that the Seventy-second Regiment never fought in the angle. We asked that a master be appointed to take testimony, which was done, and the learned W. Arch. McLean of Gettysburg was chosen, and after hearing the testimony, decided the case according to the evidence and law. They were not satisfied but carried the case again to the supreme court who promptly sustained the master and the lower courts. And here ended the legal strife that has lasted so long.

Comrades, in your struggle in this angle on July 3d, 1863, the God of battles was with you, in your legal contest the Goddess of justice smiled upon you. I now present this monument to the Survivors' Association of the Seventy-second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers and the good citizens of Pennsylvania of whom you form a part; educate your children to guard it with a loving care and by the will of God it will stand while the nation lives.

ADDRESS OF BREVET-MAJOR W. W. WILTBANK.

COMRADES:—The State directed that the three commissioners appointed by the Governor should co-operate with the committee of three to be appointed by you in selecting the site of this monument; and you were fortunate in all the stages of the action after that, because your claim, that you and your comrades did your best fighting here, was contested by others, and by you made good, before the statue was erected; and thus we may heed no criticism of the truth of this firm and lasting mark of valor and victory. Of all the regiments that fought on this wide field, in the battle that saved the Union, it so happens that the location of yours has the singular glory of an approval of the judiciary as well as of the executive; and the soldier who now fights here in bronze, shall stand forever under the protection of the decree of the eminent officers of this county, ratified by the highest court of the State; a decree that here you did your greatest work, and that no man or body of men may gainsay it history and the law have placed this effigy, and Pennsylvania protects it by her writ of perpetual admonition.

You have thus, to-day, done your duty valiantly to your home, as you and your comrades did your duty in the fight, more than a quarter of a century ago, to your sovereign, the good republic. How many of you remain with us? And has a new generation come here with you? There were orphans, widows, the childless and brotherless made in melancholy hosts by the reaping of this field in the elder time. Thousands of men fell down. If their shades may, by the divine order, hear in symbols the well-known word of command, and obey an impulse that shall move their souls through the happiness of their immortality, the dead in body are alive in spirit about you now, perhaps in line of steady march from the cluster of short wood yonder, to take up their position; perhaps in battle array, to anticipate the close conflict that has since told them all its secrets, and it may be to live again in the

hand-to-hand dispute till the brilliant moment of death. Those of you who have the lasting faith must now rest sure that it is a blessed thing to die for one's country, that the God of battles promotes to high places the servants who for him pass through the valley of darkness. Our ancestors of the revolution created a nobility that has bred millions of sturdy men and women; and these in turn gave us for our vindication, the strength, energy, daring audacity; the irrepressible and swift execution, that made, and shall ever show, the hardy character of these sleepers ere they slept.

There are three thoughts that your experience has brought to you no doubt, and that we may for a few minutes entertain now. Had you failed in the time in which the fate of Pickett's force was decided, so that the bloody angle was held against you a small part of an hour, say for only a twelfth of an hour, then the day would have been lost. It is true that other regiments, at other places in the line, were opened upon, under like attack; but at this place the hardest blows were given, the bloodiest and most violent attempt was made. From one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and fifty guns of the enemy concentrated upon you their shot and shell; and a whole army marched across that plain from the westward, firing as it moved, to throw itself upon you. Your second thought is of glory; one of your own heroes has written of your colors, that they were "held aloft till victory was won." That grand work was done by men whose names shall ever be remembered. And after the sense of achievement has stirred you, and the excitement of the great battle has subsided; after the pressure upon us of some struggle in our present days of quiet life, all of us know the final musing; the illustrious and the unknown alike must go to earth.

Whilst it is right that you should mourn the loss that you have had, it is natural and good that you should be proud, and in quick humor of content hereafter, as you see what you have done for your fellows, and what a heritage you have secured for the young and the young to succeed them. As one said of the ancient soldiers, our heroes were taken away from their glory, not from their fear. So pass the memory of their glory to your children, that these may live in prosperity, self-respect and peace.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM W. KER.

COMRADES:—The volunteer firemen of the city of Philadelphia were patriotic, intelligent and brave. You were fit and worthy representatives of that organization. When you offered yourself to the Governor of our State, you were young, strong, and inured to hardship and danger. No better material could be found in the world from which to form an army. You were mustered into the service of the United States on August 10, 1861, and Colonel D. W. C. Baxter was your first commander. Officially you were designated as the Seventy-second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, but familiarly you were called "Baxter's Fire Zouaves." You were assigned to duty in the Second Corps in the Army of the Potomac, and from March, 1862, your fortunes and your fame were identified with that gallant

corps. The siege of Yorktown was a series of engagements; the battles at Fair Oaks, on May 31, and June 1, 1862, were followed by Peach Orchard, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Chantilly, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. You participated in them all. You gained in them experience, honor, credit and renown. You were tried and trusted veterans of the Union army.

On the 1st day of July, 1863, you numbered twenty-three officers and four hundred and thirty-five men. You formed part of the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Second Corps. That was the famous "Philadelphia Brigade," commanded by that equally famous soldier, Brigadier-General Alexander S. Webb. He was leading you on to Gettysburg, to drive the invading enemy from your native State.

As we stand here to-day, our thoughts carry us back to the 1st, 2d and 3d days of July, 1863. For twenty-eight years summer has succeeded summer, yet the scenes and occurrences of those days are as vivid and bright as though it were but yesterday. They pass before you in panoramic view. You recall the weary march from the Rappahannock, the crossing of the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, the kind and hospitable reception at Uniontown, the halt at Taneytown on July 1, the sad news of the death of Reynolds and defeat of the First and Eleventh Corps, the midnight march to Gettysburg, the forming of the line of battle on the morning of July 2, the attack by the enemy in the afternoon, the loss of Brown's Battery, your countercharge to the Emmitsburg road, the recovery of Brown's guns, the wounding of Colonel Baxter, the reforming of your lines, the little spring in the rear where you filled your canteens and cooked your coffee, your restless sleep behind your stacked rifles, and the bright and glorious breaking of the morning of the day of July 3.

Let us pause here, for the scene approaches the reality. Here again you see the same low stone fence. It is angle-shaped—something like a huge letter Z traced upon the ground, only the angles are right angles—the bottom line extending towards Cemetery Hill on the right, the center line running some two hundred and sixty feet to the front, and the front line reaching towards Little Round Top on the left. Out in front of these angles are two companies of the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania, deployed as skirmishers. Behind the angles are posted Cushing's Battery and your Philadelphia Brigade. Along the rear line of the fence are eight companies of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania, their right connecting with Arnold's Battery and their left resting at the corner of the angle; the center line of the fence, from corner to corner of the angle, is unoccupied; along the front line of the fence are the other two companies of the Seventy-first, their right close up in the corner; then to their left the fence is again unoccupied for the distance of two hundred and seventy-four feet; and then comes the right of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania. There, to the rear of the front fence, forming a line parallel with the rear fence, is Battery A of the Fourth United States Artillery—the renowned "Cushing's Battery"—with the muzzles of its guns pointing over the front fence at the unoccupied space between the right of the Sixty-ninth and the left of the two companies of the Seventy-first. There, behind the battery, and two hundred and seventy feet behind the front fence, is your Seventy-second Regiment, in line of battle to support the

battery. And there, between you and the battery, is General Webb, slowly pacing up and down, keeping careful watch over his little brigade.

This is your position at high noon. The Confederate batteries suddenly open fire. Every gun is hurling a missile into the ranks. The Union artillery replies. There you lie with your faces close to the ground. The storm of iron hail is flying around you, but you are helpless and unprotected. The air is filled with flying shot and bursting shells, and the roar drowns all other sounds. The crash is blinding, and the shock is deafening. The cannoneers are falling at their posts, and Cushing's battery is fast being disabled. For an hour and a quarter, and the firing ceases, first on the Union side, then on the Confederate side. The first part of the great struggle is over.

Now the Confederate line of battle appears, moving rapidly over the field. They cross the Emmitsburg road, and you see their faces. They are Pickett's men, the flower of the Southern army. Again the artillery opens, and cannon and musketry are mingled in a deafening roar. The Confederates never falter, never waver. On they come, confident of victory. They are led by Armistead. He is seeking a place to break through the Union lines. He sees Cushing's disabled battery, the unoccupied fence, and urges his men rapidly towards it.

The skirmishers of the One hundred and sixth run to the rear, and are hastily formed on your left flank. The two companies of the Seventy-first retire from the front angle, and join their regiment at the rear. The right of the Sixty-ninth swings back on its center. Cushing's cannoneers are piled among the ruins of their disabled guns; Sergeant Fuger and half a dozen of the men are all that are left; one gun alone remains; it is loaded with canister, and Cushing, Fuger and their men are around it; they move it to the front, closer to the fence, and take their places beside it. The fence in the front angle is wholly unoccupied. There is nothing to check the Confederate advance, save only that lone cannon and the heroic men beside it.

The Confederates reach the fence. Armistead jumps over it. Twelve hundred of his men follow him. They rush upon the gun. A sheet of flame from its muzzle, a deafening report, the brave young lieutenant falls lifeless upon the ground, and Cushing's Battery is silenced forever. The Confederates have captured the angle. The Union army is cut in two at its center. The Confederates wave their flags in triumph, and again press forward.

There you still lie—three hundred and sixty of you—crouching close to the ground. You know that your time has now come. You see the enemy advancing upon you in overwhelming numbers. You know that alone and unsupported you must meet the attack. Your hearts are filled with bitterness, and you are eager for the fray. You look to General Webb for the expected command. You see his lips moving, but can hear no sound. He points his sword to the right, then waves it towards the enemy. You are well-trained soldiers, and understand his signs. You know that he wants you to march by the right face closer to the Seventy-first in the rear, then face to the left, and charge down upon the enemy. You spring to your feet. Away go haversacks and canteens. You face to the right, run quickly forward to the Seventy-first, and face again to the left. Your courage is contagious. Some brave men of the Seventy-first and One hundred and sixth, unbidden, jump into line with you on your flanks. There stand the enemy, their bayonets

73RD PENNA INFANTRY
THE MORNING TOOK POSITION IN
AT DUSK MOVED HASTILY TO
S POSITION AND IN A SEVERE CONTEST
ASSISTED IN REPULSING A DESPERATE
ASSAULT ON THESE BATTERIES.

PRINT. JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

bristling and their rifles smoking. They are waiting for you—for this handful of men against such fearful odds. One savage yell that rises above the din of battle, one wild and tumultuous rush, and you are upon them, discharging your rifles in their faces, beating their bayonets from their guns, and tearing their guns from their hands. With the ferocity of madness you leap upon them, clutch them by their throats, bury your bayonets in their bodies and hurl them to the earth. Mounted on their prostrate bodies, the butts of your guns descend relentlessly, crushing them down before you. Slowly they retire, surging back into the corner in the angle. Their colors are still flying. They are yet unconquered. A color bearer plants the flag of Virginia at the fence, and his comrades are rallying around it; like a tiger McCuen springs upon him, and wrenches the colors from his grasp. A short struggle, a terrific blow, and McBride is waving the second flag. A thrust of the bayonet, a crushing blow on the head, and two zouaves are struggling to reach the rear with two other flags. The colors of the enemy are captured. The Virginians make a desperate rush for their colors. Again you are upon them with the fury of demons. Again your guns and your bayonets deal death and destruction in their ranks. They fall before you in great piles, wounded and dead. Armistead has fallen at the feet of your color bearer. Their leader is gone, their colors are lost. Disheartened and dismayed, they drop their arms. Eight hundred of them surrender. Four stand of colors, and eight hundred prisoners. Every Confederate who had crossed the fence is dead, wounded or captured. Not a man of them has escaped. The Confederate army is cut in two. Away to your right and to your left they fly before your victorious comrades. The battle is over.

The ground is covered with the wounded, the dying and the dead. From the front fence to the center, the bodies of your zouaves lie close and thick. Sixty-two of them are dead, one hundred and forty-six are wounded and two are missing. Two hundred and ten of your brave comrades have ceased to answer at your roll call. One hundred and fifty of you are left.

To this place, this unknown spot, you have given name and fame. It is recorded in history "The Bloody Angle at Gettysburg."

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

73D REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 12, 1889

ADDRESS OF COLONEL WILLIAM MOORE

COMMANDER and comrades:—It is a great satisfaction to the monument committee of this organization to now bring the labors of the committee to a close, by turning over to you and to the association this monument. It gives us pleasure, because while the labors of the committee in getting up the monument were arduous, and in securing for it the

position which it now occupies were still more so, our every effort has resulted in a successful termination.

In history, the heroic action of the Seventy-third Regiment at the battle of Gettysburg remains unmentioned. At that time, myself, its colonel, had the misfortune to be confined in a hospital, suffering from a wound through the lung received in the battle of Chancellorsville. The regiment was without a single field officer. All had been killed or wounded in previous battles. Consequently no official regimental report of the services performed by our regiment in this battle was ever forwarded to army headquarters, or transmitted to the department in Washington. By strenuous exertions we procured testimony and evidence, among them letters from General Coster, who commanded the brigade to which our regiment belonged, and from Colonel Wiedrich, who commanded the battery, and sworn affidavits from officers and comrades of the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, and from members of our own regiment, and others, and were thereby enabled to convince the State Commissioners of the justice of our claim to erect our monument on this spot; and, in addition, we have been permitted to place upon the face of the monument a bronze bas-relief, representing the heroic action of the regiment in repulsing the attack of the Louisiana Tigers, and, with the assistance of the cannoneers and other troops, recapturing Wiedrich's Battery, thereby greatly assisting in making the battle of Gettysburg the glorious victory that drove the rebels from the soil of our beloved State. May future historians do justice to the Seventy-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

And now, in the name and on behalf of the committee, I have the honor to present to you, this, your monument.

ADDRESS OF PRIVATE GEORGE T. R. KNORR, OF THE SECOND MARYLAND INFANTRY.

THE grand old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to-day honors itself in honoring those, alive or dead, who, in 1863, with the aid of the loyal sons from other States, north, south, east and west, drove from her soil the invading hosts. Twenty-six years after the repulse was made, and while many of those who participated in it are still numbered among her citizens, the State erects these monuments to mark the spot upon which each regiment, composed of her sons, performed its bravest work upon her own soil.

Standing upon this hill, within a short distance of the spot upon which the martyr President delivered his sublimely eloquent address of dedication in 1863, and upon which only a few months earlier the heroes who bared their breasts as a barricade between our country and its foes, were receiving the shock of advancing foemen, we appreciate the fact that we are upon holy ground, though none of us, save those who were present at the battle, can conceive the magnitude of the struggle, the scenes of carnage here enacted and the sacrifices here offered up on the altar of liberty and union.

Our special portion of the ceremonies of the day is the dedication of this monument to perpetuate the memory of the service rendered by the Seventy-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, in the great battle fought upon this field, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863.

In erecting a monument on this historic battle-ground, nearly every foot of which has been consecrated to liberty and union by individual deeds of heroism, and rendered sacred by a baptism of blood, it is fitting that some reason be given for such erection.

It is my pleasant duty to-day to give the reasons for the erection of *this* stone, and the allotment of this position for it by the Board of Commissioners.

In a circular from the Commission, we are informed that a full history of the command is not expected to be given to-day, but this regiment not having received any credit for its services here, in reports of the battle on file in the War Department, it is necessary to give some outline of its previous history; the reasons for its not receiving credit in the reports referred to, and the evidence on which this position for the erection of the monument was granted by the Commission.

The Seventy-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, Colonel John A. Koltes, was recruited in Philadelphia, entered the service September 19, 1861, and was immediately attached to the Army of the Potomac, with which it served several months. In the spring of 1862, it was ordered to West Virginia, but in August of that year was reassigned to the Army of the Potomac, and participated in the second battle of Bull Run, August 30, 1862, where its colonel was killed, nearly one-half its company officers were killed or wounded and the rank and file suffered a corresponding loss.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, so disastrous to the Union arms, this regiment, then a part of Buschbeck's celebrated brigade, was the first to make a stand against Stonewall Jackson's victorious army that was pursuing Schurz's Division, which had become panic-stricken and was retreating. In this engagement the losses in the regiment were again large, Captain Harry Giltinan, of Company K, being killed, and Colonel William Moore and Major Strong, and a number of the company officers being among the wounded.

The heavy casualties in these two engagements left the regiment without a field officer, and every company in it depleted in numbers. The remnant of the regiment, three hundred and thirty-two strong, under command of Captain Daniel F. Kelley, was in Coster's First Brigade, Steinwehr's Second Division, Howard's Eleventh Army Corps, and on the morning of July 1, 1863, left Emmitsburg, Maryland, for this field, arriving at the junction of the Emmitsburg and Taneytown roads shortly after noon. The First Corps, which preceded the Eleventh on the road, was marched to the left, and formed a battle line beyond Seminary Ridge. The Eleventh Corps started through the town to form on its right, reaching round to the almshouse. Before the entire corps had passed through the town, reverses were met with at the front, and a column of rebel troops was seen approaching on the Hanover road with the intention of dividing the command. Orders were given for the corps to retire to this side of the

town, and while the batteries of the division, by command of General von Steinwehr, opened fire upon the enemy, the Seventy-third Regiment was deployed across the Emmitsburg and Baltimore roads, facing north, protecting the corps in its retreat through the town to near where we stand today. Bates' history says of this service:

> As the rear of the Union force was retiring from the town, closely followed by the enemy, the Seventy-third was ordered forward, and charged through the orchard just below the cemetery, checking the pursuit and occupying the houses on either side of the Baltimore pike. A brisk fire completely swept all the approaches and checked the enemy's advance. The fire from the houses occupied commanded the streets and tops of the buildings in the town, and protected the cannoneers of Steinwehr's artillery on the heights above.

Late in the evening, when the regiment had been stationed on Cemetery Hill, a general officer road up and inquired if there was a Pennsylvania regiment on the hill. An officer of this regiment responded, "Yes, here is the Seventy-third." Which answer was followed by the order, "Well, get your men in line, make a reconnaissance and ascertain the position of the enemy and how much of the town is occupied!" The order was promptly obeyed, the regiment advancing on the town in the following manner: Companies A, F and D through the gardens and alleys east of Baltimore street; Companies E and H up Baltimore street; Companies B, C and K on the left of Baltimore street, and through the wheatfield; while Companies G and I, acting as a reserve, occupied what is now called the Battle-Field Hotel. At the firing of a pistol by Captain Kelley, the signal agreed upon, the men advanced to a point beyond the old tanyard, where they were received with a well-directed volley of musketry by the enemy, who were posted in houses and the neighboring wheatfields. Several brave fellows here met their death. The object of the reconnaissance being accomplished, according to instructions, the regiment retired to its former position to take what rest could be obtained to prepare the men for the work of the morrow.

On the morning of July 2, the regiment was posted in the old cemetery as a support to the batteries on the hill. There it remained, watchful but inactive, until near dusk, when a large force of rebels, with the famous Louisiana Tigers in the advance, made a daring and impetuous charge upon the batteries posted on the right on East Cemetery Hill. Before charging, the enemy had advanced cautiously, under cover of the houses of the town and the steep declivity of Cemetery Hill, and the movement was so sudden that they were already among the guns of the first battery (Wiedrich's) and advancing on the second (Ricketts') when the Seventy-third discovered them, and with the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment rushed to the rescue. The hand-to-hand struggle, which is so graphically pictured in the beautiful bronze on the monument, then occurred, the regiments mentioned holding their ground and preventing the turning of the batteries until reinforcements arrived, when what remained of the Louisiana Tigers retreated down the hill, having made the last charge, as a distinct command, which history records for that organization of intrepid fighters.

After the repulse, a new line of battle was formed, in expectation of another attack, and several pieces of artillery were placed at the head of

Baltimore street near the cemetery, so as to command the approaches from the town. The Seventy-third was sent in support of these batteries, and stood by them until the morning of the 3d, when they were again sent to the old cemetery to support the batteries stationed there.

Bates' history says of the Seventy-third's third day in the battle:

> On the 3d, the regiment remained in the position held during the previous evening and in the afternoon, while the fearful cannonade was in progress which preceded the final struggle, it was exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns from a circuit of two or three miles.

The men were lying among the graves, with two hundred guns trained upon them, the shot and shell from which shattered the gravestones and scattered the fragments around them. When the final charge of Pickett's and Pettigrew's troops was made, the Seventy-third was moved to the Taneytown road, close to Ziegler's Grove, where they remained until the third day's fighting was ended.

On the morning of the 4th the regiment was ordered into the town, which they entered, deployed as skirmishers along the streets on the west side of the town until they reached the Chambersburg road. Here quite a body of rebels held their ground, and only surrendered when cavalry appeared in the rear of their position. They were then marched into the town, to the square, and placed in charge of the Seventy-third's reserve. The regiment was kept busily employed until nine o'clock, when the enemy fell back, leaving the field in our hands.

Captain Daniel F. Kelley, commanding the regiment during these four days, neglected to make any regimental reports to headquarters, the result being that in the official returns the Seventy-third does not appear.

When the State decided to erect monuments to the regiments which fought here, the survivors of the Seventy-third made claim for this position for its monument, and, after searching inquiry into the matter by the State Commission appointed by the Governor, and by the Gettysburg Memorial Association, their claim was declared valid, and here your monument is erected.

Among the vast amount of testimony given in support of the Seventy-third's right to this position, was that of Colonel Wiedrich, who commanded the battery. He said: "My recollection of the evening of July 2, 1863, is that when the Louisiana Tigers charged my battery, and when we were in a hand-to-hand fight with them, I saw that my position could not be held, and had ordered my battery to limber up and fall back to the Baltimore pike, when the Seventy-third and Twenty-seventh Regiments Pennsylvania Volunteers came to my rescue and repulsed the rebels."

The survivors of the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, testifying under oath, said: "Not only do we not oppose the location and design of the Seventy-third's monument, but we unanimously declare that they are fully and justly entitled to the position which they claim."

The affidavits are quoted to show the quality of the evidence offered to prove the Seventy-third's gallant struggle on this spot.

Who has not read Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," at Balaklava, and gloried in the bravery of that noble six hundred immortalized in his verses? And yet the unsung and unpoetic solid squares with which

Wellington met Napoleon's onslaughts at Waterloo were composed of men who showed equal heroism, and that strict and unflinching obedience to orders which is the attribute most prized in a soldier. Volunteers can always be had from an army to make a charge, be it ever so rash and dangerous, for there is an eclat attached to it, and a feverish spirit of bravado will carry a man through a task he would shrink from if time were given for thought; but they who have to stand under fire, calmly awaiting the onslaught, knowing not at what moment it may come— to stand hour after hour on the alert without action—have the most trying duty the soldier is called upon to perform. It was this duty, followed by a brave and stubborn resistance when called into action, which the Seventy-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry performed on this spot. Eulogize the bravery of the charge of the Louisiana Tigers as you may, and have the poet carry it down to posterity in glowing rhyme, if you will, the fact remains, and must be admitted, that the successful repulse of that charge was accomplished by men just as brave, and on whose bravery twenty-four hours' experience in the dispiriting duty of waiting had no bad effect. When the enemy was discovered, you took a firmer grasp of your muskets, and with the cry, "Let us die on our own soil," hurled yourselves on the advancing column with such impetuosity as to check the foe and hold him until reinforcements arrived.

During the entire battle the Seventy-third "played well its part;" but it was here, where this granite and bronze will tell of its achievements to posterity, it gave that grand exhibition of bravery which forced back the best troops of the Confederacy with heavy loss, and aided materially in that demoralization of Lee's army which culminated in retreat.

God forbid that we should claim the whole repulse for this one regiment! It was first in the advance, with the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania by its side, but other troops came to its assistance, and New York, Ohio and Indiana have their share of the glory.

Nothing is claimed for the regiment that cannot be fully substantiated. Nothing is claimed that has not been already proven before the Commission to which has been entrusted the duty of selecting the proper spot upon which to erect the monument.

General Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, in the absence of reports from this regiment in the War Department, sought to secure for his arm of the service the whole credit for the repulse of the Louisiana Tigers. He writes:

> The cannoneers of the two batteries, so summarily ousted, rallied and recovered their guns by a vigorous attack, with pistols by those who had them, by others with hand-spikes, rammers, stones and even fence rails. * * * After an hour's desperate fighting, the enemy were driven back with heavy loss.

It is admitted that the gunners of the batteries did their best to save their cannon, and that having no other weapons, they seized stones from the walls and rails from the fences to use against the foe; but history cannot be permitted to give to posterity the impression that with these weapons alone eight hundred of the enemy were laid low in the assault upon this position. The Seventy-third Pennsylvania came to the rescue, and to the Seventy-third belongs the credit, as Colonel Wiedrich testifies, of

leading in the resisting column when he was about to endeavor by retreat to save his pieces.

The Seventy-third's loss in this battle was comparatively small, seven being killed and twenty-seven wounded.

In September, 1863, the regiment was ordered to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where it was incorporated into the Twentieth Army Corps. At the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863, after hard fighting, it was flanked by a superior force of the enemy and only seventy-two of its members escaped capture or death.

In December of the same year it was reenrolled as a veteran organization, at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, and as a part of the famous White Star Division, was in every battle fought and won by the Twentieth Corps, marching to the sea with General Sherman, and being present at the surrender of General Johnston at Raleigh, North Carolina.

The victory won, the war ended, and peace reigned once more within our borders. After on honorable record of three years and ten months, on July 14, 1865, the Seventy-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, then consisting of eleven officers and one hundred and twenty-eight men, was mustered out of the service of the United States at Alexandria, Virginia. During its term of service it had upon its rolls the names of one thousand two hundred and sixty patriots; and of this number, its loss in killed, wounded, captured or missing was seven hundred and seven.

Among the members of the regiment who fell into the enemy's hands at Missionary Ridge was Benjamin F. O'Donnell, the left guide of the regiment, who in that capacity carried a guidon, or small flag. Seeing he could not escape capture, he quickly tore the flag from its staff and secreted it under his coat. One of the enemy, who had noticed his action, rushed at him, demanding "that rag." O'Donnell denied having it, and the rebel struck at him with his musket, injuring O'Donnell's hand so badly that he is to-day still crippled. The surging of the troops separated him from his assailant, and he was enabled to more securely hide the flag. He was taken by his captors to Belle Island, then to Pemberton prison, and finally to the prison pen at Andersonville. While here he sickened, and thinking himself about to die gave his precious charge into the hands of Sergeant Zachariah Rost, another prisoner from the Seventy-third.

Rost was taken from Andersonville to Florence, South Carolina, and exchanged at Hilton Head, May 1, 1865, bringing home with him the relic. O'Donnell did not die. After being exchanged he applied for a pension, the flag, in protecting which he was injured, being produced in evidence before the pension bureau. O'Donnell kept it in his possession until the 11th of last month, when he turned it over to this Regimental Association. What remains of this guidon, which, with those who carried it, was incarcerated in rebel prisons for seventeen months, is before you, while Benjamin F. O'Donnell, who preserved it from capture, is present with us to-day, still acting as the left guide of the regiment. The flag is in appearance now what the rebel called it at Missionary Ridge—a "rag." But how precious a rag, and what memories cluster around it to-day! Comrade O'Donnell carried it on this field in the first battle in which it appeared. Then it was new and pleasant to look upon. Now, with no trace of

comeliness remaining, it is looked up to by these veterans with veneration and pride, for the scars upon it are evidences of battles fought, of victories won, and of the hardships of seventeen months' imprisonment with its brave defenders.

The ground upon which this monument stands was dedicated by your heroic struggle, and by the blood of your fallen comrades; but the monument, reared by a grateful Commonwealth in commemoration of your bravery, and in memory of those of your regiment who here sacrificed their lives on the altar of liberty, we now dedicate and convey to the State for the instruction of coming generations.

Those who were engaged in the sanguinary hand-to-hand struggle on this spot, may well thank God that they are permitted to live to see the fruit of their labors in our re-united country with its unprecedented growth and prosperity; they may thank God that they live to see their heroism and bravery, and that of their former comrades, thus publicly and permanently recognized by the State under whose auspices they served the Federal Government; and they may thank God that the generations which have arrived at manhood since the war, hold in reverential remembrance, and teach their children to revere, those who in the hour of their country's need were ready to give their all, even life itself, for right, for liberty, and for the dear old flag.

We now commit this monument into the hands of the Commissioners appointed by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to accept and protect it.

THE OLD FLAG OF THE SEVENTY-THIRD BY SERGEANT JAMES MURRAY

COMRADES and friends:—Before you is unfurled to-day one of the old State flags carried by the Seventy-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, during the war for the Union, and I am requested by the survivors' association to briefly tell you its history.

Very few of the State flags carried by our boys can now be found outside the State museum at the capitol, and to see one of them floating on this battle-field will scarcely fall to your lot again.

When the Seventy-third left the State in 1861 to join the Army of the Potomac, the first State flag carried by its color-sergeant was given to us by the representative of the Commonwealth. At the second battle of Bull Run, where our brave commander, Colonel Koltes, gave his life for his country, the flag was so torn and riddled with shot and shell that it was unfit for further service, and was sent to the capitol for safe-keeping.

The second flag given to us by the great War Governor, Andrew G. Curtin, was carried upon this field during the engagement, but at the battle of Missionary Ridge it was reduced to the same state as its predecessor by the hard usage it received while carried at the head of our column.

The one before you was the third and last State flag carried by the regiment, and was presented to us at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, on

PRINT. JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

behalf of the ladies of Philadelphia, who bade us protect it with our lives and bring it home with us in honor and victory. We pledged ourselves to do so.

Here it is! And now, my friends, after hearing from the orator of this occasion of the gallant deeds performed by this regiment, I ask you, "Have we kept our vow?" Here waves the flag, unsullied by defeat, having invariably led us to victory.

But hark! The old flag speaks for itself:

"You have carried me from Chattanooga to Rocky-face Ridge, to Resaca, New Hope Church, Pine Knob, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek and to Atlanta in victory. You have carried me from Atlanta to the sea in victory. You have carried me from Savannah, through the Carolinas, and to the 'surrender of Johnston.' Victory! Victory!! Victory!!!

"You have brought me back to my old home in Philadelphia; you have kept and protected me ever since, and to-day you have me with you to commemorate with your former comrades of the Army of the Potomac this glorious victory in which you bore such a noble part. You have indeed kept your vow."

God bless you, dear old flag! While one of the Seventy-third lives you shall be cherished and cared for, and as each one of us passes away to the great beyond, you shall cover his coffin and be with him to his last resting place. It will not be long, dear old comrades, for our ranks are thinning rapidly. Time was when you were surrounded by a thousand of as brave soldiers as served their country, and whose cheers of victory made the welkin ring.

To-day we are with you again; but, oh! so few, so few. A few years more and there will be none to answer roll-call, and our memory will be as a dream to these young people who now surround us. In those days, my young friends, I trust some of you will give a thought to this day and think kindly of the old veteran and his flag.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

74TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

JULY 2, 1888

ADDRESS OF COLONEL A. VON HARTUNG

COMRADES:—We are assembled here for the purpose of dedicating this monument. We all were here before twenty-five years ago. But, alas! I miss many of those who had joined us that time. They have been called home and are now members of that great army from which no one returns. Others are prevented by sickness, great distance or by business from being with us to-day on this our day of honor.

For what purpose were we here at that time, twenty-five years ago? We had not come in our usual citizens' clothing, but in uniforms, armed

with swords, guns and cannons in order to repel a haughty enemy; we were here to help with armed hands to save the Union and to protect the starry banner. Twenty-eight years ago that memorable presidential election took place, from which Abraham Lincoln came forth as a victor. The South, for many years accustomed to rule the North, wanted to be independent, and now came the time of that treason, a more fatal one the history of the world never saw. Secretary of War Floyd had the arms removed from the northern arsenals and conveyed to the south, where guns, cannons and ammunition purposely left unprotected were shifted into the hands of the traitors. The city of Pittsburg made a glorious exception. There the people arose and prevented by force the departure of the cannons that had already been put on board. Honor to those brave Pittsburgers! The State of South Carolina had left the Union and dared insolently to tread under foot the flag of our ancestors. The other southern states soon followed and formed that league known under the name of the Southern Confederation. When Lincoln took the oath as President of the United States, on the 4th of March, he did not find a dollar in the treasury, not a vessel, not a soldier. The officers of the regular army, mostly southerners, had deserted and gone over to the service of those States. A hostile army threatened unprotected Washington, and the President applied to the Governors of the loyal States and asked for soldiers to protect the capital. They came with great enthusiasm, those States' militia differently uniformed and armed. Their intention was good, but, not accustomed to the severe hardships of a war, they were soon replaced by seventy-five thousand volunteers who were enrolled for three months.

After the first battle of Bull Run it was seen that the enemy had been greatly underrated, it became apparent that we had not to deal with a little revolt but with a great revolution. It was not before then that the whole country, and with it Abraham Lincoln perceived the greatness of danger.

He demanded and received from Congress after a single short session the right to levy three hundred thousand men for three years, and besides one billion of dollars. And then Father Abraham called for three hundred thousand men, saying "the Union must and shall be preserved." And then the hearts trembled and the whole nation was seized with a powerful enthusiasm. His call resounded like the sound of thunder; like the clash of swords and the roaring of the waves, and they came, the children of Father Abraham, and so we came too. We hastened on to preserve the Union and to protect the starry banner. But the task was no easy one. A strong army, well armed, of excellent discipline and well led, stood against us, and not always the luck of war was on our side. The great battle of Chancellorsville was lost for us. The enemy invades the northern states, plunders Hagerstown and marches toward Philadelphia. The road was apparently unobstructed, the Potomac army apparently annihilated. But in forced marches we came on, and here at Gettysburg, here on this field of honor, we threw ourselves into their way and called to them, "thus far and no farther."

One hundred thousand on our side, we fought for three days against an

army superior in number. It was a gigantic battle. Then at last the call resounded, Victory! The hostile troops had left during the night. The battle, the greatest, the most successful battle of the war, was won. But it was with great sacrifices that the victory was bought. In yonder cemetery thousands are slumbering the everlasting sleep, mowed down by hostile missiles. In honor of those dead these monuments have been put up. But also to the survivors' part of the honor is due. One falls in the battle, the other dies afterward of the wounds or in consequence of the hardships of war.

We who were so fortunate as to survive that battle and to see its results share in the honor as well as those who have gone hence before us.

In former centuries it was not customary to erect monuments for the living. It was left to posterity to glorify the deeds of their ancestors. It is only a few years ago that his grateful countrymen erected a monument in honor of Herman, the great German Chief who, more than 1800 years ago, defeated the Roman legions in the Tentoburg forest. But customs and manners are changing. Eighteen years ago Germany fought that gigantic war with France, and it is long ago since that finest of monuments rises on the Niederwald in honor of the dead as well as of the living. So also this monument. It is apparently a dead stone without language. But monuments speak a powerful language that warns and admonishes the living. As that monument on the Niederwald warns the French to beware of German blows, and reminds the German youth to follow the sublime example of their ancestors and to sacrifice life and property in the defense of their country, so this monument speaks too. It tells of great heroic deeds and warns all who should ever dare again with an insolent hand to destroy our glorious Union or to insult the star-spangled banner. It admonishes the youth to follow our example and in the days of danger to stake life and property in the protection of our country.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN PAUL F. ROHRBACKER.

WE have met to erect and dedicate a monument which shall remind generations to come of the deeds of brave men who fell in as noble a cause as heroes ever contended for. Some may say: "Why this monument? Why perpetuate the memory of the great strife?" We might simply answer, "Because we cannot help it." It is instructive, animating, reverential and patriotic, to be reminded of the character and of the sacrifices of those heroes who gave their all in their country's services. Even if a quarter of a century has passed over their graves, yet the example which they gave us must be preserved to us in order to guide, strengthen and animate us and those that will follow us.

There is no need to-day, and here, to recount the causes of the war in which those men sacrificed their lives. The war was not carried on for the purpose of oppression, of trampling upon a section. It was not a war for the purpose of giving grandeur and glory to any one man or set of men. It was not a war to make one part of this country greater than

another part. It was a war that barbarism might cease, and that liberty and civilization in its purest form might be established by the American people. It was a war that this Union might be moulded into fellowship, that out of it might be fused all the guilt and all the shame which so long stained it.

The battles of the war were won for the whole country; and the beauty of this government shines alike over every foot of American soil. Its benefits, like the dews of heaven, fall equally upon every citizen's head beneath the flag of our country. The wounds of the war are healing, and as you look about you to-day, over our vast country and all its increased population and its prosperity, we may truly thank God that slavery was wiped out, the only cause of dissension that had ever existed. And in this feeling of thankfulness we are joined by the people of the South. We have nothing more that can divide us as a nation.

To-day we all glory in having but one flag, one country, one nation and one destiny. There is no sectional feeling that animates us on this occasion, nor do we feel any pride of race or color. We are here as American citizens. All races have contributed their share for the attainment of the glorious result. The Irishman and the Scotchman, the Englishman and the Scandinavian, the Anglo-Saxon and the African. And, my friends, we, as Germans, have done our share.

We are assembled here to-day to dedicate this monument to the valor and patriotism of the Seventy-fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, exclusively a German regiment.

When the news of the firing on Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861, reached Pittsburg, the excitement among the entire population became intense, and two days afterward, on the 16th of April, Company B. German Turners, left Pittsburg for Harrisburg, commanded by Captain H. Amlung. Seigrist's company was K, also most Germans. These two companies, commanded by Captains H. Amlung and G. Seigrist, were incorporated as Companies B and K, Fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, three months' service. These men formed the nucleus of the Seventy-fourth, which was organized a few months afterwards. The command of the regiment was given to Colonel A. Schimmelpfennig, a brillant and thoroughly educated Russian officer, who had seen service in the war against Denmark, and in 1848 and 1849 in the revolution in Baden. Colonel Schimmelpfennig made of the regiment a model organization in drill and discipline, and the excellent record made by the regiment is due to the exertion of that model soldier and gentleman.

To have been a member of the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania is a prouder distinction than any patent of nobility that king or potentate might confer.

And, as Germans, we are all proud of their record. No part of our population has manifested greater readiness to risk their lives for the preservation of our beloved country, than the Germans and their descendants. In those days that tried men's souls, adopted German citizens gave their best blood for the salvation of the Union. The great sacrifices of the Germans in the Revolutionary war, the bravery of the German is ignored or forgotten. History talks about the Hessians, that fought on the side of oppression, but says little or nothing of the Germans that fought

with Washington. It is ignored or forgotten what the Germans have done for the prosperity of our Commonwealth. Pennsylvania Dutch were often scoffed at—their wives, mothers, daughters, were often designated as being clumsy, ignorant, unrefined, but when the war broke out, history tells us that among all the German women of Pennsylvania, there was not one who brought up a traitor.

It has become fashionable for Anglomaniacs to belittle everything that does not come from England, and call England the mother country. Nothing is further from the truth. It was disputed a century ago. It is less true now. The whole world is the mother country of this land. We Germans are not here since yesterday. Three-fifth of the population of Pennsylvania are German or of German descent.

When the war of the Rebellion broke out, the great fact became evident (and the American people are ever open to receive facts), that these so-called "foreigners," that these Germans, whose hearts were thought to dwell on the Rhine, the Elbe and the Danube, were head and heart for this their beloved land.

They came from city and hamlet, from the work-shop, the office and the school-room; they came from the north, the east and the west, and some even from the south; they honeycombed the whole Federal forces, for there was scarcely an organization that had not its German representative. Shoulder to shoulder Germans fought with their comrades of other nationalities as well as with those to the manor born.

It is due to the Germans that at the breaking out of the war the city of St. Louis and the largest part of Missouri remained faithful to the Union. The first victory of the Union troops was gained at Carthage, Missouri, by General Sigel and his Germans. It was Blenker's Division, that after the battle of Bull Run retained its discipline and at Centreville barred the way to the victorious Confederates.

Who does not remember the names of Sigel, Blenker, Gilsa, Steinwehr, Stahel, Schimmelpfennig, Mahler, Max Weber, Bohlen, Koltes, Hecker, Osterhaus, Salomon, Matthies, Hassendeubel, Captain Dilger and a host of others. Thousand less prominent, but not less valiant, bared their bosoms to hostile bullets.

Loyally and faithfully they served their country in the winter's cold, and during the summer's heat you find them inhaling the poisoned breath of the swamp; you meet with them on the lonely picket—everywhere in the field you find men from all parts of Germany and from all conditions in life. In camp and on the march you might have heard them singing German songs—songs from the Rhine, the Danube, the Weser and the Main; they sang of spring time and love, old melodies, they sang songs of their native land, also songs of their adopted country—but always cheerful and ready for any service required of them; their songs were often heard in the rebel camp, and their meaning was not misunderstood.

As free men, not as hirelings, did they offer their life for the preservation of this land, and thus paid off a long-standing debt. Thus they paid old debts to the great patriots who sowed also for us the seed of freedom. Were these soldiers less patriotic because they spoke German and sang German songs? Were they as defenders of our glorious flag less valiant,

were the blows dealt by them less vigorous because they were given by German arms? Let the deeds of the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania, on the first day's fight at Gettysburg, answer these questions. Of the fourteen officers and one hundred and twenty men who advanced on the first day's battle, one officer and six men were killed, four officers and forty men wounded and fifty-two missing, leaving but four officers and eighteen men, a total loss of one hundred and twelve. I tell you, my friends, twenty-five or fifty years hence the descendants of those men who fell or fought at Gettysburg will be as proud of the deeds of his ancestor and of his Americanism, as are to-day the children of those who fought at Bunker Hill, or Lexington, and looking back at the history of our time, these Americans will wonder that there ever could be any jealousy or Knownothingism, because the ancestor of one landed at Castle Garden or East Boston. We should measure the worth of the American citizen by his honesty, his capacity, his patriotism and his sympathies, independent of whether he or his father entered the family of the republic yesterday or a few decades before; our dead heroes have furnished us the criterion of the true American, for he cannot be called an American, who, though he came down from the signers of the Declaration of Independence itself, stirs up ill feeling among his fellow-citizens. Look over the face of the globe and find me a powerful nation, and I will show you one where national feeling is paramount. We, as German-Americans, familiar with the history of the past, glory in a united Germany which stands to-day among the galaxy of European nations of the foremost.

If loyalty and faithfulness to one's country is to be proven by bloody sacrifices, then the loyalty of the German to his adopted country cannot be questioned. We love this land; it is our land and the home of our children and children's children. We may differ politically, but in the love of our country and institutions, we are one.

Henceforth, your country is our country, your people our people, your destiny our destiny, your flag our flag, and your God our God. Whenever in the future the country shall call upon her children, we believe and know that this dear land shall not call in vain.

The fallen heroes sleep in this beautiful cemetery; they sleep the sleep that knows no waking, but their fame is as fadeless as the beauty of the rise of the sun. They live in our hearts and in our memories. This nation is to-day a Union baptized in the best blood of the American people. It is a Union that has been tried in the fire of steel, and has come forth brilliantly and unscathed. The best way for us to appreciate the devotion of those who died for their country in the war of the rebellion is to make it our duty to preserve what they sacrificed their lives to save. The value of a thing generally depends upon what it costs. To show the worth of this it is only necessary to imagine the Union broken into disjointed and discordant fragments; the States antagonized and inimical to each other. The Union, as saved, is the reverse of all this, and stands proudly before the world the synonym of national greatness, power and glory.

75TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY
JULY 1. FOUGHT ON THIS POSITION FROM 2 P.
M. UNTIL THE CORPS RETIRED.
JULY 2 & 3. HELD POSITION AT STONE WALL
NEAR THE CEMETERY AS SHOWN BY MONUMENT
THERE.
PRESENT AT GETTYSBURG 258.
KILLED, OFFICERS 3, MEN 16.
WOUNDED, OFFICERS 5, MEN 84.
CAPTURED OR MISSING, MEN 3.
TOTAL LOSS 111

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

75TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

OCTOBER 8, 1888

ADDRESS OF FIRST SERGEANT H. NACHTIGALL

COMRADES of the Seventy-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers:—I extend to you a hearty welcome upon the historic battle-field of Gettysburg. We are assembled here upon consecrated ground, consecrated by the blood of our brethren, and shed in a great struggle for the preservation and maintenance of the high principles of liberty and humanity.

More than a quarter of a century has ebbed away into the abyss of eternity since one of the most eventful dramas recorded in the annals of history was enacted upon this field; a drama in which you with thousands of sons of this our glorious country were destined to assume a *role*.

Your ranks have been considerably depleted since those memorable July days of 1863, and of that once magnificent Seventy-fifth Regiment, which, a just pride of the German population of Philadelphia, left that city in September, 1861, but a small remnant has remained. To-day you are less strong and vigorous, your limbs are less pliant and active than in those days, when to the sound of the orchestra of war, amidst the thunder of cannon and the deafening roar of battle, you quickened your steps in order to take up your assigned position in the line of battle, and the never-melting snow of years has settled upon the heads of many of you.

For seventeen years Carthage with its wealth of heroism, its art and its navigation, directed by the genius of Hannibal, struggled against the progressive institutions of Rome; for sixteen years the regal despotism of France, directed by the genius of Napoleon, endeavored to crush the liberal institutions of England; and for four years the spirit of secession, directed by the genius of Robert E. Lee, struggled to deal a death blow at the free institutions of the American Republic. Hannibal perished in Lama, Napoleon died at Waterloo and Lee found his Appomattox; but, my dear friends, when in the lapse of time the names and memories of these luminaries shall have perished in the whirlpool of revolution and despotism, the vision of the nations of the earth will be directed hither to Gettysburg, the bulwark and Mecca of the regenerated liberty of the American Republic, and from here the lesson will be taught that liberty and humanity are not mere quibbles of the brain or the outgrowth of an over-excited fancy, and as we trace the war history of the world and raise in admiration our wondering gaze to the human genius, which like a brilliant meteor appears in the heavens, but soon vanishes from our sight, institutions having for their object the advancement of humanity will live forever, and the free institution of free government for which those men fought in whose memory this monument has been erected, shall not perish, but they will grow brighter and stronger as year after year will roll on.

The ground upon which we now stand and the scenes by which we are surrounded within viewing distance, recall to our memories events of world historic note, and in obedience to a longing impulse of our hearts we have gathered here to-day to commemorate those events.

What patriotic heart would not throb with enthusiasm when reviewing the state of affairs in the dark and gloomy days in the history of our country, when treason hung like the sword of Damocles over the life of this nation, when the people of the northern States, in the face of impending danger, arose in their full majesty, like one mighty impulse, when, regardless of political party affinities, station in life or age, whether republicans or democrats, rich or poor, young or old, came forward in response to the exigency of the hour, and in vindication of the cause of liberty, eager to enter into and swell the ranks of an army about being organized, without expectation of emolument or official honors, facing dangers, exposures and privations calculated to try the patience of the most hearty and valiant; and a proud thought it is to know that they fought to a successful ending the mightiest war struggle for human liberty known in the world's history. These thoughts and the cermonies of this day bring us into the presence of hallowed memories.

When we unravel the years which time has woven into our life we love to pause here and there at events that have more than others engrafted themselves upon our memory. Among others we are reminded of that solemn hour when the noble, magnanimous Andrew Curtin, the Governor of this great State of Pennsylvania, presented to us the flag of our country, when we are reminded of those patriotic words he then spoke, words by which boys were transformed into men, citizens into soldiers and heroes in the course of a single hour. Governor Curtin entrusted that flag to the Seventy-fifth Regiment with the confidence that you would carry it into the thickest fight, that you would defend it to the last, and that in your hands it would never be disgraced. To-day we have met here to render an account of our stewardship, and to answer the query: Have we justified the confidence imposed upon us? The responsibilty of that trust might well make reckless men hesitate and brave men falter, but the Seventy-fifth Regiment accepted that trust, and, oh, what a proud, what a glorious satisfaction to know that it fully justified that trust, and after four years of war, during which time it has been borne aloft by patriotic hands, it was returned to the place from whence it came, the State capitol at Harrisburg, unsullied and untarnished, aye! covered with glory and fame, and when at times amid shot and shell it may have fallen to the ground, consecrating the same with the blood of a dead color bearer (as in the case of Sergeant Jordan at the second Bull Run battle), it soon rose again, only to arouse you to increased heroism and valor. The blow struck by the enemies of human liberty against the integrity of the Union, and the haughty slaveholders' vow that the free mechanic and the laborer of the northern States were destined to succumb to his power and influence, received upon this field its sentence and death blow, and it may well be said that the true charter of American liberty was here written with the sword and sealed with the blood of her sons.

To-day, my friends and comrades, you stand, a small remnant of that

once magnificent and glorious Seventy-fifth Regiment, beneath the shadow of this monument visible witnesses of a great historic period. Oh, my friends and comrades, were I possessed with the eloquence of a Cicero or Demosthenes my tongue would be too feeble to express in befitting terms those feelings which at these sacred moments fill my heart and which I feel confident also penetrate yours, and cause them to beat responsive to the occasion of the present hour, but what words could more adequately echo our feelings, and be more in unity with the earnestness and solemnity of this occasion than those words spoken by the great and good Abraham Lincoln upon the occasion of the dedication of the National Cemetery yonder on Cemetery Hall, in November, 1863:

> But in larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this ground; the brave men, living and dead, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here for the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of their devotion—that we, here, highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Those of our brethren who fell upon this field did not live to behold the dawn of the golden morn of liberty—they died for us and for their country. In grateful remembrance we approach their last resting place. Rest in peace, ye noble patriots! History will forever accord to you the fame and glory you so richly deserved, but to us, the living, your patriotism and your valor shall forever remind us of the grand legacy you have bequeathed to us. In grateful appreciation we decorate your graves every year —we speak of you as of dear beloved members of our own families, and the numerous monuments and tablets erected upon this field to your memory will proclaim to coming generations that here upon this field the unity of a great nation was cemented by your blood; that here upon the soil of Pennsylvania a new Keystone was inserted in the magnificent structure of American liberty by the heroism and sacrifice of her sons, and in mute admiration will coming generations cherish and revere the memory of that Titan race which here secured the greatest triumph to liberty and humanity, a government system of the people, for the people, and by the people.

And now, my friends and comrades, we will deliver this monuments to the Battle-field Memorial Association, whose charge it will be to preserve it. Let a benediction of heaven fall upon the heroes of 1863, and when the last of the boys in blue shall have descended from the stage of this life, and the ranks of the Grand Army have vanished from our sight, then children and children's children will twine wreaths of garlands around this stone and the babe upon the mother's lap will be taught to lisp the story of how and why their grand-sires have fought here.

ACCOUNT OF THE PART TAKEN BY THE SEVENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 2 AND 3, 1863, BY FIRST SERGEANT H. NACHTIGALL.

THE Seventy-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Eleventh Corps, having bivouacked at Emmitsburg, Maryland, broke camp early on the morning of July 1, with orders to march to Gettysburg. Having arrived within five miles of that town, further orders were received to advance at double-quick, the First Corps, Major-General Reynolds, having encountered and engaged the enemy. The regiment upon reaching Gettysburg, marched through the town, and from its northern extremity proceeded in a northeasterly direction in the proximity of the county almshouse to the west side of the Carlisle road, where it took up its position, its left wing leaning on the right of the Eighty-second Ohio Regiment. Before the regiment reached that position it lost its colonel, Francis Mahler, who had fallen mortally wounded and been taken to the field hospital, where he died on the morning of July 5. Lieutenant Hauschild, formerly a resident of Gettysburg, was also killed, after having received, but a short time previous, while marching with the regiment through the town, from the windows the salutations of his friends and former fellow citizens. It was about half-past one o'clock when the regiment reached the aforesaid position, and was for several hours severely pressed by the enemy who appeared in outnumbering forces from the north and west, while at the same time it was subjected to the intense cannonading of several well-posted Confederate batteries, until, on account of the pressure brought to bear upon the comparatively small Eleventh Corps by the enemy, the order for retreat was given. Unconscious of the danger to be flanked and captured, the Seventy-fifth Regiment reluctantly obeyed, and not any too soon, for, in order to obtain a place of safety, garden fences had to be torn down, since all the roads and avenues were already in the possession of the enemy. Of the wild disorderly retreat the Eleventh Corps has maliciously been accused, the Seventy-fifth Regiment at least was not guilty; on the contrary, thanks to the collected forethought of Major A. Ledig, who, as the senior officer, had succeeded Colonel Mahler in the command, the regiment retreated in good order. After passing through the town, it was assigned its new position upon the plateau of Cemetery Hill, which forms the northern extremity of the ridge of the same name, where it remained during the course of the battle. In the engagement of the first day, it suffered a loss of fifty-five per cent. No other regiment in the Eleventh Corps met with a similar loss. Owing to the gallant conduct of the Seventy-fifth Regiment, the advance of the enemy was checked, enabling General von Steinwehr, whose military eye had at once recognized the great advantage of such a position as Cemetery Hill, to post his batteries and fortify himself. The wisdom of this measure soon became evident, as Cemetery Hill proved the key of the Federal army during the battle, and had the Eleventh and First Army Corps done nothing else during the

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

entire course of the battle than to maintain that position, it would have covered itself with undisputable glory. In the night of the second day of the battle the Eleventh Corps was surprised by an attack of the Louisiana Tigers on the northeastern declevity of the hill, which resulted in a hand-to-hand encounter in which the Tigers, who never before had met with defeat, were disastrously beaten and routed.

The following were the casualties of the Seventy-fifth Regiment at the Gettysburg battle: Killed, three officers and sixteen men; wounded, five officers and eighty-four men; missing or captured, three men; total, one hundred and eleven.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

81ST REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 12, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN HARRY WILSON

MR. President, comrades of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania and friends:—In almost all human lives, even the most commonplace that have reached maturity and responsibility, there occur circumstances, and happen events, unforeseen, unexpected, it may be, but which have so important a bearing and influence upon those lives as to become startling epochs; which stand out prominently, marking them with a distinctness that can be felt like iron that has been broken and welded together; like hard tangle knots in the otherwise smooth and even thread of life.

Assembled upon the famous battle-ground made sacred a quarter of a century ago by a baptism of blood and sacrifice of precious life on the altar of liberty, and now sanctified by a nation's preservation and a nation's gratitude; assembled to dedicate this beautiful tribute—a lasting memorial to the dead heroes who fought and fell, and arose not again to behold the flying foe and feel the thrill of victory or participate in the after blessings of peace secured and the Union perpetuated, it is highly appropriate, my comrades, to speak of some of those events of the past which we shared with them and with each other.

Feeling down along the thread of life twenty-eight years ago, we come to the greatest event which up to that time had marked their lives and yours and mine. A mighty knot in the life history of the nation. A terrible jumble and tangle, and culmination of discordant elements into one fearful, sudden, horrifying realization—War! "Grim-visaged war," with hideous and defiant front, was on us; and from Fort Sumter the roar of cannon like an electric shock boomed out the story of insult to our country's banner and rebellion to our country's law. How loud! how portentous! No after cannonading in all the war, not even the four hundred guns of Gettysburg pouring out their contents at one time seemed half so loud as

those of the bombardment of Fort Sumter and Major Anderson's noble defense. Along the coast northward it rolled, bounding from wave to wave, and all the seaports from Maryland to Maine heard it as it passed, and sent it on its way with howls of indignation and curses loud and deep. The waves flung it to the mountains; and whirling around the rugged peaks, and sweeping down the valleys, and screaming through the chasms, the mountains sent it spinning on—a national cyclone—across the plains and prairies, and up along the lakes, till striking the Rockies on its westward way, with one wild bound the war cloud leaped the intervening space and burst with fearful and furious import upon the Pacific slopes.

With what result? Why, down from the mountain and up from the valley, in from the field and out from the factory there came

> "The heroes of the north
> Who swelled that grand array,
> And rushed like mountain eagle forth
> From happy homes away."

It required but the call of the President and the quota was filled. And when Mr. Lincoln saw the need of more forces and made a second call, the tide came pouring in, singing on their way:

> "We are coming Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more."

Among them were those who, joining together, were designated the Eighty-first Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. What a change! what an epoch in one's life! Enlisted. Law-abiding citizens of peaceful pursuits and quiet home lives. Enlisted! What for? to fight, and if need be to die, in the cause of our country.

Four companies of the regiment came from the counties of Carbon and Luzerne, among which were some of you. You dropped your tools in the mines and laid aside your caps and lamps to put on the paraphernalia of war. Some of you dropped the hoe and rake in the field and left the plow in the furrow, and bade adieu to the old homestead to seize a musket and cartridge box, to tramp in battle line o'er fields of carnage, and make furrows in the ranks of the enemy. From Mauch Chunk, Lehighton, Weatherly, Lansford, Summit Hill and a score of towns and villages, you followed your leaders, Captain Stroh, Company G; (afterwards lieutenant-colonel), Captain Harkness, Company H (afterward major); Captain Conner, Company I; Captain Foster, Company K; you met six companies of us from Philadelphia, who in like manner with you laid our planes upon the bench, dropped the hammer and trowel, threw down our pens, shut up our ledgers and turning our backs on yard-stick and scales, from store and mill and shop, aye, some of us mere boys from the school room, and following our leaders, Captain Schuyler, Company C; Captain Alexander, Company A; Captain Trump, Company B; Captain Sherlock, Company D; Captain William Wilson, Company E (afterward colonel), and Captain Lee, Company F; we met you and organized at Easton, Pennsylvania, under the following regimental staff officers: Colonel James Miller, a distinguished soldier of the Mexican war; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles F. Johnson, Major Eli T. Conner, Surgeon William A. Gardiner, Adjutant H. Boyd McKeen, and Chaplain Stacy Wilson, your speaker's honored father.

Together you formed a regiment of over nine hundred strong effective men with brave hearts, who were willing to give up the social joys of home, the comforts of life, the companionship of beloved wives, children, parents, brothers, sisters, friends and go forth to endure the privation and exposure of a soldier's life—the weary march, the pelting storm, the lonely picket watch, the smoke and roar and flame of battle, and almost certain death in a thousand horrible forms—it was a turn, an event, an epoch in your lives which left its mark—alas how few remain to speak of it.

In the spring of 1862, the great Second Army Corps was organized, and the Eighty-first Pennsylvania Regiment was assigned to General O. O. Howard's First Brigade of General Richardson's First Division; and from this time until the close of the war at Appomattox Court House, the track of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers was a track of suffering and of blood. If I understand the significance of this monument and the intention of the State, Gettysburg is selected as a representative battle-field, because of its magnitude and importance in the history of the war, and its being located within the limits of the State, which is eminently proper; but that memorial monument, that crown of the victor's glory, that token of a country's loving gratitude, is erected and dedicated in honor of every Eighty-first Regiment Pennsylvania soldier who fought dutifully or fell heroically on any battle-field of the late war—aye, whether he sleeps in an unknown grave, or cemetery lot, or yonder national burying ground.

And now, comrades, I would that I had the voice of a trumpet and a silver tongue that for once something like justice might be done to the record of a regiment, which for some reason has never received that public recognition which it merited. It may have been owing to the fact that our first Colonel Miller (killed at Fair Oaks) and his successor Colonel Conner (killed at Malvern Hill), and Major Harkness, desperately wounded twice and disabled, and other successors in the field and staff, were resident and more particularly known in counties outside of Philadelphia, and consequently did not receive the notice of the press, as did those regiments which were commanded by men of political influence or of large acquaintance in the city.

Some of you comrades, were with the regiment from 1861 to 1865. How eagerly the papers were read with a true soldier's pride. What a thrill of inspiration in the consciousness that it was known at home that we did our duty in the part assigned us. But I ask you to-day, under the shadow of this monument, do you remember in all that four years, ever seeing anything in the papers especially commendatory of our commanding officers and our boys?

Well, behold that monument and rejoice at last, for the old Keystone State speaks to-day and her praises are carved in the solid granite. You have waited patiently and are rewarded at last. And perhaps it is all the better. You are not open to the charge as a regiment of having had your ordinary soldierly conduct magnified into deeds of undue importance; your light brushes and skirmishes with the enemy into sanguinary battles so overdrawn that an honest participant would scarcely recognize the picture.

But, comrades, while we did not begrudge the praise that was lavished

upon other regiments, yet it was somewhat aggravating, that where our loss in killed and wounded was far in excess, to be comparatively unnoted. Colonel H. Boyd McKeen, who had advanced from the position of adjutant to the command of the regiment, and who fell while gallantly leading a brigade in a charge at Cold Harbor—he was a Philadelphian, and had led the regiment into many a battle. But he stood on his merits alone, and with becoming modesty, and the true instincts of a gentleman, scorned the devious methods of paid correspondents, or to seek even the notice that was his due, and the same may be said of our other various commanders. It is a remarkable fact, that with six companies from the city of Philadelphia, yet the regiment is scarcely known to have had an existence.

Bear in mind that it was one of the first regiments of the First Brigade of the First Division of the old fighting Second Corps; "that corps which was always in the front and maintained its existence unbroken from 1861 to 1865; that corps which in fair fight with Lee's great army had captured forty-four Confederate flags ere first it lost a color of its own, that corps which under the command of Sumner, Couch, Hancock, Warren and Humphreys—illustrious roll—left nearly forty thousand men killed and wounded upon the battle-fields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania!

"That corps among whose generals of division were numbered Sedgwick, Richardson, Howard, French, Barlow, Birney, Miles, Mott, Gibbon, Webb and Alexander Hays; the corps which crossed the Chickahominy to the rescue of the beaten left at Fair Oaks—which made the great assault at Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg; that corps on which fell the fury of Longstreet's mighty charge at Gettysburg; which was the rear guard in that delicate change of position and fought its way through the intercepting lines of the enemy at Auburn and Bristoe; that corps which stormed the salient at Spotsylvania, opened the battle on the left at Petersburg, swept down on and outflanked the enemy's position at Five Forks, and which at Farmville fought the last infantry battle of the war against the Army of Northern Virginia," and out of that battle of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania Regiment escaped of those who were present—Colonel William Wilson, Captain James B. McKinley, one other officer, thirty-six men and the colors.

We are proud of the record and the connection, and we stand here to-day to challenge a comparison of the actual facts with any regiment of our glorious State of Pennsylvania, or any other State; not in any jealous or censorious spirit which makes comparisons odious, but simply as a matter of friendly rivalry and in the interests of justice to all. Remember, for four years it followed steadily the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac, sharing its perils uncomplainingly, enduring its hardships cheerfully, performing its duties faithfully. Was there a desperate "charge bayonet" to make? The Eighty-first was generally assigned a place in the advance column. Was there a forlorn hope to be undertaken, involving the probable death of every participant? There is scarcely a comrade here among the survivors but I have seen him pin his name on his knapsack as a memento to wife or children, sweetheart or friend, aye more than once. Was any part of the line pressed and needing help? I have seen you deliberately take the knapsack from your backs, containing the few precious love-tokens

from home, to which you had clung through many a weary march, and deliberately fling it away, that, unincumbered, you might carry your extra cartridges, and double-quick it for two miles on a stretch, close up the gap and halting on a run, open fire on the enemy to his astonishment and defeat. I have seen you march through mud ankle deep, all day long and away into the night under beating rain to reach the enemy. I have seen you in line of battle all night long with orders to build no fires that would betray our position; the only protection around you a cold gum blanket, while the snow and sleet smote your faces, froze on your beards, and the barrel of your inverted musket glistened with ice in the darkness. I have seen you where it was impossible for the commissary department to get rations to the front, faring for three days on three hard-tack, marching, building breast-works, plucking at the grass and snatching at the leaves to chew them if perchance there might be substance to give you strength to go on. I have seen you, for weeks together, the only water you had to drink or make coffee out of, nasty nauseating hot yellow oak-leaf swamp water, which you knew was causing us every day to beat the funeral march behind a comrade at the rate of one a day and we laid him away in his grave perchance half filled with the water that had killed him. And yet you were cheerful. In the name of God, comrades, would any one of you be willing to go through it all again for the whole surplus in the United States Treasury as a hireling—so much for the job? No, comrades, but you did it cheerfully and with self-sacrificing devotion to the patriotic principles which had been sealed with the blood and sufferings of our revolutionary forefathers and handed down as a precious heritage. "The Union forever, one and inseparable," "if any man attempts to pull it down (the stars and stripes) shoot him on the spot;" and you did so and got through successfully, and to-day, standing beside this monument, on the very ground once plowed with a perfect tempest of shot, and shell, and grape, and canister, and minie-balls, marked with your foot-steps in the struggle, stained with your very blood—ah, 'tis your joy to-day, as you cast your eyes to the top of yonder flag pole towering up above the cemetery of sleeping heroes (whose spirits may perchance this moment mingle with us), and southward, to the proud cities of the rebellion; and to Richmond, the Confederate capital, and to the grand old dome at Washington, and floating over every noble institution of our glorious Union, I say it is our joy to know and sing to-day—

> "Our flag is there, our flag is there, we hail it with three loud huzzahs,
> Our flag is there, our flag is there, we greet the sight with glad applause."

But it has left its mark upon you. We look in each other's faces, many of us for the first time in a quarter of a century. How marked the change. Robust, in your young and vigorous manhood, or in the early prime of life then—alas, now prematurely old, wrinkled, gray and weather-beaten, all the more by that early disablement; not all the government millions of surplus can restore that strong right arm, replace that sturdy limb, bring back the nervous energy and vital forces, or displace the aches and pains pertaining to malarial and rheumatic diseases—and yet, should any of you be in circumstances of distress and incapacity to earn a comfortable living, God

pity you if you have no hospital record upon which to base your claims. The incompleteness of our pension legislation makes it possible, by perjury if you will, to secure at least the monstrous sum of from two to eight dollars per month.

And right here we want to lift up our voice, and on the dignity and in behalf of all true soldiers, put down our foot on and denounce and protest against any legislation, any measures for a soldier's benefit, either now or in the time to come, entitled as was a recent bill presented for consideration—(come closer comrades, let me whisper it lest yonder dead turn in their graves; lest the Goddess on the National Monument hear it and drop that laurel wreath,. and the crimson of shame burn on her marble cheek)—a "pauper pension bill!"

But to resume. How little we knew of war in the beginning of those four years of struggle.

How crude our ideas. Do you remember the fears ofttimes expressed with deep concern, when, at Camp California, near Alexandria, Virginia, in 1861, when the news of an important victory reached us from the west or southeast? "There! do you hear that? Just what I have been afraid of—the whole thing will be over and we will have to go home without getting a shot."

Many a time doubtless you have smiled as you read with the eye of a veteran, backed with the experience of having stood your ground and fired upon the enemy at short range until your musket got so hot and foul you couldn't drive a bullet down the barrel, read with amusement the effusions and descriptions by letter, of that earlier time. All in expectation of something terrible and startling—we knew not what—the imagination wrought the most trifling things into shapes marvelous. For instance, a letter in my possession of that time with due soberness relates: "It is generally believed that a spy was in our camp last night, for, at a very late hour, somebody was distinctly heard to have tripped over the captain's tent-rope."

Our first experience in effective duty (comical, but pleasing to recall at this late day), that expedition to Marlboro, to guard the polls at an election. Not a rebel soldier perhaps within twenty miles, but we had out our picket line all the same. In the middle of the night, "bang" went the pickets' portentous gun. "Fall in," "fall in." Great excitement.

"Drummers! beat the long roll." We climbed up shivering to the right, not knowing precisely what the long roll meant, but hammered the sheepskin with frightful vengeance keeping time with our teeth. Rather a cool and frosty night, but with surprising quickness the boys tumbled into line, and presenting a beautiful picture of parade in undress uniform. The longer the enemy put off coming, the more anxious we became to meet him. On examination it was found that a stray pig had wandered too close to a green picket, who, hearing the sound (not knowing but it might be a rebel), levelled his gun, and doubtless with heart in his mouth, hair on end and eyes shut, "let her go." Further examination and inspection in the morning developed the fact, by conclusive proof, that the picket's firing was not entirely ineffective, though the pig escaped.

So, it would be pleasant to go on by the hour recalling the education and

development, and how it gradually dawned on us what actual war meant, and how anything but laughable it would become to have a twenty-four-pound shell playfully to burst itself in one's very arms. Ah! there were to be many fearful experiences and weary hardships, making hard knots in all your individual lives, before you obtained, through discipline and suffering, the hardened, persistent, unfaltering courage to constitute a thorough veteran. Very few of you, my comrades, but feel the twinge of more than one knotty place left on your person where the minie ball, canister shot or piece of shell cut you down, to crawl or be dragged away only to return when recovered, and be cut down again. And hundreds of others of our comrades, some in almost every battle fought by the Second Corps, closed their eyes and sunk down all in a bloody heap; the thread of their lives abruptly broken off; their battle ended forever.

Listen to this record of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania Veteran Regiment, as published in Bates' history, and produce if you can more honorable.

Of the colonel's staff and field officers, four killed, five wounded, two died of disease and one prisoner, and of those wounded, it should be added, wounded two or three times, as was Colonel Wilson, Major Harkness, or as Colonel McKeen, who was wounded badly in three different battles, to return and be killed in another.

Of the line officers, of which it only takes thirty to supply the ten companies of a regiment, fourteen were killed outright, one of them with seven bullets through him and many with two and three. And as others were promoted to fill the vacancies, forty were wounded, and it was a common thing for both officers and men to come out of a single fight with several wounds, and numbers of these also died afterwards from the effects of their wounds.

Of the rank and file, though there were in all some fifteen hundred names enrolled, not more than about twelve hundred men actually reached the front and got into actual engagement.

Of these, two hundred and one were killed outright; five hundred and sixteen wounded, many of which afterwards proved fatal; one hundred and fifty-two were made prisoners of war, many of whom died at Libby or Andersonville prisons, and seventy-nine died of disease. Total loss, one thousand and sixteen; and here is a little band of survivors, which constitute one-third the number perhaps that live to-day of all that mass of men!

Where is the record of any regiment that fought more pitched battles, besides skirmishes, than this one? And one of the proudest things of which you have a right to rejoice, my comrades, is the fact that though in the front from beginning to end, the Eighty-first Pennsylvania Regiment never lost her colors! On the contrary, they had to be renewed at least once, and we think twice, because they had been shot away till but a star or two, clinging to some ragged stripes, were all that was left. Where are to be found a more gallant and intrepid band of officers than were our commanders, from Colonel Miller on down to Colonel Billy Wilson, who was badly wounded at Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania, and narrowly escaped the loss of his life in one of the last battles of the war, for we happened to be looking at him just at the moment the third button of his coat was snipped off his breast with a minie ball, and his face broadened with a grin of approval.

Heroes! prodigies of valor! deeds of daring and deliberate sacrifice of life, which have never been heralded by writer, nor woven into poetic rhythm, nor told in song, nor set to music! Where can be found a grander array or more numerous, than we know to be present by the actual history of our dead comrades, the officers, and especially the rank and file, of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania Regiment? All honor to them. Never was a monument dedicated to more worthy or deserving memories, nor served to perpetuate more sublime achievement than was wrought by these dead heroes. Delightful it would be to all of us, did time and opportunity permit, to take up the theme and individually recount their deeds. Reverently would we speak of Colonels Miller, Conner and McKeen. Of Sherlock, McGee, Vandyke, Young, Lee and Aydelott. Of Samuel Peters, just recovered from former wounds, returning a professed convert from his former gayeties, through reading-matter furnished in the hospital, bringing with him a haversack full of tracts and manfully distributing them with noble words to his astonished comrades, and with new spirit led his company to the enemy's works, and, waving his sword, fell, shot through the heart.

Of Abbott, Phillips and Ginder, Patton, Hawk, Hoover, Charlie Wilson and a score of others. And perhaps the grandest of them all, our noble color-bearers, who knew and looked for nothing else but certain death, a magnificent list of names, worthy to be inscribed upon this monument. Among them McHale, Davis, Shiner, Parkhill and Murray. Ah, some of the deeds wrought by those men, and circumstances attending, contain a pathos that would start the tears from eyes that did not quail at the cannon's mouth. Captain Hackett, Captain Graham, do you remember the lone grave we digged, while we were only drummer boys, down in the little hollow by the woodside, for Color-Bearer Ephraim Davis, after the terrible night-scene of his suffering and death? With an old shovel and some sharpened cracker-box lids we made the excavation, and wrapping him in his blanket all soaked with his blood, let him down, oh, so gently, in his grave. Then laying stones and lumps of earth along the sides, we placed pieces of rough boards across so the falling earth might no strike his honored body. And we cried and could not help it as we filled the grave, and we cut his name deep in a piece of cracker-box lid with our pocket-knives, and filled the letters with ink to make them plain, and planted that poor tombstone at his head, the best and only tribute our loving hearts and willing hands could offer, the companion of our youth, but little older than ourselves, a mere boy himself, shot through and through the body while carrying the colors.

And there was Color-Sergeant James B. Murray. Where ever was found a nobler specimen of patriotic zeal, a more deliberate sacrifice of life. Wounded twice and returned again to challenge death while bearing proudly aloft his country's flag. Three days he remained beyond his term of service, which had expired, and he was entitled to go home to greet the preparation being made for his honorable reception. But we were facing the enemy at Reams' Station, and he declined to leave his comrades in face of a battle. Excused by the colonel, implored by his comrades, aye, almost by force stripped of his accoutrements and flag, and driven to the rear, he goes but a short distance, but cannot break away. His face is

toward home; an honorable discharge his just deserts. His back is to his comrades and the enemy. Life, honor, home are before him; battle and possible death behind him. The enemy charges our works with fearful force. Ten thousand demoniac yells rend the air. See! see! the gallant Murray cannot endure his back turned for this first time toward the foe, and, whirling around, he plunges through the shower of lead and seizing a dead's man's musket takes his place, and falls beside him, shot through the head.

And there was Captain John Bond, served through the war, and now in the very last battle, almost surrounded by the enemy, could have surrendered and had life; but, shaking hands with Comrades Ward and Gallagher, and one other, who agreed together to run the gauntlet from under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, who had overwhelmed our little regiment, and there was naught to do but yield or die. "Boys," said he, "goodbye; they must kill me before they take me," and in ten seconds he was a dead man.

And we must speak a word in memory of Captain Phil. R. Schuyler, in whose honor Post 51 G. A. R. is named. His shoulder terribly mutilated by a large piece of burst shell, while he is in the very act of assisting his dying friend Vandyke. And now knowing he himself must also die, is carried to the rear. What sublime resignation marked his death. Several of his comrades, former associates in the old Summerfield Methodist church choir in Philadelphia, joined with him in song at his request. And, leading with his deep rich voice, in the very approach of death, he sang alone as of old the bass solo first part of—

"Watchman, tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are."

And his comrades answered in full harmony—

Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height, see the glory beaming star.

And the dying Schuyler, with prophetic vision, saw the star of victory for the Union cause rising in the distance, and with the Christian's eye of faith saw the "Star of Bethlehem," the hope of his salvation, and peacefully committed his soul to God.

And we may not pass by that phenomenon of nature, Reddy McHale. That fearless and audacious, freckled-face, pug-nosed country boy from nobody knows where. That careless waif who, it is well known by you all, was deprived of the flag in time of parade because of his personal appearance, his soiled clothing, always burned round the heels of his trousers, his uncombed, uncut, shaggy red hair. But the colors were always regarded safe, if, going into battle, they were in Reddy's hands. Did he not, amid that fearful rain of lead and death, and the confusion of repulse, not only bring our own colors off the field of Fredericksburg but seeing another regiment's colors lying beneath several men, who, trying to rescue them, had fallen dead upon that flag, deliberately stopped and pulled the colors out from underneath them and brought off both triumphantly?

And well you know, comrades, right out there, not fifteen yards from where we stand, he undertook to charge that stone wall alone and fell shot through the heart. And so we might go on by hours, not only in honor

of the dead, but equally brave deeds were done by the living, by many of you, my comrades, who survive and are here to-day. Comrade Winter, we haven't forgotten when you, with others, volunteered to drag those almost surrendered caissons loaded with ammunition, out from the enemy's nose, and under fearful fire, and you did it well.

So we would like to pay a tribute to every comrade here, as to those who fell at their post. They fought gloriously, fell nobly, and are not forgotten. Some lie in yonder cemetery, some were taken to their homes and are laid in the family lot, but many alas lie in deep trenches on other battle-fields. But wherever they are, this monument perpetuates their memory. A grateful country carries them all close to her warm throbbing heart.

Of the battle of Gettysburg, so much has been written ,and published, and exhibited, in Rothermel's celebrated painting, and in the famous Cyclorama, that it is perhaps the most familiar and widely known of any battle that ever transpired in the history of the world. This monument is erected positively on the very line occupied by the Eighty-first Pennsylvania on the second day of the battle. Briefly, the main facts are as follows: Birney's Division of the Third Corps, commanded by General Sickles, had been well advanced yonder to the south and west toward the Emmitsburg pike and Sherfy's peach orchard. About four o'clock in the afternoon, they were furiously attacked by the Confederate divisions of Generals Hood and McLaws. General Lee had determined to outflank or break through the Union left, and had extended his line well around our left toward Round Top. Pender's and Anderson's Confederate divisions were thrown forward in the accumulating assault. Barksdale, with the Mississippians, were massed at the peach orchard. General Warren, with a portion of the Fifth Corps, had just seized Little Round Top in time, and the attack came on. There was not a moment to spare. Position well secured and held to-day, determines the battle to-morrow. The contest becomes desperate. The opposing forces are too powerful. They swing round the left of Birney's Division and come rushing up the valley. Eleven Confederate batteries are pounding our troops. Barksdale's Mississippians break through Graham's feeble line. McGilvery's artillery are driven out and the enemy pour round in rear of the Union troops.

Sweitzer's and Tilton's brigades of the Fifth Corps are hurried forward to Birney's assistance, but are overwhelmed and thrown back, and for a time all appears to be lost. At this moment of suspense a powerful reinforcement is approaching. Who are they? It is the division which Sumner had organized at Camp California, which had been led by Richardson and Hancock, commanded to-day by Caldwell. The scene of contest is this field, the then wheat-field afterwards so famed in history and painting. It is called the "whirlpool of the battle of Gettysburg." The woods yonder to the south and west were full of the exultant enemy.

Says Walker in his history: "Across this space, the fiery Cross led the First Brigade, composed of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Amos Stroh, Sixty-first New York, Fifth New Hampshire and One hundred and forty-eighth Pennsylvania, but he moved on to his death. Leading his well-approved brigade with splendid enthusiasm, he fell mortally wounded with hundreds of his men. More than one-

third of those oft-decimated regiments are killed and wounded before the brigade is brought to a stand, but at last they are checked by the weight of withering fire from the stone wall (that very stone wall, yonder, comrades), which then as now, lined the further edge of the wheatfield. And now Brooke's Brigade advanced from the rear to our relief and support, and the position is held and secured with the loss of almost half our effective strength, the ground being disputed with a stubbornness seldom equalled."

That is what Walker says of us. We modestly thank him for telling the story for us. We are satisfied to take our share of honors if we deserve them, with the brigade. We don't claim to have fought the whole battle of Gettysburg, or to have been braver or fought harder than others. We simply came with a stronger force to the support of those who were being overwhelmed by a superior force to themselves, took our ground where ordered, stuck there, shot as fast as we could, and simply did our duty, then, as before and afterward. The loss shows that every third man who was in the fight was killed or wounded.

Of General Lee's fatal mistake, and Pickett's fearful charge on the third day of the battle, all are familiar, and the disastrous results to the enemy; we all recognized the fact that the backbone of the enemy was broken. He proved, however, to be a healthy invalid to handle afterward. Indeed, we do not at all feel it improper, even under these circumstances, to express our admiration of the magnificent courage and devotion displayed by our mistaken brothers of the south, in that most persistent, steady, brilliant onward voluntary submission to slaughter, never excelled for fidelity and only equalled by a like charge and slaughter of the Second Army Corps at Fredericksburg. And it was the Second Corps who received them and were avenged.

There is another epoch to which we call your attention, which marked another turn in your lives, one more agreeable. It was the morning of the 9th of April, 1865. In the front line of battle following up Lee's retreating army, was the little remnant of the Eighty-first Pennsylvania Regiment. The scene is Appomattox Court House. The line of battle was formed in the early morning after a march of most of the night previous. The mists lay in the valley before us. Chased away by the rising sun, there rose on our view a commanding ridge, a fine position for an army to make a stand. If so, those heights are to be taken. That means another charge. That means strong probability of death before that sun shall set. With such gloomy prospects, and entirely unaware of the fact that we had Lee cut off on the other side from further retreat, what was our astonishment when General Grant rode right up to our front line with his staff, and called for our division band of thirty-six pieces. Like men in a dream we heard the command to "march by the flank," and filed into the road. What can it mean? Listen! "The star spangled banner," and we follow the general, every nerve tingling with a new sensation and quivering with the shock of sudden transition. Many a time we had been fooled with dreams of home, and had learned to distrust them. But this is certainly real. Listen! "The red, white and blue." We have reached the base of the hill. Lee's soldiers are at the top, and we are marching up. There is no cannonading, no leaden hail, no death. Perfect silence reigns

among the men. They seem to glide like spectres, each man absorbed with powerful and dazzling reflections. But the music goes on—"Hail Columbia—happy land." Around the hill top we march. The web is complete "Halt!" and the stipulations of Lee's unconditional surrender are read, while our hearts beat with a rapture which must be akin to that of entering the "Golden Gates." Comrades, can we ever forget the wild joy of that happy hour?

The war over—battles ended—peace secured—home at last. And following on top of this delicious experience, we reach the city of Washington, capital of our glorious Union. The grand review and reception of the victorious army of the North is the order of the day. Alas, there is only one painful feature connected with it. Our dead comrades, our dead comrades, who shared our hardtack and canteen, blanket and forage, and fell by our side—they, who deserve it most, cannot enjoy it. Oh, that they might be here, what a happy day! The commander-in-chief and the great men of the nation are in the special stand erected for them to review the passing victors.

Pennsylvania avenue is packed and crowded. Seats are improvised in every possible form, at porches, piazzas and windows, until it appears like a solid sea of faces on both sides from curbstone to roof top. The air is thick with waving banners. It is the spring time, and everybody's hands are filled with flowers. The atmosphere is impregnated with their fragrance. Fathers, mothers, wives, children, friends are here, and have brought roses to shower on the honored, the beloved veteran coming home from the war bringing victory with him. Was there ever such a proud day? Bands of music are playing thrilling national airs as we march. On we go, two little divisions across that avenue in line—all that could be got from every quarter, with our ragged, bullet-riven colors still waving above us, stepping time to the music. Clapping of hands, shouts of recognition, cheers, plaudits of welcome greet us on every side. Hands are reached out to us, and we hear our names, but we do not stop. Look! we are approaching the grand stand, the conquering chieftain is there, our noble lieutenant-general. We pass under triumphal arches. See, his eye is on us—he knows us and all about us; the signal is given, the drums roll the salute, the flag is dropped, he raises his hat and a smile lights his face. "Present arms." And every sword's point is lowered and every musket brought to the front of his person with that military motion of salute, and we march by with the band playing "Hail to the chief." The review is over.

But our dead comrades. Is there no part for them? Ah, yes, we are looking forward to another epoch, in which, please God, they'll share.

It is when the trump shall sound and the dead shall arise from the dust. "Verily they shall have their reward." May it not be so, may it not be so, comrades? See, the old Eighty-first gathering together again. From Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, Antietam and Gettysburg, Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, shaking off their dust the warriors gather. From Wilderness and Cold Harbor, Spotsylvania and Petersburg, Bristoe and Farmville, they are coming together; the souls of our departed comrades and commanders for the final grand review and reception to the faithful, in the

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

eternal city. And we too, comrades, if we are faithful to the sacred dead, and to ourselves, and to each other, and to God, we too, through the all merciful provision of the loving Father may join the grand review, when, shoulder to shoulder, as conquering heroes, we may march the chief thoroughfare of the New Jerusalem, the battle of life ended and the final victory won.

And while the bands of Heaven play, and choirs of angels sing; with the banner of the cross, the emblem of our hope, above us; treading out the exotic sweetness of flowers from the fields of Paradise, may we receive on every side the greeting and welcome of the loved ones there awaiting us; and marching up in grand review before the king of kings, the captain of the world's salvation, may it be ours to see His smile, and hear His divine plaudit "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter in and sit down on my right hand, gathered home forever." Amen; so let it be.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

82D REGIMENT INFANTRY

JUNE 13, 1888

ADDRESS OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN M. WETHERILL

FRIENDS and comrades:—The people of Pennsylvania, mindful of the services of her soldier sons, have ordered, through their representatives, the Legislature and the Governor of the State, the erection of monuments to commemorate their deeds upon this battle-field, and have confided to the survivors of those who fought here the duty of selecting the form and locating the place upon which they are erected.

In accordance with this trust, we are assembled to-day, to deliver to the proper authority this complete structure, erected as a lasting witness and testifying that it is the place where your most valuable services and sacrifices in this battle were rendered to the cause of our country.

For the purpose of handing down this record to future generations, the same organization is assembled here that occupied it a quarter of a century ago. But how changed! Then in the full bloom of active manhood, in martial array, with banners streaming, drums beating, with bright arms, erect bearing, and all the manly pride and bravery of the experienced soldier.

Now the few survivors advance to this well-remembered spot with bended form, halting from wounds and with tottering step. Some still retain something of the elasticity of youth, but in the youngest the hair is sprinkled with white, and the eye, accustomed to the listlessness of peace, has lost, in advancing age, the sternness of expression with which it formerly undauntedly gazed into the fire of opposing musketry.

Many are missed, laid low by the storm of subsequent battles, and time, a more relentless enemy, has more than decimated the remainder.

We, the few who are left, with grateful acknowledgments to the Almighty, who, through these memorable scenes of our lives, has preserved us to the present, rejoice that we are permitted to assemble upon this historic field to consummate the purpose which the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has so kindly assigned us.

It is fitting that, on this occasion, the record of this part of your services to your country should be recorded. I wish I were better able to perform this pleasing duty, for no tongue can be too eloquent, or pen too graceful to describe the deeds of the patriotic soldiers, who have made this field historic throughout all coming ages.

There is no need to remind you of the 1st day of July, 1863, when you were encamped on the line of Pipe creek, thirty-seven miles distant from the ground on which we now stand. How pleasant and cheerful had been the day of rest, which, after your rapid march from the Potomac, you enjoyed in the woods near the banks of that insignificant rivulet. The long summer day had ended and night closed upon the scene. Momentarily expecting tattoo you were making preparations to enjoy the unwonted luxury of a summer night's sleep under the trees.

The drummer's call is heard. What is it? It is yet too early for tattoo. Soon you learn, as out beats the assembly, letting you know there is no rest for that night. The accoutrements put on, the shelter tents unfastened and distributed, the orderly's command, "Fall in," the roll called and all accounted for, these are the work of a moment. With brief ceremony, the regiment is formed and you are on the march. No one knows where. Your brigade heads the column. In the darkness the road is mistaken, and two miles added to the march in regaining the right direction.

Well was it for you that the day had been one of rest—for hour after hour through the night the march continues. Daylight saw you still steadily advancing with ranks well closed up; and sunrise shows you a pleasing country with hills and valleys well cultivated, the abode of an energetic, thrifty and happy population.

You learn that you are on the Baltimore turnpike, and that your objective point is Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, yet many miles distant. The knowledge that you are marching to defend the soil of your State inspires additional ardor and, regardless of fatigue, you press on in unbroken ranks with renewed determination.

Hour after hour the march continues, until about three o'clock in the afternoon, from the hollow of Rock creek, you discern the cemetery near the road, and stretching along the ridge, forever after to be called by that name—the Union line of battle.

Brief is the halt. The reinforcement of your corps, eagerly looked for by General Meade, has arrived, and the positions of its divisions and brigades marked out before their arrival. Some to the right, others to the center; your brigade files to the left, and crossing through the fields strikes the Taneytown road, and marches along it to the rear of Round Top. Here your arms are stacked in line and you prepare what food you can, still wearing all equipments. This pleasant business just begun, the assembly call is heard, and again you quickly form in line. But for a short time. The emergency is passed, and dismissed again your rough repast is pre-

pared, and night soon coming on, your blankets are spread for beds upon the grass, among the gigantic boulders, under the luxuriant foliage of the grove, and grateful sleep, unrealized by any but those who have experienced a similar labor, ends the day.

With the first streak of early dawn, refreshed by welcome rest, again you are in position. Now you feel that business is to be done. Rifles are examined and cartridges counted. So pressing is the occasion, no time can be spared for breakfast. A draught of water from the canteens and a hard tack munched at intervals as you march, are your only repast, as soon in route you retrace your steps of the afternoon before, along the Taneytown road.

The sun rises bright and clear, and the grass, wet with dew, sparkles in its beams. It is the last sunrise on earth to many brave men, but its cheerful rays banish all forebodings as you gaily strike across the fields towards Culp's Hill. Soon the cannon opens upon your rear. This is from an unexpected quarter, as our own lines are between you and the enemy, but still you advance with the steadiness contracted by two years of discipline and the experience in many battles. Some one orders the flag unfurled, thinking our own men are firing upon you by mistake. The order comes to furl the flag, as it is not advisable to make too prominent a mark, and you soon discover the cause of the disturbance to be from the enemy, who, occupying an elevated position, is thereby enabled to fire over our lines along Cemetery Ridge and into your rear. Still advancing under this fire, in time you reach the hollow just below and to the west, easily discernible from this position were it not for the foliage of the trees. The brigade is formed in column of regiments—in line. General Geary, in command of this portion of the field, appears and a brief consultation is held. The One hundred and twenty-second New York is ordered forward to this spot, supported by the Eighty-second Pennsylvania, with instructions to drive out the enemy from our intrenchments, which they had occupied the night before. The engagement opens briskly with the One hundred and twenty-second New York, and their firing is rapid and successful, the Confederates being driven back.

Then the Eighty-second Pennsylvania relieves them and occupies the intrenchments, the enemy endeavoring their recapture, but, failing in the attempt, and after his failure maintaining a desultory fire for a considerable time, which is replied to in a similar manner by the Eighty-second and the Twenty-third Pennsylvania on your right, and the Sixty-seventh New York on your left.

This is without much result on either side, and after a time all firing ceased, and some of the enemy's wounded came and were brought into our lines.

When the firing on both sides had ceased, you were relieved from this position by a portion of General Geary's command, and you retire to the ravine at the foot of the hill on which we now stand, thinking that for the present your labors are over.

But the enemy, finding himself unable to withstand the attack in front, opens upon your rear with his artillery, firing, as he had previously done, over our lines, along Cemetery Ridge. Nothing is gained to him by this

procedure, for well you have learned that artillery is more noisy than harmful at the distance in which it was operated, and not to be compared in its effect with the more quiet and deadly musketry. Finding his efforts useless, the artillery fire upon you is finally turned in another direction. Your rest, however, is but of short duration. General Meade had perceived the massing of the enemy's center, and the fire of his artillery was now directed upon our batteries, which lined our front along Cemetery Ridge. Anticipating the movement which culminated in Pickett's charge, he desired to strengthen his center, now known to be the intended point of attack. Not a moment is to be lost and your brigade is ordered to the center in double-quick time. In almost a run you arrive upon the ground, and are posted a little to the left of the center, in rear of artillery, which replies, gun for gun, with the rapid discharges of their opponents. Soon the artillery fire ceases, and Pickett's gallant men advance to the attack.

Perceiving the point towards which his movement is directed, your brigade is moved a short distance to our right, to form a line of battle in the rear of the front to furnish a resisting force in case the lines in front should be unable to withstand the attack.

The suspense is brief—the enemy with all his gallantry being but able to reach our first line, when, broken in pieces, torn and dispirited, his brave men regain, as best they can, their position in their own lines, and the battle of Gettysburg is practically decided in favor of the Union army. Many gallant Confederates remain on the field, and the long column of prisoners and their exhibited flags add additional evidence to the successful defense of the Union position. Thus the fighting is ended, but the 4th of July found you upon the same ground, without shelter from the rain which pitilessly beat upon you throughout the day and night.

Early on the 5th, the day bright and clear, you bade farewell to the battle-field at Gettysburg, not again visited by the organization till now—nearly twenty-five years after. Marching across a portion of the field of the former three-days' contest the column of the Sixth Corps leads the van in pursuit. All day long you follow closely upon the heels of the retreating enemy, and as the sun is setting, through one of the passes of the mountains is heard the report of a cannon, and a shell whistles over the advancing force, and you know that he is brought to bay. Your line files to the right of the road, others to the left, and, standing in position, you await the development of his movements. They are soon learned. In the growing darkness his artillery is limbered up in retreat, and as night steals on you lie down on your arms in cheerful slumbers, proud and happy of the result of the battle, which has driven our enemy from the north, taught the lesson that no hostile invader dare with impunity put his foot on Pennsylvania soil, freed the capital of the nation, as well as the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, from the fear of rebel occupation, and by the staggering blow which the enemy received opened up in your minds the pleasing prospect of a speedy return to your homes by the termination of the war.

But many military operations had yet to be performed before the end is reached.

Time will not permit more than allusion to your many days and nights of

service in battles and marches. Volumes have been written and will be again, picturing the ever-memorable deeds of the armies, ending by the virtual closing of the war in the surrender at Appomattox.

On this monument are inscribed Yorktown, Fair Oaks, White Oak Swamp, Malvern, Antietam, Williamsport, Fredericksburg, Franklin's Crossing, Marye's Heights, Salem Heights, Gettysburg, Funkstown, Rappahannock Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomoy, Cold Harbor, Petersburg (1), Fort Stevens, Winchester, Dabney's Mills, Fort Fisher, Petersburg (2), Sailor's Creek and Appomattox Court House—not all the engagements in which you participated and rendered valuable service, but only those in which the archives of the War Department certify to your losses in killed and wounded.

Their simple recital speaks volumes to you whose memory recalls the stirring events connected with their names. The enduring granite will hand the record down to future generations, who will value your services as priceless, when they know and feel that this war was not alone for the maintenance of the Union of the States, but for sustaining, besides, the liberties of all the people of the country, which, without the existence of the Union, could not have been nor cannot be preserved.

Our military service is ended. Should war occur in the future our country requires young and active men for its soldiers. Our part in our day and generation has been performed. Remembering the martial ardor of our youth, regretfully we feel

> "O now forever
> Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
> That make ambition virtue.
> Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner; and all quality,
> Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

But it is still left to us, from our military experience, to instruct our sons in the knowledge we have acquired and the principles formed in our martial life, that the honorable character and military practices of the soldier may be familiar to the rising generations, should they have need of their exercise.

But though the physical strength and capacity of endurance of the soldier is gone from us, the moral vigor of our position, as defenders of the flag, gives our sentiments upon every question relating to the welfare of our country, a stronger claim for acceptance to all, both young and old.

It will, in this view, not be considered presumptuous to remind the people of the State and Nation, that principle for which you fought was the "Union of the States," and to say that though the Union was attacked during the late war upon the pretext of the preservation of the institution of slavery, that hereafter the furtherance of some other object, popular with large portions of the people, may be made by designing and ambitious men the ostensible reason for its attempted overthrow. And let us remind them that the Union, founded on popular attachment to its principles, will be constantly imperilled, unless a sentiment of kindly and fraternal feeling exists among all classes of our citizens, whatever may be their business pursuits or means of livelihood.

In furtherance of these views, therefore, let us endeavor by our counsels to hasten the day when every shade of bitterness between the North and the South, shall have passed away, so that, if not in the present, at least in the next generation, if possible, nothing of the incidents of the war be remembered without regret, except the achievements of the soldiers of both armies. And let us teach that their achievements are the common heritage and glory of all the people of all sections of the country.

And let us not forget to say, that the men of the North fought for the Union, not for our section alone, but that its benefits and blessings should belong to and be the heritage of the whole country, south and north, as well for those who fought against it; and that the surrender at Appomattox established popular liberty for the whole country, as well for them as for us.

So that future generations though remembering, with pride the gallant achievements of their southern ancestors on this and other fields, will yet regard as a blessing their defeat as securing to all (by the preservation of the Union), the inestimable boon of personal and political liberty, and the right to manage their own domestic affairs subject only to the necessary restraints of the Federal Constitution.

And we, too, the people of the North, will claim a part of the glory of the deeds of our then enemies (not so now). For with our country fully reunited, their achievements will be recognized as the work of the American nation, and the sons of the North will claim a share of the glory of the Confederate conduct of battle, as well as the southern born, for its gallantry was the heroism of the people of the United States, and as such it belongs to all, the North as well as the South.

Then shall we in all sincerity feel that "we are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it has not burst the bonds of our affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and every patriot's grave to every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, have swelled the chorus of the Union, touched as they have been by the better angels of our nature."

And now, resting on the field to-day, we view, after twenty-five years of absence, the scene of one of the most glorious achievements of your youth. The distant hills and mountains present the same appearance as they did a quarter of a century since; but how altered the rest! In place of the long lines and glittering musketry of the infantry, the booming of cannon, whistling of bullets and the galloping clang of horsemen, we look upon a gladdening scene of husbandry. The fields are covered with grain, and the cheerful cry of the farmer to his team has supplanted the stern and determined military command. The ring of the mower's instrument takes the place of the clang of the military sabre. The puff of the locomotive supplants the smoke of the cannon, and its whistle, the booming of the discharge.

On the spot in the rear of Round Top (where you rested among the boulders from your tired march of the night of the 1st of July) is heard among the trees, when summer sunshine renders cheerful days, the pleasing harmonies of the flute and viol, and youths and maidens lightly trip the mazy dance or whirl the affectionate waltz. On the ridge fronting your

position flourishes the grape, and the wine pressed upon the spot cheers the hearts alike of Union and Confederate soldier, as they view the place of their former exploits.

Pleased, we survey the scene, for this spectacle, the epitome of our country's prosperity, in agriculture, manufactures, and social life, is your work. Without your victories on this and other fields the Union, the source of this happiness of all, would be a thing of the past, and desolation have taken the place of the cheerfulness we now behold.

Let then the dancers, as they wind their graceful movements, give one thought to the tired men, who, a quarter of a century ago, so soundly slept upon and gallantly defended the place of their present festivities, and the traveler, who, viewing the battle-field, pauses in his survey for a goblet of native wine, remember the soldier parched and thirsty from the dust and smoke of battle, who, no matter whether he fought on the right or the wrong side, whether he wore the blue or the gray, still sacrificed himself for a patriotic sentiment, and in regretful memory of the past "Quaff a cup to the dead already," and, thankful for the present one, to "the health of the next man that dies."

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN G. W. WATERHOUSE

COMRADES:—For a quarter of a century the summer's sun has shone, and the winter's snows have fallen upon this historic spot since that event in the past which we of the present come to-day to emphasize to the future, by the dedication of this historic stone.

To-day, surrounded by all the blessings of peace, it is my privilege to extend to you, my comrades, a heartfelt greeting, on the ground where in deadly fray we were gathered so many years ago; and where so many of our comrades gave testimony to their loyalty to the land of their birth and adoption, by baptizing this soil with their blood.

What memories! Memories that time has but made more hallowed, crowd upon us, as we are here assembled, in this work of love! How that toilsome march of thirty-seven miles, under the hot sun of the 2d of July, come vividly back to us, ending as it did with our arrival on the battle-field at about one o'clock in the afternoon.

How well old uncle John Sedgwick kept his word to the commander of the Army of the Potomac, when he promised him to have the Sixth Corps on the field of Gettysburg at two o'clock, you all know. How well we remember our first assignment to position in the rear of the Third Corps, and our movement later on the next day to this spot on which we now stand, where we relieved the gallant Geary's boys, supporting the Twelfth Corps; and in that fearful conflict which made Culp's Hill historic ground.

I might go on for some time and try to recall other facts; but our time is limited to a space. And now, my comrades, our duties for this occasion are done, our mission performed. This will be the Mecca to which our thoughts and our footsteps, as long as life is with us, will ever tend, and may future generations, looking upon this stone, learn lessons of loyalty

which will lead them to strive to emulate the patriotism and devotion of those who had the honor to be known as the Eighty-second Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, Shaler's Brigade, Wheaton's Division, Sedgwick's Corps, Army of the Potomac.

REMARKS OF CORPORAL WILLIAM H. REDHEFFER, SECRETARY OF THE EIGHTY-SECOND ASSOCIATION OF PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

COMRADES:—When a proper history of the grand old Army of the Potomac, of its many severe struggles, marches and hard-fought battles to get possession of its great objective point—Richmond—and the heroic deeds of its valorous commanders and soldiers, shall have been written, no one name of that galaxy of heroes will stand out brighter or more prominent than that of George Gordon Meade.

That grand old army that was so often out-generaled, and whose commanders were so often out-manoeuvred, but whose soldiers were never whipped. You all remember the Peninsular Campaign under that (then) idol of the army, McClellan, with our marches and counter-marches, fatigues, hardships and battles, and our many reverses, and yet the old army was never defeated, discomfited or discouraged. These to be succeeded by the Maryland Campaign, under the old commander, McClellan, with Antietam and the various other victorious battles—to be succeeded in turn by Burnside and the reverses at Fredericksburg, and the "Mud March," with the toils, hardships and privations incident to those campaigns; and then "Fighting Joe" Hooker, with Chancellorsville, Marye's Heights and Salem Church; to be followed by the second invasion of Maryland and the penetration of the loyal soil of our own State of Pennsylvania. You, comrades of the old "Shaler's Brigade," remember how, in the latter part of June, 1863, while on the march, we were informed of the displacement of Hooker and the substitution of that grandest of all our commanders, General Meade, to the command of our grand old army. You remember, too, the grumblings and feelings of disappointment and distrust amongst the rank and file at the placing of, as we then thought, a new man at the head of the army, and one who was then comparatively unknown beyond the limits of his own (Fifth) corps.

The first day's fight at Gettysburg, the fall of that gallant soldier, Reynolds, and the sending for our division commander, Newton, to go to the front, to take Reynolds' place, in command of his corps, are still fresh in your minds. You remember, also, the night march of the first day of the fight, to reach the field of battle in time to take part therein. Wherever the nation most needed a soldier, there some of the grand old Sixth Corps were sent.

After our victory here at Gettysburg, then the charge at Funkstown, and the driving of the rebels from our soil, and the ending of the Pennsylvania

campaign. None of us who took part in that battle knew of the anxious days in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and New York, nor of the many sleepless nights passed by the people of those cities during that time; and not until it was known by them that the grand old invincible Army of the Potomac was confronting Lee and his hosts was confidence restored.

This victory at Gettysburg was the first step in the disruption and downfall of the so-called Southern Confederacy. After that the old foe of our army fought on the defensive. No more offensive campaigns; no more invasions of Pennsylvania or Maryland were attempted by them. To have lost at Gettysburg meant the imperilling and possible capture of Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and perhaps New York city, and the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by foreign powers. These catastrophes would have prolonged the war for years and left the end in doubt. Of course, this is mere conjecture or speculation, but it is the sort of thing indulged in in everyday life, and is pardonable here.

General Meade was, to my mind, the greatest soldier and general that ever commanded our old Army of the Potomac. He was a soldier by instinct and education; one of sound judgment and good hard common sense. You must remember that the battle of Gettysburg, the best fought and most decisive in results of the war, was fought within less than one week after he had assumed command of the army. We were on the march for somewhere, wherever Lee's army might be. But where were they? That was the question. Like the true soldier that he was, Meade took command, and within less than one week thereafter, fought the hardest battle of the war, with the most glorious results. General Meade was no hurrah soldier; he was a soldier in the strongest acceptation of the term; and I do not wish to detract from the merits of any of the other heroes of the war when I repeat that to my mind—a soldier in the ranks—he was the greatest strategist, fighter and soldier that ever commanded our army. There have been other claimants for the honor of having selected the position for the battle of Gettysburg, and some have boldly asserted that Meade had nothing to do with it, while others, in their claim, would almost make one think that Meade wasn't in the fight at all.

When Meade took command, our army was acting on the defensive. We were after our old foe, Lee; but where he was at that time, no one knew. Therefore, Meade was obliged to move cautiously and feel his way gradually. But, when Buford discovered the enemy's whereabouts, and the gallant Reynolds, soldier-like, obeyed the soldier instinct and marched his column toward the sound of the guns, and fell, covered with glory, then Meade knew where Lee was, and immediately ordered his entire army to the scene of conflict, Gettysburg. His instructions to Hancock, of July 1, were, "That you proceed to the front, and by virtue of this order, in case of Reynolds' death (as reported) you assume command of the corps there assembled;" and he further said, "In case the ground and position are better for a fight than the one heretofore selected (Pipe creek), you will advise me and I will order all the troops up." Hancock reported, and Meade ordered all the troops up at once and arrived on the field in person shortly after midnight. Now, if General Meade did not select the site for that battle, who did? Surely, no one will

argue but that as general commanding, he could, after the first day's fight, have withdrawn the army to Pipe creek or elsewhere, if he so chose, and fought his battle. Meade's instructions to Hancock cannot be mistaken or misunderstood, read them as we will. He said, "If you think the ground and position (at Gettysburg) a better one on which to fight a battle * * *. so advise me, and I will order all the troops up." If he had not have intended to give battle to the enemy, wherever he found him, with advantages always in our favor, wouldn't he have ordered a retreat, even after Hancock's report, and fought on ground of his own selection? Most assuredly.

Meade intended to fight, not retreat; and he fought with results well known to us all. And the future historian, in reviewing the many battles of the rebellion, and the soldiers that participated therein, will I feel satisfield, accord to General Meade the full merit and praise that he earned, and to which he is so justly entitled.

I have always believed that Divine Providence had much to do with the selection of General Meade as our commander at that battle. We could have afforded and did suffer reverses in many of our battles without serious effect, but supposing we had been defeated there, then what?

I have no words of condemnation or censure, nor do I say it in a spirit of fault-finding, but I think a mistake was made in not naming General Meade for the lieutenant-generalcy. I don't say this out of any disrespect, or to detract from the laurels of the soldier that was named for that position—for I consider him one of the ablest of our generals. That Meade was a great and safe soldier, thoroughly efficient and competent in every respect, was attested to by General Grant himself, in retaining him as commander of the Army of the Potomac. He ably aided and seconded Grant in his plans and campaigns, which culminated in the defeat of Lee's army, and the overthrow of the rebellion; and if he had not have been a true soldier, Grant would not have tolerated him for a moment. And the strongest argument that I can make in support of my assertion of the slight put upon Meade, is this action of Grant's in retaining him in command of our army as he did.

After a while, those who follow after us will write a correct history of our deeds, without fear, favor or affection, and without passion or prejudice. Then I am satisfied that full justice will be done the name of General Meade, and his name will stand out boldly in the front rank with the other heroes of the Union armies that took part in the war of the rebellion.

The gatherings of old soldiers on old battle-fields should be encouraged, not only by the soldiers who took part in them, but by the people at large, as they serve to keep alive the old fraternal feelings between old comrades-at-arms, and stimulate the rising generation to emulate the example of their sires, and fosters and kindles in the breast of the young a proper spirit of patriotism and love of country; so that in the future, should our country's life ever again be imperiled, they will spring to her defense with the same spirit and as gallantly as did their fathers before them.

Comrades, some of us who meet here upon this occasion, may, perhaps, never attend such another gathering. We are getting old and others must take our places. Let our actions be such that we would have our children emulate them. Let us do no act or say one word the recital of which would wound the feelings of others or cause pain to ourselves. Let our every-day

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

lives be living examples of probity, honor and rectitude, for our children and our children's children.

Comrades, I am done. That God, in his infinite wisdom, may guide us all in the future as he has in the past, is my earnest prayer.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

83D REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF COLONEL D. C. McCOY

COMRADES:—When some years ago the proposition was first made in our association to erect, on his historic field, a memorial in honor of those who here fought and fell, it was well understood that there would be difficulties to meet and obstacles to overcome. When a committee was appointed to carry out the project, it was known that the duties and labors of the committee would be various and arduous, requiring a considerable sacrifice of time; but it was manifestly proper that the idea should be carried out, and that the monument so erected should have inscribed upon it the names of those who here gave their lives in defense of our government against the assaults of armed treason. It was also fitting that such a memorial shaft should be surmounted by a statue of our leader, the gifted, genial, gallant Vincent, who here, with the others named, gave his young life, with all its future bright prospects, a sacrifice upon the altar of his country.

After years of effort on your part, and after considerable progress had been made, the State of Pennsylvania came to your aid, and made the success of the undertaking not only possible but readily practicable, and to-day we behold in this beautiful monument the end of your labors and the consummation of our desires.

Gentlemen, you have done your work, and you have done it well, and I here, and now, as the president and representative of the Association of the Eighty-third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers accept at your hands this monument, and in doing so I know that I voice the sentiment of every member of the association, when I tender you, as I now do, our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for your assiduous and successful labors in this behalf.

And, while we realize that the heroes whom this monument commemorates, sacrificed their lives on the soil of Pennsylvania in repelling from her borders an invading foe, with treason to her institutions and spoil of her property inscribed upon its banners, and that some tribute to their memory on the part of the Commonwealth seems to be not only proper but also demanded, yet, after all this, for the timely and generous donation made by it, the State of Pennsylvania deserves, and is hereby tendered, the warmest thanks of the association.

We, therefore, now dedicate this monument and the statue with which it is adorned, to the purpose for which they were erected, as set forth in the several inscriptions thereon. We further, now turn it over to the custody and care of the monumental association here having jurisdiction, and have only to add that we are proud of the work which we present, and proud of what it commemorates. We present it with the hope and expectation that it will remain as long as the institutions in defense of which the men named upon it died, are respected and revered; and as long as those institutions shall endure, as the evidence "that these dead have not died in vain."

ADDRESS OF LIEUTENANT O. W. NORTON.

WHAT man is there of all this assembly whose thought does not go back to-day in tender remembrance of one or more of those four hundred and thirty brave hearts who gave up their lives on some one of these thirty-one battle-fields, from Yorktown to Appomattox, or in some hospital, where, after the battle, he was carried, suffering from wounds that made him envy the fate of comrades to whom the instant summons came with the sharp crack of the rebel rifle or the shriek of the bursting shell?

Is there one who has not some morning shared his coffee and hard tack with a dear friend; gone on the cold and muddy march, or along the dusty weary way with him, laughing, chatting, singing the old marching songs to lighten the step, and at night, after the battle, lain down alone in the bivouac, the voice of that comrade hushed forever, his body only waiting to be laid with other fallen heroes in that long trench?

Is there one who has not been appealed to by the wife, the mother or the sister of the dear one, for something more definite than the brief official report, "Killed at Gaines' Mill;" "Killed at Malvern Hill;" "Killed at Gettysburg?"

Is there one whose heart has not bled with sympathy for the friends of his comrade, strangers to him perhaps, as, seated under his shelter-tent with a cracker-box for a table, he tried to write something that would comfort the sad hearts, telling how bright and cheerful their dear one had been that last day; how gloriously he fought until struck down; how often he had spoken of the loved ones at home, and asked in the phrase that put death far away, that they might be written to if "anything happened to him?"

Have the years that have passed since, brought to us any stronger friendships than those formed by us who "drank from the same canteen?" Those were glorious days, when, the blood of youth coursing through our veins, we consecrated ourselves to the stars and stripes, and devoted our lives to the preservation of the government of the people, by the people and for the people. We were all willing to die if need be. Some were taken and others left.

It is meet that we come to this holy ground, consecrated to freedom by the life-blood of a host of fallen comrades, and bring our wives, our sons and daughters, that with us they may feel the spirit of this place, may know what

here their fathers did, and what their mothers, whose hearts were on this field, suffered, and while we renew our vow of undying allegiance to the government saved by blood, make their vow to preserve it when we have gone to join our comrades.

What shall we say to-day of those who fell in the struggle? A year would not be long enough to mention by name the more than forty men of each company, and recount the glorious deeds of each. Military rank was an accident or incident of the service. It has perished. Privates, corporals, captains, colonels, are melted into an army of heroes. Each did his duty in his place, and has gone to his reward. We, privates and officers, meet to-day with rank abolished, and as citizens and heirs of the rich inheritance they left us, honor their memory.

Each of us has in his heart the memory of some comrade who fell, dear to him, but perhaps unknown to most of the twenty-two hundred and seventy men, who, from first to last make up the Eighty-third. Not four years of service could suffice to make all the men of the regiment personally known to each other, but that service did suffice to inspire in the heart of every member a feeling of security and invincibility in the line of battle, when, standing to defend, or advancing to attack, he knew that the men on his right and left wore on their caps those silver letters "83 P. V.," and that touching elbows with the last one on the flank was that other one of "Butterfield's twins," the Forty-fourth New York.

Some few of the hundreds who fell, by reason of official position, came into personal relation with all. Is there one here to-day of the thousand stalwart bayonets who followed the gallant McLane across the Long Bridge on the first entrance of the Eighty-third into Virginia, who can ever forget him, or cease to mourn his untimely fate? His noble presence alone was an inspiration. His faithful drilling of the regiment during the weary months at Hall's Hill had much to do with its later efficiency. When passing along that restless line at Gaines' Mill, he replied to the men who were tired of watching for the enemy that would not come, "Boys, you will see enough of them before night;" his words seemed a prophecy of his own fate.

Who can forget the gentle Naghel, who died beside McLane, before he had time to more than begin making a name as major of the Eighty-third.

To those who saw Lieutenant Plympton White at Gaines' Mill, when the regiment was almost surrounded and summoned to surrender, and heard his scornful "Hell, the Eighty-third Pennsylvania never surrenders," worthy of Victor Hugo's Cambronne at Waterloo, his sad death in the prison hospital at Charleston will be a tender memory.

In raising here, our monument of granite, to transmit to those who follow us the story of the deeds of the Eighty-third, we crown it with a tribute in enduring bronze to the one man who above all others seems to personify the spirit of the regiment, of the brigade, of the army, of the people, that poured out its treasure and its blood that this might be forever a free nation. The Commissioners of the State very properly refused to permit any personal allusions or inscriptions to be placed on the Pennsylvania monuments. They stand to commemorate the common deeds of the soldiers of the Commonwealth. In their description, this statue stands as "The figure of a Union officer." When the survivors of the Eighty-third, or of any regiment of the

old Third Brigade at Gettysburg, think of a Union officer, whose figure shall be symbolic, the name of Vincent springs to the front. We honor ourselves in honoring him. He was our ideal. Without previous military training, he seemed a born soldier. Turning aside from the ranks of civil life, in a few months he was the more than competent commander of a brigade. Strict in discipline, yet loving his men and jealously guarding their rights, he inspired in them confidence, love and trust. To him the etiquette of the service was a means, not an end. He knew how to ride over it when occasion required. When at Chancellorsville, the brigade was sent to the extreme right and placed in position to protect the flank, with what magnificent insubordination he dashed up to the brigade commander who ordered him to recall his men from their work of getting timbers for a rifle-pit to "Dress back about three feet," the left of the crooked line of hastily stacked rifles, and saying with a curt salute, "I must not lose a moment, sir, in fortifying my position," dashed back to stimulate and direct his men, leaving his superior officer muttering a reluctant assent.

When, as the rear guard of that sorrowful retreat from Chancellorsville, we crossed the river to find the roads over which the army had passed, turned to fathomless mud, how he scorned the rule that required him to keep his place in line, and led the Eighty-third through woods and fields, reaching camp in time to have supper cooked and the men ready to sleep before the balance of the brigade appeared.

Who can forget the cheers that broke through the solemn decorum of dress parade when the order was published announcing the resignation of his predecessor and assigning him to the command of the brigade.

What superb generalship he showed at Goose creek in gauging the *morale* of the enemy, and when the flanking manœuver that had driven him across the Loudoun valley failed at last, because the creek was too deep to ford, putting him to rout by dashing at the bridge with sword flashing in air, and before a man had moved, shouting so as to be plainly heard by the enemy, "There they go boys, now give them ———!" Well, the rebels did not wait for the balance of the remark. The bridge was cleared, the cavalry thundered over and the enemy did not stop his retreat until he reached the plain at the foot of Ashby's Gap.

In July, 1863, on this ground, we were making history. Assembled here to-day we are making history still. The correct story of Gettysburg has never been, will never be, written. None but the actors on the field can tell the story, and each one can tell of his own knowledge but an infinitesimal part. Many conscientious historians have attempted to weave a symmetrical whole from such disconnected threads as they can gather, but their accounts vary as their sources of information. Every man owes to the memory of those who died here, his best endeavor to tell truly the story of their deeds, that the historian of the future may have the material out of which to fashion a truer story of Gettysburg.

We may fairly say, without fear of contradiction, and without taking a leaf from the laurels of other heroes, that the genius, the devotion, the heroism, the consummate skill of Vincent, prevented the turning of our left flank July 2, held the enemy as in a vise, and preserved to our army possession of Little Round Top, the loss of which would have meant the loss of

our whole position, and a victory for the enemy instead of the defeat which was the beginning of the end.

Full justice has never been done him in any account that I have seen. The Comte de Paris,. in his admirable history, says that General Warren, who from his position with the signal corps had observed the approach of the column sent by Longstreet to occupy this height, hastened to General Sykes near the wheat-field, urging the necessity of placing troops there, and that Sykes sent Vincent's Brigade. General Doubleday, in his account, says that General Warren, seeing Barnes' Division, which Sykes had ordered forward, standing formed for a charge to relieve De Trobriand, took the responsibility of detaching Vincent's Brigade and hurried it back to take post on Little Round Top. Neither is entirely correct, and Doubleday almost put in the mouth of Warren the very words used by Vincent. Although a private soldier, my duty as Vincent's bugler and bearer of his brigade flag that day and during all the period of his command of the brigade, gave me better opportunities than even the officers of his staff enjoyed to see and hear what occurred and was said, for the reason that they were busy transmitting his orders, while I never left him, but was always near enough to hear all verbal orders given and received. The incidents of that day are burned into my memory, and I am glad to-day of the opportunity of giving you my recollections of it. After a long time of waiting for orders in that position in the low ground near the Weikert house, listening to the terrible roar of artillery and musketry in our front, an officer came galloping toward us from the direction of the wheatfield. Vincent, with eyes ablaze, spurred towards him, and as he approached near enough to speak, said in his impetuous way, "Captain, what are your orders?" Instead of answering, the officer inquired, "Where is General Barnes?" If Vincent knew, he did not answer. I had not seen him since morning. He was not at the head of his division. If he gave an order during the battle to any brigade commander I fail to find a record of it in any account I have read. The other brigades of the division fought heroically in the line along the wheatfield, but the orders appear to have been given by Colonel Tilton and Colonel Sweitzer. Vincent repeated his question was emphasis: "What are your orders? Give me your orders." The captain replied, "General Sykes told me to direct General Barnes to send one of his brigades to occupy that hill yonder." Without an instant's hesitation Vincent replied, "I will take the responsibility of taking my brigade there," and ordering Colonel Rice to follow as rapidly as possible, he dashed at full speed for the hill. The Eighty-third know how little time there was to spare. Military men would not have criticized him had he directed that staff officer to General Barnes and waited calmly for the order to move to be sent him through the regular channels. Some might censure his assumption of responsibility, but had he waited, that advancing column of the enemy would have been in possession, and not even the Third Brigade could have dislodged it.

Riding rapidly to the summit he came out on the little plateau in rear of the position held later by the Sixteenth Michigan. I followed with the flag. A battery which had been firing at the signal flags a little further to our right, opened on us, and he directed me to retire behind the rocks. In a few moments he dismounted and, giving me the bridle rein of Old Jim, went back on

foot examining the ground. When the head of the brigade appeared, its position was ready. Professional soldiers have pronounced the position chosen by him the finest selected by a volunteer officer during the war. Many an officer ordered to occupy a hill would have formed his main line along the summit, as did Bragg at Missionary Ridge, but he, knowing that the bravest men may sometimes waver before an impetuous charge, placed them lower down, leaving a rallying point, and a position above for reserves, should a second line be required. The recoil of the Sixteenth Michigan when assaulted in front and flank, and the repulse of that assault by the timely arrival of the One hundred and fortieth New York, in the place he had left for it, prove the wisdom of his choice.

The line was held, but at what a cost. Throwing himself into the breach he rallied his men, but gave up his own life. Comrades and friends, that was not a bauble thrown away. In the very flower of his young manhood, full of the highest promise, with the love of a young wife filling his thought of the future with the fairest visions, proud, gentle, tender, true, he laid his gift on his country's altar. It was done nobly, gladly. No knight of the days of chivalry was ever more knightly. When, a few hours before, as we tramped along the dusty road in the night, marching to Gettysburg, then unknown to fame, the old flag was unfurled and fluttered in the breeze, he reverently bared his head, and with the premonition of the morrow in his heart, and said solemnly, "what more glorious death can any man desire than to die on the soil of old Pennsylvania fighting for that flag?"

Some of us wished that those words might be placed upon our monument, but the Commissioners would allow nothing but the cold transcript of records in the War Department. May we keep them graven in our hearts and teach them to our children.

This place is holy ground. The glory of the Christ is that he died for men. He died, and we know he is not dead. May we not reverently say that those who have gladly died for men are not dead, but are with us to-day; more living than when they stood to stem the tide of invasion. If we are proud to say that we were in that line on Little Round Top, think you they regret it? With clearer vision than ours their eyes see the glory of the coming of the Lord. They see this broad land a nation; not an aggregation of petty sovereign states. They look down the coming years and see it peopled with a host of freemen, rejoicing in the result of their sacrifice. They are content.

Let us listen to them to-day. God forbid that this fair land should ever need another such sacrifice, but if it fails to prize its heritage, and must again be purified by fire, may we and our children be able to sing as they sang:

> In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.
> As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
> While God is marching on.

84TH PENNA
INFANTRY
JULY 1, THE REGIMENT WAS ON DUTY
GUARDING THE DIVISION WAGON TRAINS
MOVED WITH THE COLUMN ON THE ROAD
FROM TANEYTOWN TO EMMITTSBURG AND
ON THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE WAS
ORDERED WITH THE TRAIN TO WESTMINSTER
MD WHERE IT ARRIVED JULY 2 & AT 7 A M.
AND PICKETED THE ROADS NEAR THE WAGON
PARKS UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

84TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN THOMAS E. MERCHANT

SOLDIERS of the Eighty-fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers:—If the feeling with which these words of salutation are heard and accepted, is like unto the feeling that prompts their utterance, then are we fully compensated in our coming together. We name the old regiment, and what recollections crowd in upon us; memories of the camp, the march, and the field. Some fond—many weighted with the touch of sorrow felt in its heavy burden even until now, through all of so much of time. In the presence of these recollections I could not hope to control your thought. I would not ask you simply to follow words as I speak them, but rather that you be all of memory, all of feeling, thinking, listening the while if you can, but surely thinking. For in thought you can cover more ground in moments than I could travel for you in days. Together you comprise the whole book, the turning of whose pages wakens memory to every detail, while from the one individual you can have no more than the head-lines to the volume whose contents you are so familiar with. Together you know what our regiment was; alone I can but outline to you, and that roughly, a meagre part of the full story of the Eighty-fourth. Its history could be found only in the everything that could be told by each of all the hundreds, living and dead, who numbered its total strength. But where your special individual interest lies it is not possible for me to tread. I wish I could tell the story of every company, relate the incidents of every mess, and note the experiences of every individual.

Many the time we have recalled our comradeship, more especially with those with whom we were brought in the closer association. It would be a pleasant theme were I at liberty to name the latter and their never-forgotten deeds, that I might place on record my keen appreciation of their kindly acts at a time when kindness was most to be valued, and fidelity most to be prized. But in whatever I do upon this occasion, I stand reminded that I am not to tread over again my individual walk, nor speak again my personal conversation. What is said—what is done—shall be, so far as may be, of all for all.

Not many of us had the opportunity to know very much outside the limits of the company; and fewer of us beyond the limits of the regiment. And it was well for good service that the majority of soldiers were content with the work assigned them, and gave but little heed to the details of location of armies or corps, and but little thought to the place of divisions or brigades.

Who was the best-posted man on the news? Who the readiest army talker? Who the general of the camp? The soldier who was not to be found in the place his enlistment called for at the time when his presence would have told the most. It was well for the service that he did not number many.

The good soldier ought not to think it strange, that while in everything he did his duty well, he does not know much of what was done by regiments other than his own, and would be at a loss to name the number of his brigade. Nor must he think that the comrade who stood side by side with him is the only one mistaken as to the occurrences of the day. It would not always be well to accept a soldier of F Company as a conclusive witness of what took place in E, if there was dispute as to the bearing of the line, or question as to who were the first to advance; and yet, no one will bend the ear more gladly than myself to the recitals of a soldier in fact, because I know he gives us the truth as he believes it. And if from the data thus gathered, I count that his regiment was killed, or permanently disabled, twice over, I attribute the outcome to a lack somewhere in the arithmetic, and not to a vice in the teller. And, in this connection, we must not overlook the fact of the years that have rolled by.

Twenty-four years and upward in the circle of time measures the distance of our close, very close, comradeship. Years more than many of us had numbered prior to the beginning, four years before, of the long campaign. The time that preceded and that which has followed, make up the life ordinary. The long four years was the life within the other life. In it was contained the greatest of all wars from the world's beginning—the war against the rebellion of '61.

Hirelings were not upon either side. It was man against man in the fight. Soldier pitted against soldier. Each individual fighting the issue which so nearly concerned himself. It was the greatest of rebellions against the grandest of governments. If successful, to the world it would have been the greatest and grandest of revolutions.

It was not a conflict forced merely for the perpetuation of slavery. It was the institution of the crown, and not preservation of the chattel, that most moved the men who moved the South from '89 to '61.

One people in government, and yet in sentiment and practices as far removed as two nationalities.

Forced together for mutual protection, yet from the beginning thoroughly divided in appreciation of the powers of a free government.

In human direction, it was but a run of time when, as a government for the whole people, the central power would be called upon to assert itself by the power of might.

Neither of the existing conditions would have won to the United States a constitution for their government such as was fixed upon and has come along, in its working, through all of a hundred years, without a break in any of its provisions. Every line of it, as to matters upon which men could differ, was agreed upon for submission to the states, because necessity admitted of no other course for them, and live. Well was it for stability of government that, when the substance had passed the gauntlet of discussion, the words had been so well placed that not a letter was found astray when the great test came. No document of state has, or ever will, surpass it in sublimity of thought, arrangement of detail, clearness of expression or force of power.

In the assertion of the binding powers of this constitution, the Eighty-fourth had a part, and you were a part of the Eighty-fourth.

Your regiment was to you the command which centered your soldier life.

And well content may you be in the fact that its character secured for it a reputation which, to every one of us has been a thing of just and affectionate pride. I studied that character at a time when I felt it was everything to me. My varied experiences in the several positions in company and regiment, which I occupied, enabled me to found a judgment which has been very clearly and most positively strengthened by every knowledge since acquired. The tenor of that judgment you will gather as I proceed, in an imperfect way, to tell you a part of what you did in three years and nine months of soldier life.

In the month of July, 1861, authority was granted directly by the Secretary of War, to recruit in the western part of Pennsylvania the Mountain Brigade, to be composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery; and upon its organization to be mustered into the service of the United States. Among the persons named in the order was one J. Y. James, who was to be assigned to the command of the troops when thus organized. The recruiting camp for the infantry was located three miles out of the town of Huntingdon, on the Warm Springs road.

In accordance with the purpose that the recruiting and organization of the brigade should be under the direction of a regular army officer, Captain Crosman, of the Quartermaster's Department, United States Army, was detailed by the War Department for that duty, hence the name given to the camp to which the early recruits of the Eighty-fourth ever looked back as their original soldier home, and the birth-place of the regiment. The projectors of the brigade had reached out to three regiments of infantry, to be numbered, respectively, eighty-four, one hundred and ten, and, somewhat uncertain, but said to be, thirty-nine.

I have given the numbers in the order named, placing the Eighty-fourth at the head, in view of the fact that its commander was to be the ranking regimental officer of the brigade. William G. Murray, Blair county, was selected as the colonel of the Eighty-fourth; William D. Lewis, of Philadelphia, as colonel of the One hundred and tenth; and ——— Curtis, of Philadelphia, as Colonel of the third regiment. Whatever was done toward the building up of the last-named regiment, came to naught by the promulgation of an order transferring its recruits to the One hundred and tenth, and making transfers from the One hundred and tenth to the Eighty-fourth. While the reason for this double transfer has been intimated, it is not so certainly correct as to justify its statement as altogether fact. The brigade feature failed of accomplishment. Cavalry nor artillery put in an appearance; and James, the proposed brigade commander, did not identify himself with either regiment. But, while James did not become commander of the Mountain Brigade, the attempt to so locate him did place in the field two of the most efficient among all the regiments that entered their country's service in the War of the Rebellion, whether in the Army of the Shenandoah, the Army of Virginia, the Army of the Potomac, or any other of the armies of the Union. Recruiting for the Eighty-fourth commenced early in the month of August, the first enlistment date on the roll being the 16th of that month.

I do not venture the name of the first soldier of the regiment, lest, like to the naming of the youngest boy in the army, I might afterwards be

met with scores of avowals that the record does not show strictly correct. Then, again, the serenity of manner, and mildness of word, with which a soldier is wont to put a criticism, makes it desirable to avoid placing such a necessity before him, if a simple omission will save his feelings upon the particular point, and the service be in no way injured thereby.

On the 23d of October, the regimental organization was effected. In November, the regiment was ordered to report at Camp Curtin, which most Pennsylvania soldiers remember so well as overlooking Harrisburg. Here the enlistments were continued, and on the 23d of December the officers and men were mustered as a regiment into the service of the United States for three years, there being at the time nine companies, "H" omitted. Two days previous to the muster, the regiment was presented by Governor Curtin, on behalf of the State, with the colors.

The field and staff officers were Colonel, William G. Murray; lieutenant-colonel, Thomas C. MacDowell; major, Walter Barrett; adjutant, Thomas H. Craig; quartermaster, John M. Kepheart; surgeon, Gibboney F. Hoop; assistant surgeon, C. A. W. Redlick; chaplain, Alexander McLeod; sergeant-major, William M. Gwinn; quartermaster-sergeant, G. A. Ramey; drum-major, Foster Wighaman; fife-major, Thaddeus Albert.

Line officers: Company A, captain, Robert L. Horrell; first lieutenant, Jonathan Derno; second lieutenant, Charles Reem. Company B, captain, Harrison W. Miles; first lieutenant, Samuel Bryan; second lieutenant, George Zinn. Company C, captain, Abraham J. Crissman; first lieutenant, B. M. Morrow; second lieutenant, Charles O'Neil. Company D, captain, Alexander J. Frick; first lieutenant, Uzal H. Ent; second lieutenant, Calvin MacDowell. Company E, captain, Patrick Gallagher; first lieutenant, Patrick F. Walsh; second lieutenant, John Maloney. Company F, captain, Robert M. Flack; first lieutenant, Milton Opp; second lieutenant, Jacob Peterman. Company G, captain, J. Merrick Housler; first lieutenant, James Ingram; second lieutenant, D. W. Taggart. Company I, captain, Joseph L. Curby; first lieutenant, Clarence L. Barrett; second lieutenant, John W. Paulley. Company K, captain, Matthew Ogden; first lieutenant, Charles H. Volk; second lieutenant, John W. Taylor.

STRENGTH OF COMPANIES.

	Officers.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Privates.	Musicians.	Wagoners.	Total.
A,	3	5	8	77	2	1	96
B,	3	5	5	44	3	1	61
C,	3	5	8	67	2	1	86
D,	3	5	3	67	2	1	81
E,	3	5	6	73	2	1	90
F,	3	4	4	70	2	1	84
G,	3	5	2	70	2	1	83
I,	3	5	8	75	2	1	94
K,	3	5	8	72	2	1	91
Total officers and men,							766

Murray's selection for the colonelcy of the Eighty-fourth may be attributed to the part which he took as an officer in the Mexican war, where he did honorable and praiseworthy service. Several of the men had responded promptly to the first call for three-months' troops, and were now on their way for the longer term.

On the 31st of December, the last day of the year 1861, acting upon orders received to report at Hancock, Maryland, the regiment left Harrisburg at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on a train made up of twenty-one cars, for Hagerstown, where it arrived at 6 o'clock in the evening of that day.

On the 1st of January, 1862, early in the morning, began the first in the long series of the weary, footsore, leg-tiring, patience-testing and body-exhausting marches which were to be taken in the coming three and a half years. The morning was cold—cold enough to do full justice to the time of the season and the season of the year, what we characterize a bitter day, and a bitter experience was it for the boys who were yet to learn the attendants of war. A driving wind, with a fall of snow, made what would have been a more than uncomfortable bivouac for the night, were it not that to the weary traveler there is not less of comfort in stopping than in going. It was the less for the greater hardship, and the freezing could go on through the night unaccompanied by the strain of the march. Clear Spring had been left behind through the day, and the stop at night was without tents.

Nine o'clock of the 2d marked the regiment again on the way, and on the mountain top at Fairview was had the first sight of secession land, the Dixie of the song, and then on to Hancock, by the bank of the Potomac, the terminal of the order that initiated the war service that started active, and on that line developed, continuously, to a fulness sufficient to meet the hardiest speculations of the most radical expectant. The National pike furnished the roadway from Hagerstown to Hancock. The arrival at Hancock was in the evening of the 2d. The regiment was put in quarters just vacated by the Thirteenth Massachusetts, which had been passed on its way down the river in canal boats.

The day of arrival at Hancock was in the ninth month of a war that had not been lacking in vigor of movement on the part of the foe which the government had encountered, and yet so little of system had been attained, and so little of war wisdom sought after, that a regiment of soldiers was traveled from Harrisburg without arms, and that to a point just across a river, narrow and shallow, from where lie the forces whose movements the regiment had been sent to check.

On the 3d the guns were handed out. They were of the old Belgian make containing all the tallow that the barrel would accommodate in addition to the several cartridges necessary to be supplied before the moistened powder could be induced to ignite. When they were carried over into Virginia, and the warmth of the fire reached the explosive grain, you can think now, as you realized then, that even the Belgian was not built to throw more than one ball at the same fire without repairs to one or the other—the gun or the man.

But why say, or even think fault of what was done, for what was not

done, then. Everybody is wiser now. Through all its after course the regiment proved itself full worthy of the reputation at that time, so early in its history, at the very beginning of its campaign, impliedly accorded it, that it would go wherever ordered to go, and pick up on the way whatever could be found most effective for the best work. And there was the full regulation uniform. The appearance presented in the dark blue, the tail coat, the plentiful hat, and the extra cap. Who can say that these things were not sufficient to keep Stonewall Jackson on the other side, notwithstanding the apparent absence of arms? for, competent soldier that he was, he could not have been induced to believe that, in the ninth month of the war, a regiment of United States regulars would have been permitted at the front without all requisite paraphernalia close at hand. On the night of the 3d, the regiment was crossed over the Potomac on scows, and marched six miles across the country to Bath, the summer resort known as Berkeley Springs. Here were met Captain Russell's company of First Maryland Cavalry, two companies of the Thirty-ninth Illinois Infantry, and a section of artillery, two guns, with which force the Eighty-fourth was to co-operate, with Colonel Murray, the ranking officer, in command. On the morning of the 4th, from out of Bath, up on the mountain top, and there formed in line. From this point the rebel army could be plainly seen advancing along the three roads; Jackson's force of ten thousand, consisting of Ewell's, Longstreet's and Early's brigades, supplemented by Ashby's cavalry.

A detail from the regiment was thrown out as pickets or skirmishers. It is hardly required to say that these were forced back as the enemy moved on, until our small force was almost surrounded. Sufficient show of strength was kept up to deter Jackson from moving faster.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, word was had that the artillery had exhausted their ammunition, and Murray concluded to fall back. The regiment could not return by the way it had come. A guide was sought, found and pressed into the service. His inclination was much toward the other side, and he soon showed himself more desirous of coming up with Ashby than of pointing out a safe approach to the river. At one point he came so near the accomplishment of his purpose, that Murray gave him a gentle caution in about these words: If one of my men loses his life by your movement, your own life will be the forfeit. Thus kindly admonished, the guide changed the course of the march and conducted the regiment to Sir John's run, six miles up the river, from which point the way was along the railroad, under the high bluffs, to the old mill opposite Hancock. The problem now presented was how to avoid attack while recrossing. Upon Captain Russell's suggestion the two companies of the Thirty-ninth Illinois were placed in ambush, while he so disposed his men as to draw Ashby on. The manoeuvre worked well, and Ashby was so much surprised by the unexpected fire as to desist from further attempt. Some of the men, to avoid the delay attending the slow navigation of the ancient ferry, adopted the alternative of wading the stream, trusting to the artillery fire of the enemy to warm them up by the time they reached the other side. In the crossing, one man was lost to the regiment—whether to the world is to this hour a question.

As an addendum to the story of the muskets, it may be stated that the regiment crossed the river without belts, cartridge boxes or cap pouches, carrying the cartridges in one pocket and the caps in the other. This omission was for want of time to adjust the belts. It seems incredible that less than a thousand men were thus successful in holding so many thousand in check for an entire day, and without death, wound or capture of a man. However, the good service was in fact done, and history is no more remiss as to this event than it is as to the deprivation, toil and fighting of all the campaign in the valley to July of 1862.

[Here followed a detailed account of the movements and services of the regiment from Hancock to Gettysburg.]

Following on Chancellorsville, owing to the death of Gen. Whipple and the numerous casualties, the division was broken up and the regiments assigned to other commands.

The Eighty-fourth and One hundred and tenth had been together up to this time, but from now on were to be parted. The Eighty-fourth went to the First Brigade (Carr's), Second Division (Humphreys'), and the One hundred and tenth to the Third Brigade, First Division.

In the early part of June, it became clear that the officials of the Confederacy were so much encouraged by the result of Hooker's campaign, that they had determined upon sending Lee into Pennsylvania. A reconnaissance by the cavalry under Buford and Gregg, south of the Rappahannock, delayed Lee for a few days. As soon as it was known that Lee was on the way, the people of Pennsylvania felt what the consequence could be, and feared what it might be. The State was divided into two military districts. The Department of the Monongahela, west of the Laurel Ridge mountains, was commanded by General Brooks, headquarters, Pittsburg; and the Department of the Susquehanna, by General Couch, headquarters, Chambersburg.

On June 14, Milroy was forced out of Winchester, leaving behind siege guns, eight field pieces, six thousand muskets, ammunition and stores.

June 15, the President called on Maryland and West Virginia for ten thousand militia, each; Ohio, for thirty thousand, and Pennsylvania for fifty thousand, for six months' service.

June 16, Jenkins' rebel cavalry, nine hundred and fifty strong, occupied Chambersburg, and withdrew on the 18th. 19th, portion of Rodes' rebel cavalry entered McConnellsburg and sacked the town. 21st, Pleasonton drove Stuart beyond Middleburg, through Upperville and Ashby's Gap. 23d, rebel forces again occupied Chambersburg, the Union troops in the town falling back. 26th, rebel advance reached Carlisle, the militia under General Knipe retiring.

Lee's forces were well under way down the valley when Hooker took down his tents opposite Fredericksburg. From the start to the finish it was a race, but not from the foe. There were no obstacles worth the mention for Lee to encounter, none for Hooker. Lee went upon that side of the mountain, Hooker upon this. Across the Potomac went Lee, and across the Potomac came Hooker, at different points.

The Army of the Potomac had marched before, but never before, nor after, as it did through the night after crossing into Maryland. Along

the tow-path, dark, wet and slippery, strength all gone, and the muscles expanding simply to get rid of the contraction.

Such was the character of the march, that at times the nearest comrade on the walk would not be within ten paces to the front or rear. What had been lost at the start must now be made up, for Lee was well on toward every Pennsylvania soldier's home.

On June 28, at Frederick, Maryland, the order was promulgated assigning Major-General Meade to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and Hooker thereby relieved.

On the night of June 30, at Taneytown, came the order detailing the regiment to guard the supply train. The next morning, Colonel Opp, knowing that his men were averse to such duty, made special request of the brigade commander to revoke the order, but without success.

July 1, started with the train, which was then moving with the column from Taneytown on the road to Emmitsburg, and while on the way word came that the cavalry and the First Corps had encountered Lee at Gettysburg, and that Reynolds had been killed. Immediately following this announcement came the order for the supply trains to report at Westminster. The supply trains were an important factor in army organization. They did good service in the camp, along the march and on the field. Without them even Gettysburg would not have been a field of monuments. At least twenty regiments of the Army of the Potomac did guard duty with the trains on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863. That duty was quite as necessary of performance, fully as important, carrying with it as much of possible danger, as was actually encountered by regiments engaged on the field, and as much of actual danger as did not fall to the lot of several of the regiments who were no more on the field than were the troops with the trains, and which regiments wrote Gettysburg on their battle-flags without a question as to its being rightly there.

When the State of Pennsylvania placed upon her statute books the act that gave to every Pennsylvania command having a part in the Battle of Gettysburg a memorial stone, I had no doubt as to the Eighty-fourth coming within the terms of the act, and no doubt as to the duty of its soldiers to see that its monument was placed.

The regiment had been, from the time of its entry into the service, a part of the Army of the Potomac, even before all the troops in Virginia were so designated and continued to be till the end of the war. Failure of recognition under this law of the Commonwealth as a part of the Army of the Potomac, would have left the regiment unrecorded to the world as of any army up to and including the time of Gettysburg. But comment of our own is unnecessary. The statement of General Carr, the brigade commander, covers all points, and, coming from an individual thoroughly competent to pass judgment, and yet free from the slightest degree of interest that might possibly induce bias, ought to, and does, answer all questions and resolve all doubt.

(The following letter was written by General Carr in response to a communication asking simply for a statement by him of the duty on which the regiment was ordered in connection with the Battle of Gettysburg.

The tribute thus tendered to the regiment not only evidences the high

regard had by General Carr for the officers and men of the Eighty-fourth, but is indicative of the feeling entertained and expressed by Shields, Carroll, Ricketts, Whipple, Pierce, Mott and other general officers, in whose immediate command the regiment was placed between October, '61 and July, '65.)

OFFICE OF AMERICAN CHAIN CABLE WORKS,
TROY, N. Y., *October 28, 1887.*

General JOHN P. TAYLOR, *President,*
Board of Commissioners Gettysburg Monuments, Philadelphia, Pa:

SIR:—I have the honor to present the following statement, in reference to the part taken by the Eighty-fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers in the Gettysburg campaign.

The Eighty-fourth Regiment was in the First Brigade, Second Division, Third Corps, Army of the Potomac, during the movements of that army from Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Emmitsburg, Maryland. On the morning of the 1st July, the regiment was detailed by an order from headquarters to guard the supply train that was then located between Emmitsburg and Gettysburg. The regiment remained on duty with the train until relieved by another regiment, on the 6th July, when it reported to me for duty while at Williamsport.

The duty performed by the Eighty-fourth Regiment during the three days' fighting was as essential and important as that of any other regiment of my command; it was a duty they were ordered to perform over which they had no control, but as good soldiers obeyed the command. When Colonel Opp received the order he sent his adjutant, Lieutenant Mather, to me with a request to have the order rescinded, which of course was not granted.

The Eighty-fourth Regiment was one of my best and most reliable commands. The officers and men were always ready and willing to do their duty.

To deprive this regiment of the recognition it is entitled to, upon that memorable battle-field, would, in my opinion, be a very great injustice. I would respectfully suggest that the monument be erected at a point near where my headquarters were, previous to the second days' engagement. It was near the Emmitsburg road, directly in front of the Roger's House, as you will see upon the map of the field. The inscription should state the whereabouts of the regiment on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863, and the actual duty it was performing.

I am, very respectfully,

JOSEPH B. CARR.

This statement is a monument in itself. No regiment ever received, or could have had, more emphatic endorsement of its service.

The State Commission on Gettysburg monuments had no doubt of the full right of the Eighty-fourth to participate with all other Pennsylvania regiments that took part in the battle of Gettysburg, and promptly said so.

On the night of the 4th, the regiment was ordered from Westminster to rejoin the brigade, and reported to General Carr on the 6th.

While at Westminster, there was constant apprehension of attack by rebel cavalry, and the picket guards were under strict orders to be continually on the alert to avoid surprise.

During the night of the 13th and the morning of the 14th Lee crossed his army over the Potomac at Williamsport, closely followed by the Union cavalry, the advance of the Army of the Potomac.

[Here followed a detailed account of the movements of the regiment from Gettysburg to Appomattox.]

December 31st, 1864, regiment was consolidated into a battalion of four companies.

This formation was preparatory to the consolidation of the regiment with the Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania, which had been made a battalion of six companies. The consolidation took place on January 13, 1865. The consolidation was not a merger, save as to number. The Fifty-seventh

composed the right six companies and the Eighty-fourth the left four companies.

I will venture what I think the explanation of the dropping of the number eighty-four and the retention of the number fifty-seven, notwithstanding it was known that the colonel, major and adjutant of the consolidated regiment would be from the Eighty-fourth. But it was also known that the retention of the number eighty-four would work great injustice to officers who had earned further promotion, and therefore the natural course of the command of the regiment determining the number, must give way to the necessity which justice prompted.

[Here followed account of marches from Appomattox to near Washington.]

From camp near Washington to Harrisburg, there a closing of accounts with the government that had, with the loss of 400,000 loyal lives and the crippling of 300,000 Union soldiers, and the agonies of the sorrow which never could be told off, been made altogether free.

Into the hands of each comrade was placed a printed copy of the following paper:

Parting as a band of brothers, let us cling to the memory of those tattered banners, under which we have fought together, and which, without dishonor, we have just now restored to the authorities who placed them in our hands. Till we grow gray-headed and pass away, let us sustain the reputation of this noble regiment.

Fortune threw together two organizations, the Eighty-fourth and Fifty-seventh, to make the present command. Both regiments have been in the service since the beginning of the strife, and the records of both will command respect in all coming time. Very many of those who were enrolled with us have fallen, and their graves are scattered here and there throughout the South. We shall not forget them, and the people of this nation must and will honor their memory. Comrades, farewell.

Then with certificates of honorable muster-out, all matters of detail faithfully completed, and the 8th day of July, 1865, at hand, the "Old Regimental Home" was gone, and forever.

The war is over! But not so with its splendid achievements, its grand and far-reaching results.

Never was conflict waged to a better and surer end. Never a result attained bearing so completely upon true governmental economy. To the revolution of '75 we are indebted for the rebellion of '61. The revolution stands out the more grandly because of the resulting text—the rebellion. The rejection of the latter was the upholding of the principles of the former; posterity's emphatic endorsement of a valuble ancestry. Victories may be great but not always just. Conquerors have vanquished peoples and thereby encompassed countries within their toils, and then regretted there was not more to do on the same line. But their doing was only the accomplishment of personal gain, the satisfaction of selfish purpose. With them war was a thing sought after, not a calamity to be avoided.

Justice was not their polar star, nor did they seek the moral sphere as the place of their habitation. With them war was a vocation ordinary, and life and morals considerations secondary. Public standing and landed interests were made to depend upon military record. Conquered territory was divided as would be now the spoils of the theft, among the participators in the act and in proportion to the extent of the service done. What a mistake, how grievous a wrong, to review on the printed page

the tenacity of an Alexander, or the vigor of a Napoleon, for the purpose of comparing the wars of their armies with the deeds of patriotism and of valor that moved the six fighting years of the revolution, or the four years of the rebellion.

No man this side of the Atlantic forced the revolution. It was the outcome of oppression that ill-fitted a people who had crossed from the other shore, not to bear greater burden, but that they might be full free from the crush of wrong. In its beginning not aggressive, but defensive. A year passed by before it was determined that the yoke should be fully thrown off and absolute independence moved for.

And so it was, when along in the after years came the overt acts of treason that were to force states into rebellion, against the will of their people, every effort, reasonable and unreasonable, was made to conciliate the men whose only desire was not Union, but disintegration. So far did some of the most prominently active, and, I may add, patriotic men of our country, go in their determination to avoid a resort to arms, that the very amendment to the Constitution of these United States that forever forbids the institution of slavery, would have been, in number, the amendment that would have fastened slavery upon the country forever, had it not been that just then treason grasped for too much and thereby lost all. Now, when all is safe, it moves us to a condition of agony to recall that in the winter of '60 and '61, so weighty was the power of the then South, that among the men of our country, those of best repute, were found so many, who, to avert war, were ready to surrender everything, save the theory of a central government for all the States, and the bare privilege to look at the old flag.

Our country is great, our government is powerful, but no thanks are owing to compromisers for the greatness of the one or the power of the other.

Treason's eagerness for the capture of all saved one generation from the commission of a wrong that the good deeds of all the coming generations could not have atoned for.

It is well to be on guard always.

And what of the present?

The once soldiers of the Confederacy are entitled, as individuals, to every manly consideration at our hands; as individuals they are as we are, men walking the journey of life, reaching out to one common goal. But their organized bodies have no claim upon us for recognition. The government should have taken the life from every "camp" at its birth, and its strong arm should have swept from its soil the first monument to rebellion, with the warning that the placing of the second would be known as treason.

They have been asking that the war be forgotten, and yet they would keep as daily reminded by the flaunting of the Confederate bars.

No monument to treason should have been permitted a place on this or other field, and being here should be returned to the donors, not to be erected elsewhere.

No government is strong enough to glorify treason against itself, nor to encourage it anywhere.

The individual I would take most heartily by the hand, the organization I discard.

There can be no true call for a union of the blue and the gray. Let all don the blue. In place of waiting for the chasm to be closed, flank it and locate upon our side. The chasm itself can do no harm. It will be a thing well to look upon at times, and take warning from as the divider of great depth and impassable width.

As in Heaven, so in earth, to dwell together as brothers, all must be of one mind, patriots upholding the one flag, standing fast by the red, white and blue.

When true history of our day comes to be written, all things will be made plain. With the faithful historian, it is not the question of the doing, but of the thing done. Just as when we look upon the completed work of the sculptor, or the finished touch of the painter, it is not of the marble, or the canvas and the material laid upon it that we think, but of the figure before us, as we note perfection in every line, and see life in the seeming light of the eye, and apparent movement of muscle.

History gives little heed to men, save to designate the moral character of the age.

And now, comrades, for the part taken by the Eighty-fourth Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers in the setting of the page which will commemorate the work of our time, a grateful Commonwealth has placed upon this spot this weight of granite.

To the living it is, and to the people yet to come it will be, the visible proof of the deeds of heroism which located a part of the life of the men who bore the names that make up the roll of a command, whose record among the archives of the Nation is without the semblance of a blur or particle of a stain. Clear, positive, clean cut all the way through. Do we advance sentiment only, when we say that such a body did not, could not, have died in '65? Is there nothing of substance, nothing real, to come out of the thought, that as our country lives, so we as a regiment go on, living in the freedom of a land and the stability of a government, neither of which would now be, without sentiment, the spring of human life?

The memorial which is here placed speaks from all along the line, from Bath to Appomattox.

For the moment it moves aside, and where it was, and within the lengthening of its shadow, we see them all and as we glance from right to left, from front to rear, one is taken from here, another from there, one by one, from the highest in rank to the lowest, from the oldest in years to the youngest, the man and the boy; first the two hundred and thirty in the time of the war, then the many who have left us in the days that have intervened; and then comes the shaft into the space which was made for it. We look upon it now, and know that it stands for them. The time is coming when it will stand for all whose names made up a regimental roll.

Then, and not till then, shall we know that our work here is fully done.

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

88TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE E. WAGNER

COMRADES of the Eighty-eighth Regiment and fellow-citizens:—The regiment in whose memory we are assembled on this occasion was recruited by Colonel George P. McLean, and was originally called the Cameron Light Guard, in honor of the Hon. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War; it was afterwards known as the Eighty-eighth Regiment Infantry Pennsylvania Volunteers. It was composed of seven companies from Philadelphia and three from Reading, in all about 1,000 men. Recruited in September, 1861, re-enlisted in January, 1864, and mustered out of service June 30, 1865, having served well and faithfully for a period of three years and ten months.

During its term of service there were inscribed upon its rolls the names of about 2,050 officers and enlisted me. Of the original complement of officers—field, staff and line—of thirty-eight, but two remained at muster-out, Colonel Louis Wagner and Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund A. Mass, both of whom originally entered the regiment as first lieutenants; and of the nearly 1,000 enlisted men mustered into service in 1861, but ninety-three were present with their commands at muster-out in 1865. Thirty-six of the original officers and more than nine hundred of the men originally enlisted had meanwhile succumbed to wounds or disease; those who had not yielded up their lives to rebel bullets or to the diseases incident to a soldier's life, had been discharged because of physical disability incurred in the long and arduous services they had performed.

To-day we, but a small remnant of that glorious old regiment, are assembled upon one of the many battle-fields on which it did and dared, and it is a fitting time to at least name the many others upon which it fought and bled.

Receiving our baptism of fire on Cedar Mountain, under Pope, came rapidly Rappahannock Station, Thoroughfare Gap, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomoy, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Dabney's Mill, Boydton Road, Five Forks and, lastly, the crowning victory at Appomattox.

What wonderful memories these names awaken! Struggles, fierce and bloody; defeats and victories; marches by day, by night, by rain, by shine, in summer's heats and winter's blasts, through clouds of dust, through oceans of mud; with McDowell, with Pope, with McClellan, with Burnside, with Hooker, with Meade, and, lastly, with the grand commander of all—the immortal Grant, who, by his ponderous blows, brought annihilation to our enemies and gave us blessed peace.

In congratulate you, men of the Eighty-eighth, on your share in these

mighty achievements! Let us rejoice that we, the survivors, have lived to see the day when the people of this great Commonwealth, through their Governor and other chosen officials and representatives, assemble to do honor to an organization of which we were part, and to drop a tear, with us, to the memory of the many of our comrades who fell by the wayside during those terrible days now happily past.

Since the eventful days in July, 1863, that made this spot historic, many pages have been written to describe what happened here, all of which have been more or less colored, because of the standpoint of the writers. Some would have us believe that Pickett's charge was the only event in the battle worthy of particular record; others unduly extol the fight in the Peach Orchard; others, again, think that Devil's Den and Round Top were the vital points in the fight, while still another class claim that the heaviest and most important fighting of all was at Culp's Hill, in the entrenchments of the Twelfth Corps, on the right of the line. We of the First Corps have been entirely too modest, or, if not too modest, have lacked spokesmen; for to our minds it is a fact beyond dispute that there was no heavier or harder fighting on any day, or on any part of the field, than right here on this line on the first day of the battle. The fighting at Peach Orchard, Devil's Den, Round Top, Culp's Hill, Pickett's charge was like sudden summer storms, while the battling for the possession of this ridge was like a steady all-day rain. The summer's storm, gathering abruptly, bursts in fury with a heavy down-pour, and perhaps flood, but ceases as quickly as it came, while the steady pour of the whole day swells rivulets into angry streams and carries all before it. So it was on the field of Gettysburg. The storms of the second and third days broke suddenly and with great fury, and, while they lasted, could not be excelled for fierceness or destruction, but soon they ceased; while here, on the first day, on this ridge, the steady down-pour on our devoted heads began early in the morning, lasted throughout the day until sundown, when we were completely overwhelmed by the flood and carried away.

At this date (July 1, 1863), the Eighty-eighth was attached to Baxter's Brigade, Robinson's Division, First Army Corps, all commanded by General Reynolds, who also had under his command the Third and Eleventh Corps; the whole forming the left wing of the Army of the Potomac.

The movements of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac bring the advance of each to Gettysburg on June 30, our cavalry under General Buford reaching there but a short time before the infantry division of Heth, of Hill's Corps, of the rebel army; the advance of the First Corps of our army being about five miles from the town, the Eleventh Corps at Emmitsburg, Maryland, about eleven miles distant, and the other corps at still greater distances, up to the forty miles of the Sixth Corps at Manchester.

The fight opened early in the morning of July 1, by an advance of Heth's infantry to occupy the town. They were met and engaged by Buford's cavalry; the latter were greatly outnumbered, but by skilful manoeuvring they concealed the smallness of their force, and kept up a brilliant and successful defense until reinforcements arrived—Wadsworth's Division, First Corps. Heth was reinforced by Pender's Division. The rebel line was

now extended, and overlapped the flanks of Wadsworth; Rowley's Division of the First Corps arriving, one brigade was sent to the right of Wadsworth, and the other to the left. Robinson's Division was held in reserve. Meanwhile Rodes' Division of Hill's Corps, and Early's Division of Ewell's Corps, arrived and prolonged the rebel line to the left, still overlapping our right flank. Two divisions from Eleventh Corps (Schimmelpfennig's and Barlow's) arrived in extension of our right; this was the full line of battle, as finally developed, the other division (Steinwehr's) of the Eleventh Corps having taken position as a reserve on Cemetery Hill.

The whole force upon the field, on the first day, was about 30,000 of the rebel army, and about 17,000 of ours.

Meanwhile the fighting was constant on different parts of the line, there being charges and counter-charges, in which the rebel brigades of Archer, O'Neal and Iverson were badly worsted and nearly annihilated. In these movements the Eighty-eighth Regiment, of Baxter's Brigade, Robinson's Division, had full share.

Bates, the historian of Pennsylvania regiments, says: "As there was a gap between the First and Eleventh Corps, Doubleday ordered Robinson to send one of his brigades, that of Baxter, to fill it. The latter arrived in time to meet the enemy's advance, but his small brigade proved insufficient to measure the open space, and, though fighting gallantly, driving back the enemy, and taking many prisoners and three battle-flags, he was constantly outflanked and exposed to a hot and enfilading fire." Again he says:

"And when the troops of Baxter dashed gallantly forward, the rebels, seeing themselves pushed on three sides, surrendered in large numbers, and were swept into the Union lines."

And again:—

"Repeated assaults were made upon Paul and Baxter, with ever fresh troops, as if determined to break through and bear down all before them. But more daring and skilful leaders than Baxter, Paul and Robinson were not in the whole army, and their men were of the same spirit, and though suffering grievously at every fresh onset, hurled back the foe and maintained their ground intact."

The portion of the battle referred to in these quotations, occurred upon the spot upon which we now stand. On arriving here, we first faced to the north on the Mummasburg road; then we changed front, to the left, at right angles to this road, facing west. The charge referred to was led by the Eighty-eighth, Company D to the front, down that declivity to the small stream in the hollow, where our granite tablet now marks the limit of advance. Many prisoners were taken: and two of the three battle-flags spoken of were taken by this regiment, that of the Twenty-third North Carolina and that of the Twenty-sixth Alabama.*

*General Iverson, of the rebel army, whose brigade we encountered here, says, in his official report, "The enemy * * * charged in overwhelming force upon and captured nearly all that were unhurt in three regiments of my brigade. When I saw white handkerchiefs raised and my line of battle still lying down in position I characterized the surrender as disgraceful; but when I found afterward that 500 of my men were left lying dead and wounded in a line as straight as a dress parade, I exonerated the survivors and claim for the brigade that they nobly fought and died, without a man running to the rear. No greater gallantry and heroism has been displayed during the war."

Upon this spot the fight raged long and fiercely, but our line was not broken; unfortunately, that was not the case across the Mummasburg road, where stood the men of the Eleventh Corps. Their line was badly extended and very thin; the distance to be covered being too long for the number of men available to occupy it. Heavy masses of the enemy were thrown against it, breaking through and threatening our right and rear. The First Corps had now been in the fight from five to six hours, and had successfully maintained itself against repeated and constant assaults without support or relief; but when it was known that the right of the corps had been turned, and that the Eleventh Corps was falling back, it became evident that the position that had been so long and gallantly defended must be given up. "Baxter's Brigade, which had fought with stubborn bravery upon the right, was brought to the rear of the ridge, at the railroad cut, where it defended a battery, and still held the enemy advancing from the north in check."

General Doubleday, the commander of the First Corps, describes the situation at this time in these words: "So far I had done all that was possible to defend my front, but circumstances were becoming desperate. My line was very thin and weak, and my last reserves had been thrown in. As we had positive information that the entire rebel army was coming on, it was evident enough that we could not continue any longer unless some other corps came to our assistance. I had previously sent an aide to ask General Howard to reinforce me from Steinwehr's Division, but he declined to do so. I now sent my adjutant-general to reiterate my request, or to obtain for me an order to retreat, as it was impossible for me to remain where I was in the face of the constantly increasing forces which were approaching from the west. Howard refused to order me to retire. The First Corps had suffered severely in these encounters, but by this additional delay and the overwhelming odds against us it was almost totally sacrificed. General Wadsworth reported half of his men killed or wounded, and Rowley's Division suffered in the same proportion. General Robinson had two horses shot under him. He reported a loss of 1,667 out of 2,500. About this time the Eleventh Corps gave way on the right, the Confederate forces made their final advance in double lines backed by strong reserves, and it was impossible for the few men left in the First Corps to keep them back, especially as Pender's large division overlapped our left for a quarter of a mile. Robinson's right was turned. Under these circumstances it became a serious question how to extricate the First Corps and save its artillery before it was entirely surrounded and captured. Each brigade was flanked and assailed in front and on both flanks. Robinson was forced back towards the seminary, but halted, notwithstanding the pressure upon him, and formed line to save Stewart's Battery north of the railroad cut, which had remained too long and was in danger of being captured. As the enemy was closing in upon us, and crashes of musketry came from my right and left, I had little hope of saving my guns, but I threw my headquarters' guard into the seminary and kept the right of Scales' Brigade back twenty minutes longer, while the left was held by Baxter's Brigade of Robinson's Division. Soon, however, we were assailed in front and on both flanks, which caused a re-

treat along the railroad bed into and through the town to Cemetery Hill, where the line was once more reformed and established." Thus ended the first day's fight.

The First Corps, composed of three divisions of two brigades each—in all six brigades of twenty-nine regiments—had resisted for many hours the repeated and constant attempts made to dislodge it from its position by portions of two corps of the rebel army containing the divisions of Heth, Pender and Rodes, of thirteen brigades of fifty-eight regiments, while the Eleventh Corps had two divisions of two brigades each—in all four brigades of eighteen regiments—in its line of battle, engaging Early's Division of Ewell's Corps, of four brigades of sixteen regiments.

How many men were in these different divisions, brigades and regiments, is not ascertainable, but good authorities estimate that the First Corps had in this fight about 8,200 men, and that the Eleventh Corps had about 6,500, which, with Buford's Cavalry of about 2,500 men, would make our total force on the field of battle about 17,000 men, not including the reserve division of Steinwehr, which remained on Cemetery Hill and did not get into action.

At this time the whole rebel army was composed of three corps of three divisions each, or in all nine divisions of 69,000 men, making an average of 7,666 to a division; or, say for the four divisions in the first day's fight, a total of 30,666.

What the losses were, on this day, of the troops engaged, it is impossible to say, as there is no separate return for the first day's battle; the aggregate for the whole battle for three days being the only record that shows the losses of these troops. These aggregate as follows:

Union Army:		
First Corps (excluding Stannard's Brigade),*	5,673	
Eleventh Corps (except Steinwehr's Division,)*	2,855	
Buford's Cavalry (except Sixth United States Cavalry),*	176	
		8,704
Rebel Army:		
Ewell's Corps, Early's Division, ...	1,188	
" Rodes' Division, ...	2,853	
Hill's Corps, Heth's Division, ...	2,850	
" Pender's Division, ...	1,690	
		8,581

The Union loss includes 3,882 prisoners, most of whom were captured after both flanks of our line had been turned. The rebel loss includes 1,580 prisoners, mainly of Archer's, Iverson's, O'Neal's and Daniel's brigades, who were captured in the various assaults made.

The total forces engaged during the three days' battle, according to the best authorities, were:

On the Union side, ...	83,000
On the rebel side, ...	69,000
Total, ...	152,000

*Not engaged on first day.

The total casualties were:

Union army,	22,900,	or about	27	per cent.
Rebel army,	20,488,	"	29	"
Total, both armies,	43,388,	"	28½	"

While the First Corps shows a loss of about 69 per cent. of the number engaged.

These figures clearly tell the story of the persistent valor of the First Corps, and answer those in doubt as to whether there was "much of a fight" on the first day; in fact, they prove that the heaviest fighting of all was on the 1st day, because of the total loss of the troops of the First and Eleventh Corps and Buford's Cavalry, that fought on that day, nearly all were sustained along this line and on that day, and showing a total of 8,704 out of the whole loss of the Union army of 22,900, or 38 per cent., while the number engaged were but 20 per cent. of the whole force.

The First Corps had engaged about 8,200 men, out of a total of the Union army of 83,000, or say less than 10 per cent., while its total losses during the battle were 6,024 out of a total in the army of 22,900, or over 26 per cent. In other words, had the whole Union army suffered in the same proportion as the First Corps, the loss would have been 60,590, instead of 22,900. There was "right smart" ("as our friends, the enemy, would say") of a fight on the first day of July, 1863, at Oak Ridge and Seminary Hill, and you, men of the Eighty-eighth, bore your full share of the perils and glories of that day.

In further illustration of the severity of the fighting on the first day, a table of comparison of the casualties is herewith annexed.

The evening of July 1 found the remnants of the First and Eleventh Corps on Cemetery Hill. Meanwhile General Hancock had arrived and relieved General Howard of the command, which had fallen to him, as senior officer present, on the death of General Reynolds. A new line of battle was at once formed. Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps being posted on Culp's Hill, to the left of him, on Cemetery Hill, stood the Eleventh Corps, then came Doubleday's Division of the First Corps, and then Robinson's Division of the same corps. Divisions had by this time been reduced in numbers to less than small brigades, brigades to less than regiments, and regiments to less than ordinary full companies. My company, for example, when we arrived at the hill, consisted of three enlisted men and myself; by the next morning I had, however, managed to gather up enough to show eleven good fighting men.

On the arrival of two divisions of the Third Corps, they prolonged the line to the left; later came the Twelfth Corps, which for the time being was held in reserve, but was afterwards put on the right of Wadsworth, and extended our line in that direction. Early on the morning of July 2, the Second Corps arrived, also two divisions of the Fifth Corps (the other division of said corps reached the field about noon); also two brigades of the Third Corps; the Artillery Reserve arrived at 10.30 a. m., while the Sixth Corps (the largest in the army), which was at Manchester, nearly forty miles away, did not reach the field until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

On July 2, the line was as follows: The First and Eleventh Corps, as posted on the night of the 1st, occupying Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill; then, to the left, came the Second Corps; then the Third Corps; the Twelfth Corps on the extreme right of the line, its left touching Wadsworth's Division; the Fifth Corps temporarily in reserve, but in the afternoon advanced into line on the left of the Third Corps, and extending to Round Top.

Meanwhile the rebel line had also gotten into position. Ewell's Corps was formed on our front, opposite the Twelfth, Eleventh and First Corps of our army; then, to his right (our left), came Hill's and Longstreet's corps, facing the Second, Third and Fifth corps of our army; Pettigrew's Division of Hill's Corps in reserve, and Law's Brigade of Hood's Division and Pickett's Division not yet arrived.

The morning and the early part of the afternoon of the second day were spent in getting into position and planning forms of attack. General Meade, at dawn, commenced to form his lines for an attack from our right on Ewell's Corps of the rebel left, but that being finally decided inadvisable, changed his plans and began posting his troops on our left, with the view of attacking the enemy's right. Meanwhile, Lee was concentrating his forces for an attack by Longstreet's Corps (his right) on our left; Ewell's Corps, on the extreme rebel left, to attack our extreme right at the same time, in order to help Longstreet.

These movements were slow, but the attack was finally delivered with great force and spirit on the Third and Fifth Corps, which resulted in the fighting at Wheatfield, Peach Orchard, Devil's Den and Round Top. Our troops were driven from the Peach Orchard, and our line was pierced; but reinforcements arriving from the right, the tide was driven back and the rebel attacks repulsed. These reinforcements included portions of the First, Second and Twelfth corps, and among them was Robinson's Division, in which was the Eighty-eighth, which did its full share in the repulse. The position of the regiment on that line is marked by a granite tablet.

The stripping of the right of the line to reinforce the left, was Ewell's opportunity. Johnson's Division crossed Rock Creek, and soon discovered that the strong breastworks thrown up on our right were empty; he at once occupied them and endeavored to turn our right flank, but was repulsed; pushing further to the right, he found nothing to oppose him, and advanced steadily far to the rear of our right flank, but darkness had come on and Johnson halted, fearing a trap. This halt was our salvation. The attack of Longstreet having been repulsed, the Twelfth Corps endeavored to return to its former position, on our right, which had been occupied by Johnson in its absence. Finding their entrenchments in the hands of the enemy, the men slept upon their arms, and at the break of day attacked the rebel line, and after a long and vigorous fight succeeded; and by 11 o'clock had retaken their fortified positions and restored the line of battle.

We have now come to the third and last day of this battle, resulting in a complete victory for the Union forces. The Eighty-eighth has returned from the left, and is now posted in Ziegler's Grove, in the rear of Ceme-

tery Hill; the spot being now marked by a granite tablet. About 1 o'clock p. m. there opens a perfect pandemonium of artillery firing, the like of which was probably never heard before or since. About one hundred and fifty of the rebel cannon are playing at once on a point in our line, and that point is the brigade joining our left. About one hundred and fifty of our cannon are vigorously returning the salute; the air is thick with shot, and mother-earth has suddenly become very dear, and is embraced most ardently by the brave "boys in blue" that are in range of this terrific hail of lead and iron; but this was but a prelude to a more terrible scene to come. Cannonading at long range, such as this, is more terrifying to the nerves than damaging to the body; tons of balls go over our heads harmlessly, few do damage—the main object of it all is to "knock out" and silence our batteries, for an assault is to be delivered on our line by infantry, and batteries firing grape and canister at short range on attacking columns are very destructive. The cannonading having ceased, the infantry column comes into sight; steadily but surely it approaches our line, our firing plows great gaps through them, but still they come—our line is reached, and with a rush and a spring they are on us. Now comes a hand-to-hand conflict between Pickett's Division of Virginians with Webb's Philadelphia Brigade. For a moment the line appears to be lost, but reinforcements from the right and left are quickly thrown in (among them the Eighty-eighth); the attack is repulsed, and Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps, supported by Wilcox's Brigade and Pettigrew's Brigade, both of Hill's Corps, are hurled back by Gibbon's and Hays' divisions of the Second Corps, and Doubleday's and Robinson's divisions of the First Corps; and the battle of Gettysburg is practically at an end.

It will be seen by this narrative, that the Eighty-eighth did its full share on the different days and in the various stages of this great battle. On the night of June 30, it was on picket duty; on July 1, with Baxter's Brigade, Robinson's Division, First Army Corps, at Oak Hill and Seminary Ridge; on July 2, it was, part of the day, at Cemetery Hill, and in the afternoon went on the "double-quick" as part of Robinson's Division, and assisted in the repulse of Longstreet's attack on the Third and Fifth Corps, between Peach Orchard and Round Top; on July 3, at Ziegler's Grove, in the rear of Cemetery Hill, and from there, on the "double-quick," to assist in the repulse of Pickett's charge on the left of Cemetery Hill.

Men of the Eighty-eighth, every duty that you were called upon to perform on these eventful days, you did to the utmost, without complaint, but cheerfully and freely; but at what a sacrifice it was! The regiment went into action two hundred and ninety-six strong; ten were killed and one hundred wounded or captured. Let me read the names of the heroic dead: Company A, William Beaumont; Company B, Sergeant Henry Evans; Company C, Michael Hollicher and Charles A. Zazier; Company E, Jacob Andrews and Joseph R. Bruner; Company H, Robert Simons; Company I, David Harland and John Link; Company K, John Corn.

The officers commanding the regiment during the engagement were, first, Major B. F. Foust, who was wounded soon after the beginning of the fight; the command then devolved on, second, Captain (since lieutenant-colonel) E. A. Mass, who was captured during the charge made on Iverson's

Brigade on the first day; third, Captain Henry Whiteside, Company A, who assumed command after the capture of Captain Mass, and directed the operations of the regiment towards the close of the first day, and also during the remaining days of the battle.

The company commanders, were, Company A, Captain Henry Whiteside; Company B, Captain Edmund A. Mass, who, together with both of his lieutenants (George W. Grant and Samuel G. Boone), were captured and carried south. Company C, Lieutenant Alexander Gardiner, Jr. Company D, Lieutenant George E. Wagner; Company E, Captain Joseph H. Richards; Company F, Captain George B. Rhoads; Company G, Captain Henry Korn; Company H, Lieutenant Henry E. Quimby; Company I, Captain George L. Schell (who was captured); Company K, Lieutenant Sylvester H. Martin.

The patriotic impulses of the people of this great Commonwealth, as exemplified by their legislature of 1887, paved the way to this form of ever keeping in remembrance the suffering and sacrifice of her citizen soldiers. During the session of that year, a general law was passed making an appropriation of $1,500 for a memorial for each Pennsylvania regiment that fought on this field.

The Survivors' Association of the Eighty-eighth had submitted to it many designs, and adopted the one that has resulted in the beautiful memorial that stands before us. Having chosen the design which required an expenditure far in excess of the State appropriation, energetic and successful action was immediately taken to supply the funds that were needed.

To-day we are assembled to dedicate this memorial in commemoration of the heroic deeds of this valiant regiment; and, as we look upon it and see heaped there the emblems of grim and ghastly strife and war, let us express the fervent hope that never again may this land be called upon to send its sons to follow the rattling drum or the piercing fife, nor to hear the whistling minie bullet or the belching cannon, but rather that peace, blessed peace, shall be ours and the inheritance of our children and our children's children unto the remotest day of time.

Gettysburg! A name, before the eventful days of July, 1863, known only to the people of this locality, but then made famous and renowned to all parts of the earth—a name that will be celebrated to the most distant ages of the world—a name that will be forever historic, made so by the brave men who here stood in the defense of their country's laws and flag. Where are these men? Some lie dead beneath your feet; the bones of others lie bleaching upon many other southern battle-fields; others have fallen a prey to disease or age, whilst but a remnant of the grand old Army of the Potomac is left to participate in the reunion of this day.

Gettysburg! The slaughter on your fields was not in vain; from your green slopes the tide of rebellion ebbed and shrank, until, month by month, it sank lower and lower, and finally disappeared, and at last the old flag floated once more over "a union, one and inseparable."

Comparative Table showing Losses of the Army of the Potomac, of the Army of Northern Virginia, of the Troops who fought the first day, and their several ratios.

Troops.	Engaged.	Killed and Wounded.		Prisoners.	Total casualties.	Ratio of total loss to numbers engaged.
		Number.	Ratio to numbers engaged.			
Army of the Potomac:						
Troops engaged on first day, ...	17,000	4,822	28.3	3,882	8,704	51.2
Balance of army, ...	66,000	12,905	19.5	1,371	14,286	21.6
Total, ...	83,000	17,727	21.3	5,253	22,990	27.7
Army of Northern Virginia:						
Troops engaged on first day, ...	30,000	7,001	23.3	1,580	8,581	28.6
Balance of army, ...	39,000	8,297	21.2	3,570	11,867	30.4
Total, ...	69,090	15,298	22.1	5,150	20,448	29.6
Total, both armies, ...	152,000	32,985	21.7	10,403	43,388	28.5
Union troops engaged on first day:						
First Corps,*	8,200	3,483	42.2	2,190	5,673	39.2
Eleventh Corps,†	6,500	1,178	18.1	1,677	2,855	43.9
Buford's Cavalry,‡	2,500	161	6.1	15	176	7.1
Total, ...	7,200	4,822	28.3	3,882	8,704	51.2

*Excluding Stannard's Brigade.
†Excluding Steinwehr's Division.
‡Excluding Sixth Regiment U. S. Cavalry.
} None of which were engaged on first day.

Taking the aggregate loss of both armies as a basis, the ratio of loss, as between their several parts, shows as follows:—

	Ratio.			
Whole loss, both armies, ...	28.5	of number	engaged=	100.0
Army of the Potomac, ...	27.7	"	"	97.1
Army of Northern Virginia, ...	29.6	"	"	103.8
Union side, first day, ...	51.2	"	"	179.6
Rebel side, first day, ...	28.6	"	"	100.3

Union army, first day:	*Ratio.*			
First Corps, ...	69.2	of number	engaged=	242.8
Eleventh Corps, ...	43.9	"	"	154.0
Buford's Cavalry, ...	7.1	"	"	24.9

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

90TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 3, 1888

ADDRESS OF BREVET-COLONEL A. J. SELLERS

COMRADES, ladies and gentlemen:—Gettysburg! If ever there be consecrated ground, then you can well say, naught is more hallowed except the path of the Savior of the world wended, as he ascended the rugged heights of Calvary. As he died for the salvation of men, so our comrades died to make men free.

Gettysburg, so often quoted as the high water-mark of the rebellion, was truly the turning point in the war for the preservation of the Union. The magnitude of the conflict, and its far-reaching consequences, give it rank among the world's greatest battles. As the years roll by its interest increases, and these memorial shafts are erected in commemoration of the great deeds of the heroes who here gave their all, their lives, that the Nation should, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth. So spoke the immortal Lincoln, on yonder hill, in 1863.

"If General Lee wants provisions, let him go and look for them in Pennsylvania," was the reply sent from the Richmond authorities; and this was the popular Southern feeling. For this purpose did we find General Lee massing his forces in Pennsylvania, July, 1863, concentrating in the vicinity of Gettysburg. Ewell and Early had passed through the town a few days before apparently marching on Harrisburg, with Philadelphia and Washington as objective points. Ascertaining that the Union army was in closer promixity than he had anticipated, he intended to seek a defensive position, and so assured his lieutenants—thinking he would have ample time to select and occupy such a one. Gettysburg was the point of concentration decided upon, by way of the southern and western routes. General Meade was equally desirous of securing the advantage of a defensive position, and he selected for the advance two of his subordinate men, noted for quickness of perception, promptness of decision and gallantry on the battle-field—Reynolds and Buford—to operate his left flank.

Buford took in the situation at once, and on the early morning of July 1, dismounted his two brigades, Gamble's and Devin's, reducing thereby his command one-fourth to care for the horses; and at about 8 o'clock in the morning the cavalry engaged Heth's Division of Hill's Third Corps Infantry, Archer's and Davis' brigades, they supposing their opponents were infantry. A severe struggle took place on the banks of Willoughby Run. Buford had his artillery admirably posted. His object was simply to retard the enemy until Reynolds' First Corps, which was near at hand,

could be placed in position; they having that morning made a forced march from Marsh Creek, about five miles from Gettysburg.

The gallant Reynolds, having been informed of the opening of the battle by Buford, proceeded in advance of his infantry column, following the sound of battle, at full gallop, to bring the assurance of speedy relief to our cavalry and its valiant chieftain. And here I desire to speak of the magnificent stand made by our gallant troopers, pitted against Hill's veteran infantry.

The First Corps was on the lead in the march from Marsh Creek and Emmitsburg, where it had bivouacked for the night of June 30; the Ninetieth that day having made a march of twenty-three miles, through mud and rain. General Reynolds commanded the First Corps and the advance of the Army of the Potomac—the First, Eleventh and Third Corps. Soon after his arrival, about 9.45 o'clock a. m., in making disposition of his command, he was too early made immortal, and in the glory of his manhood (but forty-three years of age), rapidly rising to the zenith of fame—he fell upon his native soil, a martyr to his country, and lamented throughout every loyal state of the land he loved. The position selected for the First Corps, under the direction of General Reynolds, was an inferior one, in comparison to the strategic one of Cemetery Hill, and knowing that the enemy were in advance of us, and that Lee's forces could be concentrated somewhat sooner, he chose the more indefensible one to fight upon, so that in the event of disaster, our advancing troops could occupy and fortify Cemetery Hill, a powerful line of defense, with Culp's and Powers' Hills on the right and the two Round Tops on the left. As he approached Gettysburg he noticed the magnificent position of Cemetery Hill; it could not, in fact, have escaped his trained military eye. Had he occupied that position on the first day, the overwhelming numbers of Ewell's and Hill's Corps, would have driven the First and Eleventh Corps from it, and perhaps precipitated a disaster dreadful to contemplate.

Cutler's Brigade of Wadworth's Division (Seventy-sixth and One hundred and forty-seventh New York and Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers) led the advance of the First Corps, facing the west, north of the then unfinished railroad. The Ninety-fifth New York, Fourteenth Brooklyn, with Hall's Second Maine Battery, were located south of the railroad cut. The Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel J. W. Hofmann, of Philadelphia, delivered the first infantry volley. On their left was the road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, and still further to the left was the Hagerstown road; upon these roads Hill's Corps was moving. Between these roads is the historic Reynolds' Grove, extending westward to Willoughby Run. Both armies wanted possession of these woods to cover their movements. General Reynolds ordered the Iron Brigade to enter. They pushed forward and were confronted by Archer's Tennessee Brigade, who had just crossed the run, and by a brilliant movement of Fairchild's Second Wisconsin and Colonel Morrow's Twenty-fourth Michigan, of the Iron Brigade, turned the right flank of the Confederates, capturing several regiments (upwards of five hundred men), including their brigade commander, General Archer, driving the remainder of the brigade beyond the stream at the bayonet's point.

Pending this movement is when the gallant Reynolds fell, supposed to have been shot by a sharpshooter. Heth's Division now pressed forward upon our right flank and attacked Cutler's Brigade, front and flank, they having located *en echelon*. Hall's Second Maine Battery here lost a gun, which was subsequently recaptured. Two regiments of Davis' Mississippians, to avoid a withering concentrated fire, were forced into the railroad cut and there captured, with their colors. This fortunate occurrence partially relieved Cutler's Brigade. During a lull, Heth reorganized his shattered division to await the assistance of Pender's Division, for a fresh attack. Four weakened brigades had been contending with eight well filled Confederate brigades, who here found out that their sudden attacks *en masse* were more dangerous and more difficult of execution along the open country of Pennsylvania, than among the thickly wooded settlements of Virginia, where they did not stand in dread of slanting fires. The remainder of the First Corps were marching into position on the right, it being Doubleday's and Robinson's divisions, the former commanded by General Rowley, Doubleday having succeeded Reynolds. At the same time Pender's Confederate Division was being deployed and the engagement renewed with increased vigor.

The Bucktail Brigade, under Colonel Roy Stone, was now placed north and adjoining the Reynolds' Grove, fighting with conspicuous bravery, shouting "we have come to stay;" and Biddle's Brigade, located south of the grove (facing the west), with no wood to rest upon to disguise its weakness, was our extreme left, where they felt the power of the immense force arrayed against them. Rowley's Brigade, under Colonel Biddle, confronted what seemed to be a division coming down upon their front from the west and south in heavy lines, and upon his flank Brockenbrough's Virginians emerged under cover of the woods. Cooper's Union battery was wheeled into position. Terrible rents were made in the advancing lines, but closing up they came on undaunted. Hill at this time had Pender's Division of four brigades, and Heth's four, making eight large brigades to six of the First Corps. Pender and Heth by this time developed their full strength and faced the First Corps with nearly three times as many men, and their line connected on their left with Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps, who had so opportunely arrived from Carlisle. At this juncture our regiment, the Ninetieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, went into position under the fire of the guns stationed on Oak Hill, and we, being on the extreme right of the First Corps, were obliged to in part refuse, or face the north. Our general line of battle was facing the west, frequently *en echelon*, and upon our regimental front was O'Neal's Alabama Brigade, and Page's Virginia Battery stationed at the red barn, where they suffered so severely, losing fully one-half their men in killed and wounded. Upon Oak Hill, enfilading our line of battle, was Carter's Battalion of Artillery, Rodes' line of battle facing the south and east, Iverson on our left, Daniel and O'Neal in the center, and Doles far beyond, whose direct line of fire was to the left of the Eleventh Corps; Ramseur's Brigade was in reserve, but subsequently engaged. A portion of our brigade took advantage of a stone fence, which protected us from view, and as Iverson's North Carolinians advanced, which was about 2.30

o'clock, we delivered such a deadly volley at very short range, that death's mission was with unerring certainty, and so destructive were the volleys we rapidly delivered that we followed it up with a charge, ordered by the plucky Baxter, which resulted in the capture of three regiments of the brigade. This was a decisive blow, but we could not withstand the succeeding lines of battle, and the enfilading artillery fire from Oak Hill. Confederate Rodes, in his report, speaks of his command being subjected to a murderous enfilade and direct infantry fire from the time it commenced its advance.

O'Neal's troops felt confident of turning our right—the force of the attack fell upon the Ninetieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, your regiment—but they were repulsed with heavy loss and the remnants thereof hurled back; no longer did they attempt an advance, until we were later on ordered to a position near the seminary, under cover of the woods. The brigade of North Carolinians, under Ramseur, and O'Neal's Alabamians were held in check by the undaunted courage of the gallant Robinson and his troops. The unusually large number of Confederate officers killed and wounded, as well as our own, attest to the severity of the conflict and the daring of the First Corps. Six brigades constituted the corps, commanded by Meredith, Morrow, Robinson, Cutler, Biddle, Roy Stone, Paul, Wistar, Dana, Leonard and Baxter, and repeatedly thwarted the brilliant charges made by an equally valiant foe. Six of these brigade commanders were wounded. For over five hours the corps held the enemy in check. At last another desperate attack by Daniel, of Rodes' Division, was made on Roy Stone's Brigade. The enemy, unable to make any impression upon Baxter's and Paul's Brigades of Robinson's Division, the blow fell with withering effect upon Roy Stone, shortly before 3 o'clock. In two lines the enemy moved forward, parallel to the pike, but the One hundred and forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers sheltered themselves behind the railroad cut, the One hundred and forty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Dana, on the right and rear of the One hundred and forty-ninth. The One hundred and forty-ninth, Colonel Dwight, poured two terrific volleys, and by a brilliant bayonet charge, magnificently supported by the remainder of the brigade, broke their lines, and in dismay they fell back, a beaten foe. Davis' Brigade, of Hill's Corps, failed to co-operate. Wistar succeeded to the command, Colonel Roy Stone being wounded. Once more they moved against the Bucktails (Daniel's and Davis' brigades), from the northwest, only to be again repulsed; as also in a subsequent attack, the One hundred and fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, under command of Colonel Huidekoper, distinguishing itself by brilliant fighting, ending in a bayonet charge. Huidekoper, though badly wounded, held his position. Here Colonel Wistar, of the One hundred and fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanding the brigade, was wounded, Colonel Dana succeeding him.

Frequent assaults were made upon Paul's and Baxter's brigades (the latter including the Ninetieth Pennsylvania Volunteers), but they stubbornly held the ground, and would not be driven from their position, until their ammunition began to grow scarce, some having fired their last cartridge, and were supplied from the boxes of their killed and wounded com-

rades. Their position now became untenable, from the numerically overwhelming superiority of our foes, who were taking advantage of the gap in our line of battle on our right.

It was then shortly after 3 o'clock, and the two divisions of the Eleventh Corps had been routed; the First Corps was still continuing the struggle in the position it had been defending since morning. Doubleday, appreciating the new danger to which he was about to be exposed, sent to General Howard for immediate reinforcements, or the order of retreat. The only support he offered Doubleday was Buford's cavalry, who at the time was covering with difficulty the retreat of his corps on the extreme right. Reynolds' men can never forget how near they were to being sacrificed. Howard was subsequently superseded by Hancock, a junior officer, who had arrived upon the field of action, about 4.30 o'clock. Pender's Division of eighteen regiments replaced Heth's Division of exhausted and discouraged troops. Pender, about 3.30 o'clock, assails the three small brigades of Stone, Morrow and Biddle, now reduced to 1,500. Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps, no longer assailed by the Eleventh Corps, turn in for a general attack, supported by thirty pieces of artillery, and make a rapid descent upon the stone wall, behind which a portion of Robinson's Division was posted, and thus apparently hemmed in, the order was given to abandon the position we so gallantly had maintained.

It was at this time that General Paul, who commanded the First Brigade, was so severely wounded in the head, losing both eyes, and the adjutant of our regiment, David P. Weaver, acting brigade adjutant-general, was so severely wounded; and for all this undaunted courage, the First Corps was, by a general officer of another corps, unfairly criticised, because two regiments of Cutler's Brigade, sooner than be annihilated or captured, were ordered to fall back early in the fight, under cover of Seminary Ridge; but they subsequently returned, achieved brilliant lustre by their heroic conduct and manfully held their position with the brigade. Our men made a firm resistance around the seminary, to which point we withdrew, under cover of the woods, and by the aid of our batteries under Colonel Wainwright, chief of First Corps artillery, beat back the first lines of Scales' North Carolina Brigade, wounding both Generals Scales and Pender.

Scales says that he arrived within seventy-five feet of our guns, and adds that every field officer but one was killed or wounded. General Doubleday, in his report, gives to Baxter's Brigade of Robinson's Division, of which the Ninetieth Pennsylvania Volunteers was a part, the credit of holding in check the left of Scales' North Carolina Brigade, while our artillery withdrew along the railroad embankment; a portion of the Ninetieth having been in support of Stewart's Battery B, Fourth United States Artillery, north of the railroad cut. With all our casualties, the First Corps lost but one gun (Reynolds' New York Battery), the horses having been shot, and there being no time to disengage them.

About 4.15 p. m. General Doubleday ordered us to fall back from the seminary into the town, the Eleventh Corps having been already driven therein, and many captured in the streets of Gettysburg. It was a stubborn retirement—Scales', Daniel's, Ramseur's and O'Neal's Brigades almost

surrounded us—Robinson's men being the last to vacate Seminary Ridge. The First Corps was broken, but not dismayed, showing the true spirit of soldiers. They reached the gate of the cemetery on the hill, which was our rallying point. I call to your mind that this magnificent fighting by the First Corps was a single line, unsupported, unrenewed—artillery on its front and right flank—and chiefly unprotected by breastworks. It was a series of brilliant charges and counter-charges. Could there have been a corps up at that time to support the First, how decisive might have been the results. A gallant resistance was made by it between Willoughby Run and Seminary (or Oak) Ridge, against superior numbers, viz., Heth's and Pender's Divisions of Hill's Confederate Corps, who by their own vastly underestimated report of 15,000, and four brigades of Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps of 8,000, in all 23,000, marched against the gallant First Corps, numbering 8,200 maximum (three to one), and not until 4 o'clock p. m., did they succeed in dislodging the First Corps from their position. The records of war present no instance of more gallant, stubborn and persistent fighting than that offered by Reynolds' men.

You will observe that the series of repeated assaults on our line were isolated attacks by brigades, and changes of front were frequent. Open manœuvring of troops was more fully carried out on the first day's battle than is usual, on account of the topography of the country; and the captures made by the First Corps were by brilliant manœuvers—chiefly whole regiments, and including the only captured Confederate, unharmed, general officer (Archer) at Gettysburg, while our losses were isolated men, mostly in the falling back from Seminary Ridge, of mixed and indiscriminate commands, in the streets and immediate suburbs of Gettysburg, where we were hemmed in and the avenues of escape so well guarded. The losses sustained by the First Corps after as brilliant fighting as was done at Gettysburg (with all due deference to the valor of other corps), attest to the verification of my assertion. The First Corps lost 5,750 out of 8,200 (70 per cent.); Robinson's Division losing 1,600 out of 2,500 engaged. These figures tell eloquently of the terrible ordeal through which they passed. The Confederates admit a loss on the first day of 7,500, and only a loss of 829 in front of the Eleventh Corps; almost as many casualties as we had effective strength in the entire corps. Our loss, however, was proportionately greater by far, than that of any other corps engaged, and it inflicted greater damage upon their opponents. Its beloved leader fell, but his keen sagacity and military genius gave us the advantage of position, which finally resulted in a glorious victory.

Very diverging figures as to the respective strength of the two armies have been given by different authorities; therefore it is difficult to clearly establish the fact. The Comte de Paris, who is considered as an impartial historian, places the Union forces engaged—not what was carried on the rolls, as more tolerance was shown in the Union army, as to keeping up the effective strength, than in the Southern army—at from 82,000 to 84,000 actual fighting strength, and 327 guns, including cavalry and artillery, making proper allowance for the sick, stragglers, detached men and the like.

The Sixth Corps, the largest in the army, under Sedgwick, did not arrive on the field until late in the afternoon and evening of the second day, having made a forced march of forty miles, being that far away when the battle

commenced; consequently they did not all receive the shock of battle like unto the other corps. Corse's Brigade, of Pickett's Division, and a regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade were left at Hanover Junction; also three regiments of Early's Division at Winchester, and the ratio of deduction, on account of sick, etc., like unto our own, made the Confederates' effective force at 69,000 men and 250 guns, a difference of about 14,000 men. There has been too much exaggeration as to the fighting strength of both armies.

One peculiarity in the organization of the Confederate forces was that troops of the same State almost invariably formed entire brigades; this was rarely the case in our army.

A finer body of disciplined veterans never followed the stars and bars at any previous period; its *morale* was of the finest—flushed with victory just before at Chancellorsville. Our army had scarcely recovered from that terrible shock, where our casualties were 17,197, and the Confederates 13,019. The losses on this field to both sides were nearly equal, about 23,000 each.

The number of belligerents at the world-renowned Waterloo, June 18, 1815, was 140,000: Under Napoleon, 72,000; under Wellington, 68,000. The timely arrival of Blucher's Prussian corps (fully 50,000) decisively crushed out Napoleon's failure to defeat Wellington. At Gettysburg, the combined forces aggregated 152,000, with a joint loss in killed and wounded of 31,800, in comparison with a joint loss at Waterloo of 30,600, which occupied but eight hours, while Gettysburg lasted three days, but not continuous fighting, owing to the battle being precipitated ere the arrival of our entire army. Waterloo and Gettysburg rank as the two greatest battles of modern times.

Gettysburg was conspicuous for hand-to-hand fighting, stalwart men were cut down in the saddle; Confederate General Wade Hampton received a severe saber wound. The Union and Confederate cavalry on the right hew each other with sabers, amid demoniac yells, and on the left, Kilpatrick desperately fought his cavalry, losing one of the bravest cavalry officers that ever drew a sword, Farnsworth, who fell at the head of the First Vermont, and the Confederate accounts say, though severely wounded, he, by his own hand, severed his existence, sooner than surrender.

In charge, generally one or the other of opposing ranks break before the touch of weapons. The desperate but unsuccessful charge, on the evening of the 2d, by Avery's and Hays' Brigade of "Louisiana Tigers," on the Eleventh Corps, and the batteries of Ricketts and Wiedrich, who expended five hundred rounds of canister, was a terrible hand-to-hand conflict, on the north side of Cemetery Hill. Individual bravery was here never surpassed. Carroll's Brigade of the Second Corps charged and saved the day. The assault by Wilcox, Perry and White, on the second day, penetrating our Third Corps line on Cemetery Ridge, where the First Minnesota was almost annihilated, equals almost the desperate, but brilliant, attack of Pickett's Division on the third day, which history has immortalized. On the left, during the second day, the whole space from the Peach Orchard to the Devil's Den had been fought over and over; thousands fell in that bloody arena.

Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts Battery particularly distinguished itself in a stubborn hand-to-hand encounter with Humphrey's Forty-first Mississippians—the only regiment that actually crossed Plum Run, dealing death with fearful pace. The battery sacrificed itself for the safety of our line; its

losses being unequaled by any light battery engaged in any battle of the war save one, at Iuka, Mississippi. Its guns were that evening recaptured. In the wheat field Colonel Jeffords, of the Fourth Michigan (Fifth Corps), was killed by a bayonet thrust. And when, at 1:15 p. m., on the third day, one hundred and fifty Confederate guns opened upon our position from Seminary Ridge, I shall never forget that artillery cannonade just previous to Pickett's charge, which presented one of the most magnificent battle scenes witnessed during the war. The hills on either side were capped with crowns of flame and smoke, as about three hundred guns, equally divided between the two ridges, launched their iron hail upon each other. Dense clouds of smoke settled over the valley, assisting thereby to cover the subsequent advance of Pickett's and a portion of Hill's command. The shells went hissing and screaming on their errand of death, through the dense vapor; numbers exploded over the valley, apparently with venomous impatience, as they met each other in mid-air, lighting up the clouds with smoke-like flashes of lurid lighting. While this grand artillery duel was in progress, with the thermometer indicating eighty-seven degrees in the shade, Pickett's the last division to reach the field, and the only Confederate division that had not been engaged, followed with his world-renowned charge of Virginia troops, and a portion of Hill's Corps. In three lines, with inadequate support, they press forward on their fatal march, taking and dealing death at every blow. Like leaves in autumn gales, they drop along the line. The summit is reached! Meade's line is broken in the very center of our position, crowning Cemetery Heights with the flag of Virginia and the Confederacy; they bear themselves with a gallantry that cannot be surpassed. Into their ranks we pour a deadly fire, before which the Confederate line curls and withers like leaves in the flames. No panic seized the Union troops; with one spontaneous effort officers and men fell upon them like an avalanche, and the flag of the Confederacy drops on the high tide of the rebellion—Gettysburg is won!

A desperate attempt was made to drive us from Culp's Hill on the morning of the 3d, after we had recaptured our vacated works, and from the Round Tops on the afternoon of the 2d; and while all efforts to turn our flanks failed the Confederates, notwithstanding, exhibited a degree of valor unsurpassed by any troops of modern times. It was truly, jointly, American valor.

The fighting of our batteries throughout was of the grandest and most fearless character, frequently hand-to-hand, an example of which is seen in Cushing's grand defense and noble sacrifice. The brilliant manœuvring and charges to and from, on the field of the First Corps, resulted in the capture of entire rebel regiments and a general officer; and when overwhelmed, the disciplined withdrawal of the First Corps, fighting and disputing the ground foot by foot, won for them the admiration alike of friend and foe.

The contest of the first day, I am sorry to say, has by some been underestimated, who prate that the battle of Gettysburg was fought only by the contestants of the second and third days. The First Corps opened the battle and was in at the final blow. On the second day it was divided.

Wadsworth's Division at Culp's Hill, prolonging the line of the Twelfth Corps on the evening of the 2d, assisted in the repulse of a ferocious attack

by Ewell. Robinson's Division was in support of the Third Corps, after their repulse early on the evening of the 2d. On that eventful Friday of the 3d, Doubleday's Division was on the left of the Second Corps, where the stalwart Green Mountain boys, under Stannard, received their baptismal fire and so brilliantly crushed in the flanks of Pickett's and Wilcox's men, at that most decisive hour, leaving no silver lining in the clouds that hung so darkly over the field, to cheer the drooping spirits of the foemen worthy of our steel.

Who can measure the evils that would have resulted had our erring brethren succeeded. Possibly we should now have a dismembered republic, slavery still in existence, and woe and humiliation beyond conjecture; but it was decreed otherwise. To an All-wise Providence we ascribe praise and thanksgiving.

The war is over. In a day the two armies returned to peaceful citizenship, and no punishment was inflicted on the vanquished. Against a foreign foe the blue and the gray would merge wholly into the red, white and blue. True, the resentments of the war linger here and there, but chiefly, like the scattered flashes of the lightning on the edge of a thunder-cloud just passed by.

The Confederate soldier believed equally with us that he was fighting for the right, and maintained that faith with a courage that fully sustained the reputation of "American" valor, and yet, one side or the other was wrong. The God of battles decided for liberty and nationality. The outgrowth of their failure has been the magnificent development of the South, and the hills and mountains are yielding up their treasures, to the founding and building of new Birminghams and Sheffields.

Take, for instance, the construction of railroads during the present year. The South is far ahead. California first, but Georgia next, with one hundred and ninety-five miles; then Alabama, one hundred and forty-six miles. The greatest activity is thus to be seen in the South. These enterprises open and develop territory, and invite emigration to a new agriculture and to mines of wealth.

The youth of the land are now taught and imbued with the sentiment that this republic is not a confederacy of independent States, but a Nation, with power to use the last dollar and enlist the last man to maintain the authority of the Constitution and the supremacy of the flag. It required complete and utter exhaustion, so as to leave no truce to recuperate for subsequent agitation; hence to close the conflict in the early years of the rebellion, would have left an unconverted and unreconstructed people.

I call to mind, how often do we hear that the "pensioner" is a term of reproach, instead of honorable recognition of the country's gratitude. These men, at a compensation of $13.00 a month, left behind them prospects for promotion in their respective vocations; in most cases gave the best period of their life, and for three years or more, marched under blazing suns, slept upon the ground, breathed the miasma of the swamps, racked with fevers, endured the horrors of the prison-pen, and amidst shot, shell, and saber thrust, kept their colors aloft to eventual triumph, which secured for the people of the Republic and their descendants, civil and religious rights and business opportunities unsurpassed, if even equaled, by any other nation. The spirit of patriotism will ever continue and protect these grand results.

We are a Republic! a tried Republic—tried in the crucible of fire—enduring to the end of time.

Comrades, age, disease and death are fast thinning our ranks. Our active service will soon be only glorious memories for the inspiration of others. Our story will be the recruiting sergeant of coming generations. Two grand facts stare us in the face, facts standing like monuments at the beginning and close of our grand old Army of the Potomac. It owes its existence to the masterly organizing abilities of McClellan and ended the war under the superb generalship of Grant. As we recall the memories of the dead, the spirits of all the warrior heroes of the past come floating before us. Washington and his generals! Enrolled in their company and encircled with their glory, are Grant and McClellan, Meade and Reynolds, Hooker and Hancock, Burnside and Kearny, Thomas and McPherson, Sedgwick and Sumner, Warren and Sykes, Custer and Kilpatrick, Farragut and Foote and last, our lamented Sheridan, who so gallantly plucked victory from defeat.

Let us recall to mind that noblest of historical groupings, when Lee, the brilliant strategist, surrendered to the greatest soldier of his time, the lamented Grant, and there sealed anew the life of the nation; and last, but not least, the rank and file—whose glittering walls of steel environed and encompassed that brave and fearless band of Southern soldiery at Appomattox.

But who shall tell of the unknown heroes who have fallen, unmarked, unhonored and unsung?

What bright hopes may there be buried,
Who the slain, "no one can say;"
Yet we know "somebody's darling"
Sleeps on yonder hill to-day.

On his grave the sunlight lingers,
And the silvery moon-beams fall;
Though he sleeps far, far from kindred—
Sleeps until the last great call.

Who shall eulogize those of lower rank, who, upon the field of battle, have in their places displayed a degree of courage rarely excelled, seldom equaled? Who shall record the sacrifices of the humble and lowly soldier or sailor? While much depended upon the commander of an army, yet the personal efforts would avail nothing if not seconded by the heroism and devotion of their men.

Twenty-five years have passed since you stood in battle array on this sacred spot, consecrated by the blood of many a true and valiant soldier. The echoes and passions of war have faded away. The charm of your soldier life, its bonds of friendship and its glorious memories still linger. We have met to-day to dedicate two monuments to mark the two positions of the old Ninetieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, in which you so faithfully served—your watchword, "one country and one flag." Those sacred folds that we followed in war and cherish in peace, are now in the hands of the gallant defenders, Sergeants William H. Paul, Thomas E. Berger and Johnson Roney, who carried them on hard-fought battle-fields, and beneath their precious folds fell Sergeant Roney, maimed for life. Comrade John C. Bowen touches elbows with us here, under the same old brigade flag that he so bravely carried aloft a quarter of a century ago. I quote—"Proud memories of many

fiends * * * Sweet memories of valor and friendship. * * * Sad memories of fallen brothers and sons, whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds. * * * Grand memories of cherished virtues, sublime by grief. * * * Exultant memories of the great and final victories of our country, the Union and the righteous cause. * * * Thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature, unexampled by any former achievement of arms. * * * Immortal memories, with immortal honors blended, twine around the splintered staffs and weave themselves amidst the fabrics of our country's flags, war-worn, begrimed, and baptized with precious blood."

The statistics of the War Department show that you entered the fight with two hundred and eight officers and men, and after a contest of three hours, exhausted your cartridges.

We left the field, when commanded, with a list of casualties amounting to ninety-four, equal to forty-eight per cent. Your position was one of great danger, and, in military parlance, the post of honor, being on the extreme right of the First Corps. Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps kept you actively engaged, and you in turn did not forget to help take good care of Iverson's North Carolina Brigade, and grandly repulsed the onslaught made by O'Neal's Alabama Brigade. Page's Confederate Battery, located on your front, at McLean's red barn, lost very heavily; and frequently Carter's Battalion of Artillery, stationed on Oak Hill, reminded us that we were in range. Our position was a trying one, and when the Eleventh Corps, who failed to connect their left with our right by almost one-half mile, were hurled back by Ewell's command, our position was truly then a precarious one. As I have already described, after taking up a position with our depleted numbers upon Cemetery Hill, we supported batteries on the second day, and late in the afternoon moved to the left in support of the Third Corps, our regimental skirmish line bringing in the Confederate General Barksdale, who fell mortally wounded but a short time before, in making that brilliant charge with his Mississippi Brigade. On the morning of the third day we lay between Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, ready to support the Twelfth Corps and a portion of our First Corps under Wadsworth, who repulsed the formidable attack of Ewell's to turn our right flank; and Stuart with his Confederate cavalry repulsed by Pleasonton, trying to capture the Baltimore pike, so that in the event of disaster, our retreat would be cut off,—adroitly conceived, but, through the indomitable bravery of our gallant soldiers, frustrated.

During Pickett's famous charge, on the afternoon of the 3d, you were brought over on the double-quick to support the Second Corps, and arrived just in time to witness the collapse, many of the vanquished Confederates passing through our line to the rear. We were then placed in position in front of Ziegler's Grove. So accurate was the fire of the Whitworth guns from the Confederate left, that we temporarily withdrew under cover of the grove, from whence we furnished details to the skirmish line, some of whom took shelter in

> Those low green tents.
> Whose curtains never outward swing.

At the recent reunion on yonder hill, a now much distinguished citizen, who fought as a general officer on the other side, manfully proclaimed, in all sin-

cerity, that the cause for which they fought was eternally wrong, and that we were eternally right.

Swords will never again be drawn to sever the Union. The graves of the fallen on both sides now bind the nation together, and there is a grand future before us. A broader and healthier sentiment prevails, and we look back upon the scenes with wonder and amazement.

In front of Ziegler's Grove you have erected a second monument, whereon is inscribed your record in more extended phrase than this representative of the stalwart oak tree will warrant us doing.

The war is over! The dove, which brought the glad tidings of a regenerated world, here is used to symbolize the era of peace and good will between man and man. The wearers of the blue and the grey have met each other in the field, have manfully fought out their differences, accepted the situation, discarded the bitterness and animosities of the war, and now recognize that we are all of one country and one flag, desirous only to increase our country's greatness and prosperity.

> We have no enmity for those
> Who, by their acts not ours, were foes—
> But charity; and from malice free,
> Would cherish with sincerity.

The roll-call shortens fast; the list of casualties is not yet complete; the strain of that long struggle is fast laying even our strongest low; we close up our thinner ranks, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, holding nearer and dearer together.

May the God of heaven bless this day's work, and may it add to the sanctity of a wedded affection for the land we love, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

91ST REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 12, 1889

ADDRESS OF CHAPLAIN JOSEPH WELCH

THE Ninety-first regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was recruited in the city of Philadelphia, and mustered into the service of the United States December 4, 1861, with the following staff: Colonel, Edgar M. Gregory; lieutenant colonel, Edward E. Wallace; major, George W. Todd; adjutant, Benjamin F. Tayman; quartermaster, Lieutenant George W. Eyre; surgeon, Isaac D. Knight, M. D.; assistant surgeon, Charles W. Houghton, and chaplain, Joseph Welch.

The regiment camped on the west bank of the Schuylkill river, at Camp Chase, until January 21, 1862, when it embarked for the front, and went into camp north of the city of Washington on the Bladensburg turnpike, at Camp Stanton.

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

March 22 it occupied the Franklin Square barracks, and was employed in provost and other duty under the military governor until April 26 when it was ordered to Alexandria, Virginia, Colonel Gregory being appointed military governor, and Captain Joseph H. Sinex, of Company D, being provost marshal.

Severe and unenviable service now kept the regiment fully occupied for four months.

On the 23d of August the regiment was assigned to the First Brigade, General E. B. Tyler, in the Third Division, General A. A. Humphreys, of the Fifth Army Corps, General Fitz John Porter, and went into camp at Cloud's Mills.

The brigade at this time being composed of the Ninety-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel E. M. Gregory; One hundred and thirty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel M. S. Quay; One hundred and twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel J. G. Elder, and One hundred and twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel J. G. Frick.

In consequence of the excitement following the second battle of Manassas, the command was kept in motion in the vicinity of the capital, south of the Potomac, until September 15 when it joined the pursuit of the enemy under Lee, who had crossed the river into Maryland; pushing on, by a night march of the 17th, it reached the battle-field of Antietam on the morning of September 18 with headquarters at a rail fence crossing a part of the field.

Remaining in camp here, till the forward movement of the middle of October, it reached Warrenton, Virginia, October 30; by the middle of November the division reached end encamped at Stoneman's switch on the Aquia Creek railroad, and remained here until the movement for the attack on the position of the enemy at Fredericksburg.

Taking up the line of march, the regiment crossed the river by the upper pontoon bridge, marching through the town, and formed in line behind a grave yard, the stone wall of which afforded some protection against the fire of the enemy; from this point, through the various changes of its position on the field, its losses were severe.

Lieutenant Murphy and a number of men were killed on the field. Major Todd and a large number were wounded, the major dying very shortly afterwards; the final charge led by Generals Humphreys and Tyler, which was made with the cheers of the men, proved in vain, and met with a heavy loss.

The last company to recross the river (Company E) made the passage as the skirmishers of the enemy entered the town; with all the experiences the regiment was destined to have in the subsequent history of the army, it never forgot those of the battle of Fredericksburg.

The camp of the army was practically continuous varied by an ineffectual attempt to move in January, 1863, until April 28, when the manœuvers took place, resulting in the battle of Chancellorsville. Here the colonel was severely wounded; from the effects of this wound he never entirely recovered, and ultimately died.

The expiration of the term of enlistment of the regiments of the division, except the Ninety-first and One hundred and fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, caused the assignment of these to the Second Division composed largely of regulars, General George Sykes commanding. The command was sta-

tioned at Stoneman's switch guarding the railroad about two weeks, and then moved to United States Ford on the river, where it remained till June 7.

On the night of June 7, the regiment moved during a heavy rain storm, marching all night, halting about 4 o'clock the next morning at Mount Holly Church for breakfast. At 7 o'clock the march was resumed, continuing till night, and halted at Catlett's Station on the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

On the morning of the 9th the march began at 2 o'clock and continued under a hot sun till 3 o'clock, going into camp at Manassas Junction, doing picket duty for three days.

From this point to Gum Springs, halting two or three days, at which time General Weed took command of the brigade, thence to Aldie in support of the cavalry who were skirmishing with the cavalry of the enemy; from here to Leesburg where the regiment formed picket line, guarding the flank of the army as it passed northward.

Leaving Leesburg about 3 p. m., crossing the Potomac river at Edwards' Ferry, it marched to Poolesville, Maryland, arriving about 9 o'clock; the march was resumed the following morning about 4 o'clock, reaching Frederick City, Maryland, and halting for two days.

While the regiment was at this point, General Meade took command of the Army of the Potomac, General Sykes taking the corps and General R. B. Ayres the division. From Frederick City the regiment marched to Uniontown, bivouacking here in the rain, crossing the South Mountain and halting at Boonesboro, on ground rendered familiar by the campaign of Antietam the previous year. Here a welcome issue of shoes was made, which had become badly needed. Marching thence to Union Mills.

Having been mustered for pay, the regiment left Union Mills on the morning of July 1, marching to Hanover, Pennsylvania, where it halted for a brief rest for dinner. As soon as coffee was disposed of, the march was resumed for Gettysburg, where fighting had already begun; the tidings of which began to arrive in the evening; at midnight a rest was taken on the side of the road over which the march lay.

On the morning of July 2, an early move was made and the regiment was thrown into line east of the Baltimore turnpike, a short distance below Gettysburg, at which point Captain Hall of Company E was wounded; it was then moved to a position of support in the center of the line, from which in a short time the brigade was taken as a support to the Third Corps which was being flanked by the enemy.

The brigade marched up one side of Round Top, as the enemy charged up the other side, too late to capture a position that became of inestimable worth to us in a few hours. The regiment was then ordered to the right at doublequick to support Battery I of the Fifth U. S. Artillery. This position had barely been reached when the regiment was ordered back to Round Top, and drawn up in line in front of Battery D, Fifth U. S. Artillery which fired over it. After collecting the wounded lying in front of the line, the regiment during the night threw up a stone wall as a protection from the enemy's sharpshooters, who, from Devil's Den, were harrassing the men; General Weed commanding the brigade and Captain Hazlett of the battery were both killed here.

On the morning of July 3, the enemy's batteries opened on the position pre-

paratory to further attempts, our own battery making no reply at the time. After various changes which occupied the morning had been made, the artillery of the enemy opened at 1 o'clock all along the line. This was the prelude of the serious and decisive effort of the grand charge which began about 3 o'clock. The enemy advanced in three lines, in splendid order and determined persistence. Out battery opened on them with a flanking fire that was terrible in its power and fearful in destruction. Three times was the attempt made in the face of murderous musketry and artillery that literally mowed them down in heaps. The effort was then abandoned and the position was left in our undisputed possession. In the evening our pickets were advanced beyond the Devil's Den, meeting no opposition. A heavy rain set in during the night, continuing part of the following day, in which the regiment remained in the position it occupied. A memorable fourth of July to us, but whose full significance could not then be foreseen.

On the morning of the 5th, the skirmish line advanced over the enemy's breastworks, capturing a number of prisoners, until they came up with the rear guard of the retreating army, when they were called into the regiments, which were already on the march along the Emmitsburg turnpike. A heavy rain coming on in the afternoon, rendered the camp ground at night literally a field of mud.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, the march was resumed, reaching Utica. On the 8th, crossed South Mountain and camped near Middletown. On the 9th marched to near Boonesboro. On the 10th to near Antietam creek. On the 11th and 12th having heavy skirmishing. Marched in line of battle and reached Williamsport, Maryland, where the enemy crossed the river.

July 14, marched to Berlin where the regiment crossed the Potomac. A detail was now made of three officers and six men for recruiting service who were sent to Philadelphia. The regiment marched to Wapping Heights, skirmishing through the gap in time to see the rear of the enemy's army on its retreat. From Wapping Heights to Stony creek, halting for the night. Passing Warrenton, it camped three miles beyond the town where it remained till August 3, when it marched to Beverly Ford on the Rappahannock and there going into camp.

September 16, marched to Brandy Station, halted for the night, thence marched beyond Culpeper, where it camped till October 10. From this date the regiment was almost continually on the march for forty-five days, in a series of movements that in detail alone, would seem aimless and inexplicable, but were part of a whole, both needful and wise, that for hard work varied with a spice of fighting, would be eminently satisfactory to the most ardent campaigners. From Culpeper to Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan, thence back the following day. In the old camp one night, then to Brandy Station, halting a few hours, then to Rappahannock Station, crossing the river and moving up to Beverly Ford.

The next day the command re-crossed and advanced in line of battle to near Brandy Station. At 2 a. m. it fell back and recrossed the river to Beverly Ford. In a few hours the regiment was deployed as flankers and reached Manassas Plains. About dusk the enemy attacked the Second Corps at Bristoe Station, and the regiment went on double-quick to its assistance.

The attack being repulsed, the march was resumed, lasting all night, and in the morning the command reached Centerville. Resting a few hours, it then resumed the march by the Fairfax road to near Fairfax Court House. On the afternoon of the following day, it marched back about five miles and bivouacked for the night, and reached Centerville on the day following.

On the 18th, marched to Fairfax Court House. The following day to the old Bull Run battle-field. Left this at 1 o'clock a. m., and marched to Haymarket and thence to New Baltimore.

After building road, the march was resumed to Three Mile Station on the Warrenton Branch railroad. From thence to Rappahannock Station, where line of battle was formed and skirmishers thrown out. About dusk a charge was ordered, and the forts were captured with a number of prisoners and guns. Camping in front of the captured works, on November 8 the command marched to Kelly's Ford, where, after a few hours, the river was crossed.

On the 10th marched to Mountain run where quarters were built and occupied till the 24th. Starting on the 26th the river was crossed and the regiment reached Hope Church, halting for the night; then marched to Parker's Store where line was formed under a heavy fire of artillery from the enemy.

The following day moved towards Robertson's Tavern and relieved the Second Corps; going to the front, laid there till 2 a. m., when the corps moved to the right to make a charge; lying under arms here until the following night when it was withdrawn, some of the men being frozen to death during the exposure in the severe cold.

Then again to the front, relieving the Pennsylvania Reserves December 1, after dark ordered to retire as quietly and quickly as possible, moving by Robertson's Tavern, recrossed the river at Culpeper Ford, getting breakfast about 8 a. m.; marching all day, halting at night, crossing the Rappahannock and halting beyond Rappahannock Station. The next day marched to Warrenton Junction, thence back to Kettle run; lying here till the 10th when the regiment marched to Bealton and went into camp. Here it lost Captain Faust of Company D, by death. The regiment was mustered December 26 into the service for three years more; those who did not re-enlist being transferred to the One hundred and fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

December 27, marched to Warrenton Junction, thence, January 2, 1864, to Alexandria; passing through Washington and Baltimore, being entertained at the Soldiers' Rest; it reached Philadelphia, marching through the city to Independence Hall; after a dress parade, it was dismissed on furlough.

Headquarters were established on Chestnut street and Lieutenant Shipley detailed for recruiting service.

February 16, 1864, the regiment assembled and marched to the Baltimore railroad depot, taking the train to Chester, Pa., where it lay till March 2, when it left for the front, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph H. Sinex; passing through Washington and Alexandria it proceeded to Warrenton Junction and encamped.

April 30, broke camp and marched to the Rappahannock, crossing the river at Rappahannock Station, marched to Brandy Station; moved at midnight crossing Rapidan at Germanna Ford, marched down into the wilderness.

May 5, the brigade advanced in two lines through dense underbrush, charg-

ing through an open space, but was repulsed; it was then reformed under the brow of a hill and there stayed. The next morning the regiment moved out to protect pioneers throwing up breastworks; taking position here the enemy charged, but lost heavily and retired. From this position the regiment moved to Todd's Tavern, where heavy skirmishing and throwing up defenses occupied the time till the 12th, when the line advanced to attack the enemy's defenses under a heavy fire; Lieutenant-Colonel Sinex and Lieutenant Shipley were here wounded, and Major Lentz took command.

In the afternoon the regiment marched to the left in support of the Sixth Corps. Moving again to the left toward Spotsylvania Court House, with the One hundred and fortieth New York in line, the regiment charged the Galt House which was captured. Having been relieved here by a brigade of the Sixth Corps which was driven out, the regiment was again ordered to take the position; advancing to the attack, under fire of our own guns trained on the enemy from which it suffered, it again captured the position; thus marching, fighting and countermarching, and still fighting, the story of the regiment is that of the army in the campaign from the Rappahannock to the James.

On the 6th of June, Colonel Gregory, Adjutant Tayman and Quartermaster Lentz, rejoined the regiment at Cold Harbor.

On the 9th the division was reviewed by General Ayres, and the corps was reorganized, the Ninety-first regiment being assigned to the Second Brigade, First Division. Moving by Bottom's bridge and White Oak swamp, on the 13th it crossed the Chickahominy and was thrown into line; marching by St. Mary's Church, a crossing of the James river was effected at Wilcox's Landing and an advance made up the Petersburg road to Prince George Court House, where the regiment lay till the 18th, when charging across the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, it occupied the position. Moving forward again, it charged and captured the inner line, with a loss of eighty-two men killed and wounded. Immediately throwing up breastworks the command lay here till 5 o'clock the next morning when it was moved to the left, still moving as the developments of the field warranted, until, charging and driving the enemy, the position was captured on which Fort Hell was afterward built. Relieved about 11 o'clock p. m. by the Sixty-second Pennsylvania, the regiment was changed to another position, and on the 23d was ordered to capture breastworks taken by the enemy from the Second Corps on the preceding day. Charging under a heavy fire, the works were captured, when the Second Corps reoccupied them and the command returned to the camp it had left; it was then moved to the left to support the Sixth Corps which was engaged with the enemy. The following day it returned to camp on the Jerusalem plank road. While here, the members of the Sixty-second Pennsylvania whose term of service was not expiring with that of the regiment, were transferred to the Ninety-first.

July 6, the regiment began work on what became known as Fort Prescott, continuing this until the 30th of that month, when it took part in the engagement attending the explosion of a mine, which, from its peculiar results, became known as the Crater.

August 18, the command moved against the enemy on the Weldon railroad, capturing it, and at once throwing up breastworks; the enemy repeatedly at-

tempted its recapture but were defeated with the loss of the entire brigade taken prisoners.

On the 30th the enemy were driven out of their works and Pegram's house was captured. Moving almost daily, and fighting with every move, capturing, on the 8th of October, the Davis house which was burnt, the regiment on the 14th received a detachment of new recruits, and was occupied in continued drill till the 27th, when a demonstration was made across Hatcher's run; Captain Closson was wounded during this demonstration, and died shortly afterwards; after the enemy had been driven behind their defenses the command returned to its position.

In December the command moved to the rear of Fort Stevenson, striking the Weldon railroad at Jarratt's Station, skirmishing and destroying the railroad all night, reaching nearly to Hicksford, returning to its position at Fort Stevenson.

February 6, 1865, started at 4 o'clock a. m., toward Hatcher's run; having deployed skirmishers, the enemy's works were struck about 4 p. m. A charge was made and repulsed, the command being fired upon through mistake, by a division of our Sixth Corps. Captain Edgar was killed, Captain Finney captured, and the colors only saved by Sergeant Devereux of Company C, stripping them from the staff and concealing them on his person; the command then returned to camp near Hatcher's run.

March 29, the command moved out at 3 a. m., proceeding about twelve miles on the Quaker road, when the enemy was met and driven some distance; halting till about 11 p. m., when an advance was made of about a mile, and then entrenched. The following morning the command moved forward, and found the enemy near Dabney's Mill; halting here till the next day, were then relieved by the Second Corps, moved to the left, and thrown into line behind Gravelly run; about noon were ordered to the support of the Second and Third divisions, which were being driven by the enemy; the advance resulted in driving the enemy about four miles to the White Oak road; here the command was ordered to support General Sheridan; at midnight returned to its corps; at 4 a. m. again ordered to support General Sheridan, moving against Five Forks.

The regiment and the Sixteenth Michigan, both under Colonel E. G. Sellers of the Ninety-first, formed *en echelon* in rear of the Third Division, advanced on double-quick, evidently taking the enemy by surprise. General Warren was here relieved and General Griffin took command of the corps. Moving forward in line on the right of the Third Division, along a road across which the enemy, posted behind breastworks, was attacked, and nearly all captured, the command still pushed forward till night when it returned and camped on the Five Forks road.

The following day April 3, about noon, the command moved out to the South Side railroad, striking it at Church Road crossing and formed across it with pickets out, and halted for the night. The following day it again moved forward, driving the enemy as far as Sailor's creek, where it entrenched; that night it was ordered to support General Custer, and captured two hundred wagons, after which it returned to its position.

The next day the movement was resumed, and the march lasted till nearly midnight of the 8th; the next day it marched again reaching nearly to Ap-

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

pomattox Court House about 8 a. m., when the command was drawn up in line with skirmishers deployed, and advanced under cover of a ridge; here the enemy sent in a flag of truce, and hostilities ceased.

The command marched through the town and was placed in position beyond, the brigade being ordered to receive the arms of the enemy.

The following morning, the command moved closer to the position of the enemy, and was drawn up, right resting on Appomottox creek, and received the guns as they were stacked by the enemy, as they came up by divisions.

At dusk the command returned to its position of the preceding night, and remained here two days; it then started for Burkeville Junction, stopping for the night near Farmville, where the news was received of the assassination of President Lincoln.

By easy marches the command moved toward Washington, passing through Petersburg, and being reviewed at Richmond by General Halleck. The regiment camped near Alexandria until July 10, having participated in the grand review of the army by President Johnson and General Grant; it was mustered out of the service and returned to Philadelphia, where it arrived on the morning of July 12, 1865.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

93D REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CHAPLAIN J. S. LAME

THE memory of the hero is the treasure of his country. We are often too near events to see their importance. You may hold a dime so near the eye as to hide the whole material universe. The further we recede from the events of the last war, the vaster they become and the more important they appear. Many battles are fought and victories won and little has been decided. But there are destiny-deciding contests—hours of supreme immortal moment when the tide of human history turns and turns forever. Such were the mighty contests of Thermopylæ, Hastings, Waterloo, Yorktown and Gettysburg. The Ninety-third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was recruited at Lebanon in Lebanon county. Made up of volunteers from Berks, Montour, Dauphin, Montgomery, Centre, Clinton and Lebanon counties, a regimental organization was effected by the selection of the following officers: James M. McCarter, colonel; John W. Johnston, lieutenant-colonel; John C. Osterloh, major; William A. H. Lewis, adjutant; John S. Schultze, quartermaster; Richard S. Simington, surgeon; George W. Mays, assistant surgeon.

On the 12th of September, 1861, Rev. James M. McCarter, who had been a chaplain in the Fourteenth regiment during the three months' service, re-

ceived authority from the Governor of Pennsylvania to raise a regiment to be known as the "Lebanon Infantry." Camp Coleman, on the fair grounds in Lebanon, was immediately established and recruiting was quickly commenced and rapidly completed. While in camp a beautiful silk flag, the gift of G. Dawson Coleman of Lebanon, was presented to the regiment.

On the 13th of November, the State colors were delivered by Governor Andrew G. Curtin. A liberal sum of money was contributed by the people of Lebanon and vicinity for the support of the families of those who had enlisted.

On the 20th of November, the regiment struck tents and proceeded to Washington, where, after a brief stay at the Soldiers' Rest, it went into Camp Fort Good Hope. It was first armed with Belgian rifles, but before the opening of the Peninsular campaign these were substituted by Springfield muskets. On the 22d of January, 1862, it moved to Tennallytown and was here assigned to Peck's Brigade of Couch's Division, Fourth Corps, under command of General E. D. Keyes. The brigade consisted of the Ninety-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania, Colonel J. F. Ballier; the One hundred and second Pennsylvania, Colonel Thomas A. Rowley; Sixty-second New York, Colonel Riker; Fifty-fifth New York, Colonel DeTrobriand. At the conclusion of the Peninsular campaign, the Fifty-fifth New York was detached and the One hundred and thirty-ninth Pennsylvania was added.

March 10, 1862, the regiment moved on the Manassas campaign. On the 26th, it embarked for the Peninsula.

May 5, the command took an active and important share in the battle of Williamsburg, suffering a loss of six killed and twenty wounded; Captain Green B. Shearer was among the killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston had his horse shot under him. In a contgratulatory order issued by General Couch he says: "General Peck, with his brigade, had the good fortune to be in the advance, and arriving on the ground at a critical time won a reputation to be greatly envied." At Fair Oaks the regiment distinguished itself, obstinately holding a most important and greatly exposed position, suffering the severe loss of twenty killed and one hundred and eight wounded and twenty-one missing; this loss occurring in eight companies; companies A and F being on picket. Lieutenant John E. Rogers was among the killed and Captain Alexander C. Maitland mortally wounded. Colonel McCarter, Captain Mark and Lieutenants McCarter and Keller were among the wounded. Captain Dougherty was struck, but having a watch and a bible on his person, these articles received and relieved the force of the ball. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in his admiration of the discipline and sterling qualities displayed by the regiment on this sanguinary field, said: "Take the case of the Ninety-third Pennsylvania; this thoroughly trained body of troops fought, were driven back from their position but not broken, halted at word of command, wheeled, fired, retreated, halted, loaded and fired again and came off the ground in perfect order, with their colors flying— a striking proof what the success of battles is in the discipline of the troops." At Chantilly it supported a battery.

The regiment was in the movement for relief of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, but the position having been surrendered, moved to Antietam, making a forced march of some thirty miles from sunrise to 9 p. m. During the pur-

suit of the retreating enemy the regiment was in the advance. In the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, the regiment, now in the Sixth Corps, under General Smith of Franklin's Grand Division, crossed the river and was held in reserve during the engagement. In the spring of 1863, under General Hooker, it formed a part of the Sixth Corps, which was commanded by General John Sedgwick. The Ninety-third, in command of Captain Long, crossed the Rappahannock on the 2d of May. At daybreak on the 3d, it formed in line. General Wheaton commanding the brigade, says: "The corps was formed with the greatest expedition and pushed on to a point called Salem Heights. I was ordered by General Newton to move with two regiments to the right of the road and to take general directions of the operations on that portion of the battle-ground. The Ninety-third and One hundred and second Pennsylvania were soon engaged under a terrific fire of musketry from a hidden foe."

On the afternoon of the 4th, Wheaton's Brigade was attacked but easily repulsed the assailants, taking nearly two entire regiments prisoners. The loss to the Ninety-third in the engagements was six killed, among whom were Lieutenants Washington Brua and William D. Boltz, forty-four wounded and twenty missing. While the two great armies, during the month of June, were manoeuvring for position to fight a mighty duel—to ascertain the enemy's position, the regiment crossed the Rappahannock, when it was developed that Lee had pushed the head of his column northward for an invasion of Pennsylvania. The march for Pennsylvania now commenced, the regiment moving by way of Manassas and Centerville. The Sixth Corps formed the right wing of the army.

On the 1st of July, it arrived at Manchester, Maryland. During all the preceding day the regiment had trod the dusty heated highway. At 8 o'clock in the evening, worn with the long and weary march, they stretched their aching limbs in the shelter of a friendly forest. Scarcely had they thrown themselves upon the ground, when an aide-de-camp arrived from the blood-baptized heights of Gettysburg, announcing the death of General Reynolds, and that the stupendous conflict had commenced, and requesting regimental commanders to address their troops in language becoming the grandeur of the crisis, and bearing an order for the immortal Sixth—a corps that had never failed to achieve the possible, to hasten to the defense, to strike for their altars and their fires, God and their native State. The drums beat—"Fall in," leaped from lip to lip, and the host is all astir, swords and belts are buckled on, knapsacks slung, weapons grasped, and, forming into a solid square, they stand determined, defiant. But who shall address them? Where are the souls of fire and tongue of flame? They are there. Colonel McCarter, though now an invalid, the genius of eloquence had touched his lips and bade them speak. His rostrum was a war-steed, the silence was profound and painful, not a foot rose or fell, breathing seemed suspended, all nature appeared as awe-struck at the sublimity of the scene, stood silent, solemn, listening. He who was to interpret and give tongue to this tremendous silence, began in tones low and tremulous, his voice, acquiring force and volume as he proceeded, rang out on the evening air, solemn and sepulchral as a trumpet from the skies, as if God had recommissioned the immortal Moses to reinflame the serried

hosts of the Lord God about to march to the valley of decision for the dread battle of Armageddon.

My countrymen, comrades-in-arms, Pennsylvanians:—The destroyer has come; fell treason's foul foot has polluted the soil dedicated forever sacred to freedom. Northern hearthstones are threatened; the chains of slavery are clanking, and they are forging fetters to crush your patriotic spirit—the issue is joined, the stupendous conflict has commenced. Interests vast as a world, termless as time are at a venture.

The ninth and nineteenth century, a nation dying or redeemed and regenerated; freedom or slavery are the momentous issues of the hour. Sons of liberty, go forth with alacrity to the battle of the civilized world, where God himself mustered the hosts to war. A nation is at prayer; patriotism, clothed in sackcloth, has fled to her sanctuary and hangs on the horns of the altar, as she pours importunate prayers to the God of battle, to arm you with his own omnipotence. Religious ministers under God's inspiration lift aloft holy hands and pronounce an apostolical benediction upon your arms. A multitude of mothers in Northern homes at this hour of evening sacrifice are going to the family altars with a loving mother's bursting heart, turning her eyes gemmed with the jewels of sparkling tears, to that spot that holds her boy, prays again and rededicates him to his country and to his God. I cannot but imagine that a Lafayette, a Koskiusko or a Washington, the world's greatest and best, are glancing with fiery eye, and again grasping the sword of war to lead you forth to smite the invader. Catch the spirit of Washington, emulate his illustrious example; he never drew his sword but upon his country's enemy, he never sheathed it while his country contained an enemy. Soldiers, we have met before in the shock of battle, where dstruction reveled and death danced as at a festal scene. Again we go; should you fall, the spot will be forever sacred to freedom and a monument immortal as the ages shall arise to your memory. A nation will be your mourners, the liberty-loving of every tongue and tribe, class and kindred, will tender you the tribute of a tear. "Let us forward then."

Not a cheer arose, not a murmur was heard; feeling too profound for speech filled all hearts. Silently, solemnly and majestically as the ocean tide the men move through the aisles of the forest.

The corps marched until midnight, when it was found that through a mistake the wrong road had been taken, and that it had marched several miles out of their way. These miles had to be remarched by the foot-sore and weary troops. At break of day, a short halt being called, a few fires were kindled and an attempt made to secure a rude breakfast. Some were trying to boil coffee when the order sounded "Fall in," and some lingering a few moments around the fires, officers approached and kicked over the coffee pots and all. Again the weary march was taken up in heat and dust. Many fell fainting in their tracks, these were loaded into the ambulances until they were full, others were pulled aside into the shade and left, some possibly to revive and rejoin the regiments, others to be overtaken and overwhelmed by bushwhackers. At 9 in the morning, the booming of cannon from the distant field was distinctly heard. At 10 the regiment crossed the State line. She unfurled her colors, beat her drums, came to a quickstep and sang "Home, Sweet, Sweet Home."

About 3 p. m. a halt was ordered, the men too much exhausted to eat, threw themselves wearily to the ground and lay like logs. In an hour an order came to advance into the battle. The corps were promptly in motion, the Ninety-third leading the column to the support of the Third and Fifth corps which were then hard pressed, Colonel David J. Nevin, of Sixty-second New York, being in command of the brigade. The Ninety-third being in the advance, was the first regiment of the corps to get into action. Major Nevin in command, General Sedgwick in person led the brigade and formed on the brow of a low rocky knoll covered with scattered

trees, just to the right of Little Round Top, the left of the brigade joining with the Pennsylvania Reserves. It got into position just as the troops which had been contesting the ground in the open fields along the Emmitsburg pike, broken and almost annihilated, were coming back in disorder, followed by the exultant enemy. The command was ordered to lie down and to withhold its fire until the enemy was close upon it. Had this order been heeded, the whole rebel line could easily have been captured. A premature fire was opened from a part of the line which checked the advance. The whole brigade then advanced and after a short contest the rebel line was driven in tumult. In the charge the Ninety-third took twenty-five prisoners. Just before nightfall, the regiment was ordered forward with a regiment of Reserves to retake a battery, which had been lost in the early part of the day, but the guns having been removed it returned. At night, the men slept for a few hours in the line of battle but spent most of the time in removing the wounded who strewed the fields in front. Since 8 o'clock on the previous evening the regiment had marched thirty-nine miles, had fought three hours and passed an almost sleepless night and nearly without food.

On the afternoon of the 3d the Confederates opened with all their batteries. For two hours, from a space less than two miles, there was an incessant cannonade from two hundred guns of the enemy. Upon no battlefield of the world's history had such a bombardment ever been witnessed. Pollard, in his "Lost Cause," says, "it was absolutely appalling, hills and rocks seemed to reel like drunken men, shrieking shell, the crash of falling timbers, the fragments of rock flying through the air, the splash of bursting shrapnel and the fierce neighing of wounded artillery horses, made a picture terribly grand and sublime." During this terrible cannonade the men partly sheltered by a stone wall, rocks and trees, hugged closely the ground, and at the conclusion of the charge on the left center renewed the picket firing and kept it up until dark. During the night the regiment was engaged in burying the dead and bearing off the wounded. The fourth of July was celebrated at the front, the men being ordered on the skirmish line on the extreme left where it suffered some loss. At two in the afternoon it was relieved. The loss of the regiment was ten wounded, one mortally.

On the 5th it was ascertained that the enemy had retreated and pursuit was at once begun. The Ninety-third was detached to guard the corps artillery and assist in taking it across the mountains. The duty proved a difficult one, the men suffering much from the hardships it imposed.

On the 10th it was ordered to picket and skirmish duty at the front near Funkstown. The men were eager for a final issue, but much to their chagrin it was discovered that the enemy had escaped; the men heartily dreading another campaign in Virginia. The regiment participated in the movement on Mine Run, and went into winter quarters at Brandy Station.

On the 30th of December, Wheaton's Brigade, of which the Ninety-third formed a part, was detached from the main body of the army and sent by rail to Washington and thence to Harper's Ferry, loaded on freight cars, many of which were without fire, the soldiers suffered terribly from the cold, the feet and hands of some were frozen, rendering amputation

necessary in two cases, and in one proving fatal. The brigade marched to Halltown upon its arrival, but soon returned and went into camp at Harper's Ferry. The object of the movement was to repel an anticipated demonstration of a body of the enemy under General Early.

On the 7th of February, 1864, two hundred and eighty-four men, upwards of three-fourths of the entire regiment, re-enlisted and were given a veteran furlough. Upon their arrival at Lebanon, where the regiment had been mustered in, a most enthusiastic reception was tendered them. Amid martial music, banners, flags and the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, the regiment marched to a bountiful banquet.

On the 10th of March, the regiment assembled at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, and on the 18th rejoined the brigade at Halltown, eight hundred strong. Soon after the regiment returned to Brandy Station. In the reorganization of the corps this brigade was transferred from the Third to Second Division of the Sixth Corps; having been armed with Springfield rifles, it set out at half past three on the morning of the 4th of May, for the Wilderness. During the afternoon of the 5th while marching down a narrow road flanked by a heavy undergrowth, without skirmishers or flankers, the Ninety-third in the advance, and was just plunging into the thick-woods to the left of it, when a murderous fire was suddenly opened upon it from the right. The regiment halted, faced to the front, delivered one volley and charged the enemy, clearing the woods. In this brief encounter the regiment lost twenty-five in killed and wounded among whom were Captain Edward H. Rogers, and Lieutenant Maxwell B. Goodrich, mortally wounded. General A. P. Hill's corps having arrived, formed in the front, about the middle of the afternoon the attack began, for two hours the roar of musketry at close range was incessant. At 6 the regiment having suffered severely was relieved. Resting on its arms during the night, at 4 in the morning of the 6th it advanced into the second line of battle to the attack, the second soon became the first line. General Wadsworth, putting himself at the head of the Ninety-third, charged down the plank road. In these two days of fighting the regiment had eighteen killed and one hundred and forty-four wounded.

On the morning of the 12th it went to the support of the Second Corps and took a position to the right of the famous bloody "Angle," and advanced to within fifty yards of the rebel works. So destructive was the fire opened upon them that in one brief hour the regiment lost four officers and seventy-three men killed and wounded. Captain Richard G. Rogers was mortally wounded. With the corps the regiment participated in the fierce fighting which marked the course of the army to the James river, losing men almost daily; and in the engagement on the 18th of May, having thirty killed and wounded. It crossed the Rapidan on the 4th of May, entering the campaign with seven hundred and fifty men present for duty. As it marched from the trenches at Cold Harbor its virtual conclusion, it had but three hundred and twenty-five men; fifteen officers and three hundred and ten men having been either killed or wounded, and ninety-five sick sent to the rear. Only nine men were captured and they were wounded and left on the field.

From the 4th of May, until the 2d of June, the Ninety-third marched

three hundred and fifty miles, made twenty-six night marches, was fifteen days without regular rations, dug thirty rifle-pits, and fought in eight distinct battles. During all this time there were but five days in which the regiment or some part of it was not under fire, and neither officers nor men took off their clothes, seldom their accoutrements. Clothes and shoes worn out were replaced by those of dead men, and not until it arrived at the James river did the men enjoy the luxury of a bath.

On the 18th of June, in front of Petersburg, a general advance was made, the line pushing close up to the enemy's works. Captain Jacob P. Embich was killed and five men wounded. On the 22d it was taken to the extreme left, where it supported the Third Division, losing thirteen in killed and wounded. On the 9th of July it was ordered from the front, and marching to City Point took transports to Washington. Arriving in the city the regiment moved rapidly to Fort Washington just as Early's skirmishers were advancing over the esplanade.

On the 12th a general advance was made and the enemy driven at all points; passing through Rockville and across the Potomac the corps was kept on the march for nearly a month. General Sheridan took command of the army in the Shenandoah Valley on the 7th of August.

On the 19th of September, the regiment lost seven killed and forty wounded. The 21st it was engaged making gallant charges, and suffering severe losses. On the morning of the 19th of October, it was driven back with the army, but rallied and charged in the afternoon and at night tented on the old camp ground. In November, the regiment was ordered to Philadelphia and was assigned to duty in the city, and remained until after the presidential election, when it returned to camp at Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley. About the middle of December, with the corps, it returned to the lines in front of Petersburg, where it went into winter quarters. Several hundred recruits were received, bringing its strength up to near the minimum standard.

On the 25th of March, 1865, the brigade was ordered to advance on the enemy's works, and test the strength of the forces occupying them. The command charged to the front of his picket line of trenches; here was some delay, other parts of the line not coming up. The line again went forward across the plain, captured the outer picket trenches, and charged up a second hill, to his main line. Here the brigade halted and was subject to a severe enfilading fire. It was soon ascertained that the enemy was present in full force, and the command was rapidly withdrawn. The loss in this brief engagement was fifteen killed and one hundred and thirty-six wounded. Captain George W. Mellinger was among the killed. At midnight of April 2, the regiment, under the command of Captain B. Frank Hean, moved to the front entrenchments in line of battle, forming on the picket line in front of Battery Gregg, and at 4 in the morning with the rest of the brigade was ordered to charge the enemy's works, which were carried after an obstinate struggle, the colors of the Ninety-third being the first planted on the ramparts. After moving a short distance towards Hatcher's run the command was ordered to return towards Petersburg. In executing this order the regiment was brought in front of a rebel battery, which opened with grape and canister. At this juncture Sergeant

Hiram Layland led a squad of men to the left of the battery to outflank it, and coming up within a short distance opened fire, shooting several of the battery horses, and causing the men to desert their guns. At the same time the line in front charged; passing on a short distance, the line halted and threw up entrenchments. The loss was two killed and thirty-one wounded. In the first charge upon the enemy's breastworks, Sergeant Charles Marquette distinguished himself by capturing a rebel flag for which he received a medal of honor. During the night the enemy evacuated Petersburg, and early on the following morning the corps moved south to Burkeville Junction. Then ensued the most remarkable flight and pursuit the world ever saw. The cavalry hanging like a bloodhound on the flanks of the flying foe, and the infantry on the rear. With no time to sleep or rest, and nothing to eat, the general-in-chief issued his famous "starvation order," appealing to the patriotism and endurance of the soldier, that as in the past, they had dared death from ball, bomb and battery, they would now face death from want of rations, as it was impossible to bring up the commissary train. The response to this appeal was enthusiastic. On the 6th, the regiment participated in the battle of Sailor's Creek. On the 9th, Lee surrendered and soon after the corps made a forced march to Danville, to co-operate with Sherman in the defeat of Johnston. After remaining in camp for several weeks, it returned by rail to Richmond, under the command of Colonel C. W. Eckman, and thence to Washington where, on the 27th of June, it was mustered out of service. The Ninety-third Regiment Veteran Volunteers has a reputation that no member of that organization need be ashamed of. Nay, she has won a grand historic position that the great Keystone State and the nation at large can well be proud of. It was composed chiefly of the middle classes of society, yoemen, men that sprang spontaneously and patriotically to their country's call. On the 9th of September, 1862, Rev. J. S. Lane, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Middletown, Pennsylvania was elected and commissioned chaplain of the regiment, having succeeded Rev. Mr. Quimby, who had died in the service. During winter quarters a large log chapel was erected, a literary society organized, literature distributed, preaching and meetings held nightly. Intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare of the men being looked after by the chaplain, who was always treated with the tenderest respect by the men. We may close appropriately in the words of General Wheaton. "The great Keystone State has sent few regiments to the field who can return showing as handsome a record."

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

95TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

JULY 2, 1888

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM J. AYRES, ESQ.

YOUR faithfulness and devotion has brought you here to dedicate this memorial of triumph. You have come here to commit to faithful memory; to mark your page in the story of Gettysburg; to point to an incident in the history of the service of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers. The drama of war is ended; the discord of battle and of civil strife that was once familiar sounds has closed these many years.

The great whirlwind of battle that swept around about here twenty-five years ago, has given place to soft summer zephyrs of peace.

On the fields ployed by fierce artillery, deep dyed with noble blood, the wheat and grasses have danced these many summers gone.

Thus does nature seek to cover up her wounds, but in natural convulsion, she leaves scars for signs that those who study nature can understand. And we erect these monuments here, so that those who come here may read of a nation's convulsion, in purging herself of the dark spot on the stars and stripes.

We would say nothing unkind or ungenerous of those brave boys in gray who fought against you; they were brave men and believed in their cause.

We claim no rights we do not freely give; we demand no restraint that we do not freely submit to ourselves.

Yielding a full obedience to the constitution and the law, equal rights to all, now, as in the past, you are brave men.

> Angels look downward from the skies
> Upon no holier ground,
> Than where defeated valor lies,
> By generous foeman crowned.

And we hope that these monuments dedicated at this reunion will be memorials of true reconciliation.

This monument we dedicate is not a monument of sorrow; twenty-five years has brought too many changes to mourn; new joys, new sorrows have come to all.

This is a memorial of honor.

"In honor of mothers who bade their sons do brave deeds.

"In honor of wives who wept for husbands who should never come home again,

"In honor of children whose heritage is their fallen father's heroic name,

"In honor of men who counted not their lives dear, when their country needed them,

"Of those alike who sleep beside the dust of their kindred or in nameless

graves, where only angels stand sentinels till the reveille of the resurrection morning.

"In honor of you with your life's pleasures and opportunities lessened by wounds of battle, or seeds of disease from the swamps of the Chickahominy.

"In honor of all true men of the 'Ninety-fifth' whom we cannot by name identify."

When Gosline's Pennsylvania Zouaves marched from their camp at Hestonville that bright October morning, 1861, it was not as soldiers of conquest. But you went forth to save. To save as patriots. You did not know what was to be the final result when you stood your baptismal fire, and saw for the first time your comrades falling with the death wound, you were there to save, fighting to save.

And as a part, a unit, of the unconquerable Sixth Corps, you aided in rescuing from the fires of war and death our glorious system of constitutional government.

When Mrs. Gosline and other fair ladies of Philadelphia placed this flag, their gift, in your keeping, and bade you bear it bravely in your country's cause, it was a sacred trust; nobly have you fulfilled that trust.

Had I marched beneath the folds of that flag, or been old enough to have followed it with the "Ninety-fifth," with what success could I touch the mystic chords of memory, that from Camp Franklin stretched far away across the old Virginia battle-fields and camping grounds, in rifle pits, or dreary muddy marches.

But no, I can but echo what others have said of how at West Point you shed your first blood on the sacrificial altar. Of the camp on the Chickahominy; of that cruel affair of Gaines' Mill where death robbed you of Gosline, Hubbs, Donohue, and one hundred and sixty brave boys killed and wounded.

Time does not permit me to call to your minds the many scenes that occurred in the Peninsular campaign and the memorable change of base, and how that bright handsome zouave uniform had changed—now soiled, ragged and torn, and how those bright fresh boyish faces had changed to hard, fierce, determined men; how eyes that had looked with love on that dear old flag closed in the long sleep, or, how familiar voices of messmates and comrades were hushed in the long silence of death.

Do you remember one beautiful Sabbath, on the 14th of September, 1862. Do you recall the battle of Crampton's Pass, and how victory inspired you, after many disappointments; some are here no doubt that charged up that steep South Mountain and shared in the glories of that victory.

At Antietam, your courage and fighting qualities were next tested, and you were true to the test. Fredericksburg follows, and the year closes with dark clouds hanging over the Union cause.

Salem Heights! the name is enough to recall to you painful memories of the fierce desperate struggle, and sad and mournful must have been that night of picket on the field of battle; here brave Town, Hall, Dunton and more than two hundred brave boys of the Ninety-fifth went down, and few were left of the handsome Gosline Zouaves that had been the pride of so many hopeful hearts.

But we must hasten on. Lee had invaded Pennsylvania. The Army of the Potomac was following. The Sixth Corps at Westminster had received its orders to hasten, and it was from there to Gettysburg that it made the memorable march of thirty-nine miles in nine hours.

Gettysburg! great writers have described thy scenes; on thy loyal ground disloyalty received her death wound.

It would be absurd for me to attempt to describe this battle; we are on the map; it is spread before you, we can study it.

You know you were held here as a reserve; you know of the march to get here through that hot burning July sun. The Ninety-fifth was called upon for one life here.

Pettit received his death here from a sharpshooter concealed at Devil's Den and six were wounded.

While I am speaking of the service, let me mention those two hundred and forty-five of the original members of the Ninety-fifth who re-enlisted for a second time, setting a noble example at a time when the terrible death struggle was drawing near, with a full knowledge that what they had gone through with, the hardships and sufferings, the battle with all its dangers was not the worst that could come; fiercer and more bitter the war would rage before Richmond would fall, fight after fight, blow after blow, not a war of manoeuvres, but a war of destruction was to wage. Of what noble patriotism; never on the annals of war was recorded a higher, a nobler consecration than that which was made by the veteran volunteer soldier of the United States.

It is impossible for me to describe the terrible hells of the Wilderness, of the deluge of forty days of fire and death that only ended at Cold Harbor.

You, who have gone through it all, do you not often look back with wonder and ask yourselves how you escaped the death-wound.

Comrades as brave, comrades cared for as well as you; comrades the subject of prayers as you were, fell to rise no more.

We need not go to Marathon, or dig up the old heroic Greeks for examples of bravery. You men of the Ninety-fifth, you fought as well, you shed your blood and held your own on fields as fiercely contested as they. Who will dare deny this, that knows of the Wilderness campaign, where brave Carroll fell? Who that was with you on the 6th of May, 1864, will deny it?

And do you remember the 9th day of May, when General John Sedgwick, commander of the Sixth Corps, fell?

On the 10th of May you were in the charge at the ridges of Spotsylvania, led by Upton, and proud you may well be of this gradual approach to victory.

The 12th of May was the Bloody Angle, and another evidence of the courage and fighting qualities of the Ninety-fifth was given when you charged the crest of the "angle" and saved the day.

Galt House, North and South Anna rivers, and we hasten on with Sheridan's troopers. God bless Phil Sheridan! May he win in this battle with death and remain long with us the beloved of the American people! And then the rifle pits in front of Petersburg. Horrors as great as in

any war were here encountered. Then, with Sheridan down the valley, Winchester, when your division commander, Russell, was killed. Fisher's Hill, New Market, Cedar Creek, and when the Sixth Corps broke the lines of Petersburg and victory crowned our standards, it was Corporal Fox of the "Ninety-fifth" who captured the flag of the Confederate custom house.

At Sailor's Creek the last blood of the Ninety-fifth was poured on the altar, and Appomattox and Richmond was ours.

The cry that had echoed from your heart when you were on the peninsula of "On to Richmond," had at last been accomplished. Your noble dead lay on many fields of battle. The Sixth Corps' work is done. The more we examine the career of the Sixth Corps, more grand appear its achievements; its prowess of war is a part of history and the names of the gallant dead are on honor's sacred scroll, and memory held dear by the surviving soldiers, Sedgwick, Russell, Gosline, Town, Hall, Carroll, Harper, Topham and so many others that time does not permit me to give a list of the gallant men who gave all they had to their country; they are remembered by some one; memory dear to some one.

And what matters it, when men have given of their utmost in intellect, in strength and courage, and of their blood the last drop, whether they fell with the star of the general, the eagle of the colonel, the stripe or chevron or in the simple jacket of the private. Wherever on fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread, at West Point, Salem Church, Wilderness or in some stately city of the dead, or in that beautiful spot at West Laurel Hill where you have selected a last camping ground for the "Ninety-fifth," the earth that bears them dead bears not alive more true or noble men.

This may seem fulsome praise; it is not. If we do not commend patriotism to whom shall we turn in the hour of danger which may come to those who succeed us here as it did to you. The example of patriotism teaches the young to be patriots. The sight of such memorials as this will teach to those who view it, and the heroic spirit will come in the hour of trial and emergency and fill the young patriot's breast as it did yours. And may this memorial stand when we in turn are gone, to teach this lesson of duty nobly done, at the expense of itself.

Under the inevitable waste of time, this as well as all these monuments hereabout erected to mark this place of glory, may, must, crumble and fall.

Long may this structure stand—undisturbed by man or the elements. May centuries outnumbering those that look down upon the pyramids roll on and find this memorial preserved. May it endure in the years to come that those who see it will be inspired to know that honor is more than wealth, and right is more than peace, and heroic deeds more than life.

You, survivors of Gosline's, you of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, you that followed this flag when it was bright and new, as soldiers of the Union in its mortal struggle, your work is almost done. You may gather together again, you may meet and fold the dear old flag around the form of some comrade, but no new recruits come to strengthen your broken ranks. The steady resistless artillery of time hurls its deadly mis-

siles upon you. You may face it as bravely as you faced the foe at Salem Heights and Bloody Angle. But one by one your numbers weaken.

As we stand here together, as we remember how nobly and bravely life's work was done, let us imagine around and about us are the spirits of the brave comrades dead and gone, those who stood with you when you took your solemn oath, and as we leave to them their pure and noble fame, as we leave this spot so sacred, so memorable, may we go forth exalted by this communion, and may we take up life's daily duties and responsibilities manfully. Be as brave and true as in the past; keep to the right as you did at the "angle," and may the path down the shady side of life of all the old soldiers of the Ninety-fifth be full of pleasures.

May the glory of the Sixth Corps never grow dim and may God preserve the cause you helped to gain.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

96TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

JUNE 21, 1888

ADDRESS OF COLONEL HENRY ROYER

COMRADES of the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers:—We are met again, not in the panoply of war, but as peaceful citizens of the republic. We are here to unveil the beautiful stone which marks the spot where our regiment fought twenty-five years ago.

The monument, the artistic merit of which reflects great credit upon the young artist who designed it, bears upon its face the history of our organization. The surmounting figure indicates its defensive attitude throughout the engagement. The inscriptions designate the county and state from whence it same, and the position it held, from first to last, in the Army of the Potomac. It is a noteworthy fact in the history of the Ninety-sixth, that it was one of the very few regiments whose enlistment was authorized by an order direct from the War Department. It was therefore organized and mustered into the service at its home as the monument declares.

An account of the three long years of service, the thrilling details of life in the camp, on the march and in the field, must be the task of the regimental historian. This day's event, however, would be incomplete without a brief sketch of the salient features of that service.

Your first camp, which for two months had nestled amidst the loyal hills of Schuylkill county, was broken up in November, 1861, when you departed from your mountain home for the more stirring scenes of war. On your arrival at Washington, you were at once in the heart of a great army. To men fresh from the employments of peace, strange, almost weird, seemed the din and tumult. Having been speedily assigned to the

brigade of General Slocum, of General Franklin's Division, your march from the temporary quarters near Bladensburg to Washington, down Pennsylvania avenue, across the Long Bridge, through and beyond Alexandria to Fairfax Seminary in Virginia, brought you to the then immediate front. In camps of instruction you here passed the few remaining weeks of winter, in full view of the great dome of the national capitol in your rear, and of the enemy's flag at Munson's Hill, in your front. The daily routine of drill and picket duty, familiarized you with danger, and inured you to the hardships of your many subsequent campaigns. You then thought it war, but it was only the preparation for war.

Under the famous "Order No. 1" you advanced in the early spring with the army toward Centerville, when, the enemy having fallen back, you returned to your camp. Again, while the army, under General McClellan, was being transferred to the Peninsula, you finally marched in the corps of General McDowell to Warrenton, whence, being recalled, and transported down Chesapeake bay, you arrived at Yorktown at the moment of its evacuation. Passing up York river, upon the flank of the retreating enemy, at West Point, on May 6, you received your baptism of fire. It was then a battle. In history it is recorded as a slight skirmish.

And now, in and about the swamps of Chickahominy, began that long continued and dreadful suffering and slaughter which ended in the memorable "Seven days before Richmond." Marching by night and fighting by day, your baptism was here confirmed in blood; eighty-eight of your comrades having been placed *hors de combat* in the single battle of Gaines' Hill alone. Henceforth the Army of the Potomac ranked with the veteran armies of the earth.

The scene then shifted to Northern Virginia. In covering the withdrawal of the army from Harrison's Landing, the Sixth Corps marched down the Peninsula to Newport News, was then conveyed to Alexandria and by a rapid march, reached the army of General Pope in time to participate in its retreat. In that retreat, you well remember the stormy midnight march, in which, with bayonets fixed, you passed the battle-field of Chantilly, where had just fallen so many of your brave Schuylkill county comrades of the Forty-eighth and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Then followed under General McClellan the short but brilliant campaign into Maryland, and the decisive battles of South Mountain and Antietam. And here we pause long enough to gather around and drop a tear upon the graves of our many—many comrades who went to sleep under the mountain shadows.

Southward again, under General Burnside, in December of the same year, you advance to the disaster of Fredericksburg; and, at last, rest in winter quarters on the plain near that ill-fated spot; the monotony of the second winter camp being broken only by the famous, but unsuccessful "march in the mud," under the same general.

As life once more quickened the pulse of spring, the bugle sounded the march under the dashing General Hooker. Then came the brilliantly conceived movement to Chancellorsville, in which, across the Rappahannock, at Salem Church, your regiment was again decimated, and barely escaped destruction. And now, under General Meade, you follow the northward march of the army, through Maryland to this—the soil of your native

State. The battle of Gettysburg had already begun. Thirty-six miles away, at Manchester, you heard your comrades' cry for help just before the dawn of July 2. Before 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that same day, your impregnable ranks confronted the victorious and advancing foe, upon the very ground where we are now assembled. Here, wheeling into line, your columns unfalteringly held this position to the end. It has been affirmed by men skilled in military science, that the struggle of July 2, at this part of the field, was the turning-point of the battle. By one of the strange freaks of war, the Sixth Corps, with inconsiderable loss and by her opportune arrival alone, decided the fortune of that day.

It has seemed that, with that gigantic combat, courage and fortitude had reached its limit; that human endurance had been exhausted. Nay! the tide of war was only to roll back to its accustomed channels. Ere the thunder of artillery had ceased to reverberate along these valleys you were again on the march. Your advance, on July 6, brought you into a sharp engagement at Fairfield, ten miles away. On southward went the combatants, until the Potomac was passed. Then began, under the skilful General Meade, a succession of brilliant strategic movements, covering the arena between Centerville and Mine Run. There were innumerable marchs, reconnaissances, skirmishes and a brilliant victory at Rappahannock Station, in all of which you participated, and, at their close, withdrew to your last winter camp, at Culpeper, on the Rapidan.

The succeeding months of repose were but the calm that precedes the bursting storm. By common consent, the ensuing campaign, under the great commander, for its pertinacity and carnage, is unparalleled in the annals of warfare. For one long month the surge of battle rolled between the Rapidan and the Chickahominy, at a cost of thirty thousand men to the Army of the Union. The mind is appalled, and language powerless to describe. To say that you were there, in your accustomed place, were enough, and yet not enough for the fulness of the truth.

On the 10th of May, the Ninety-sixth was one of twelve selected regiments, which, in three lines, under the command of the ardent General Emory Upton, made for that day, the final desperate and successful charge at Spotsylvania. Such a charge, under such a leader, was resistless. In the front center of that column you swept over the enemy's works to victory, but with the frightful sacrifice of one-half of all who were in the action. As if your record had not already been written in blood, your pitiful remnant again closes up its ranks at Cold Harbor; and there, in sight of the old battle-fields of 1862, in the early days of June, you place the last offering on your country's altar in the death of your adjutant.

From Petersburg you return, in July to the defense of Washington. Then you go down the valley with General Sheridan, to the battle of Winchester; in which you were denied participation by your commanding general, who declared that to permit further sacrifice from the Ninety-sixth on the last day of its service, would be murder.

This brief summary contains only a bare outline of your services. In the interest of history, your achievements can be best epitomized by the simple story of your muster rolls. They bear, in all, the names of eleven

hundred and forty-nine men, including musicians and teamsters; while the loss from disease and battle reaches the enormous aggregate of four hundred and fifty-seven.

The events we have narrated belong to the past. Their record will challenge the attention and command the admiration of mankind. But, to you alone, is it permitted to vividly realize them. You were at the fore-front when your comrade fell upon the rampart. You alone saw the ghastly wound where the soul went out. To you it is a vivid memory, and even to you a memory only.

But, comrades, we come not into the presence of these patriot dead to vaunt our own deeds. We are met rather to perform a sacred duty, to the end that this imperishable memorial may be completed. In the discharge of that duty, you place your chaplet upon the altar in the name of the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, but in honor of the great county from whence you came, and in memory of the patriotism and heroic valor of the whole army. Your regiment was distinctively a Schuylkill county organization. It had been organized and mustered into the service at home. And yet, it represented less than one-tenth of the brave men who have shed lustre upon her name. From within her borders, exclusively also, came the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, that splendid regiment, which, to devotion and fortitude, added the matchless skill and cunning that fashioned the famous mine at Petersburg. And, besides these, came parts also of many other Pennsylvania regiments; notably the Fiftieth, Fifty-fifth, One hundred and twenty-seventh, One hundred and twenty-ninth and One hundred and fifty-first infantry; and the Third, Seventh and Seventeenth cavalry. And by hosts of others, singly and in groups, was she represented in the organizations of every State from Maine to California. And, be it not forgotten, that when the danger signal sounded in the darkness of the night, she furnished two of the five companies, which, emerging from the gloom, first appeared upon the banks of the Potomac. Her first defenders formed the vanguard of the Army of the Union; her more than thirteen thousand citizen soldiers helped to augment its columns; her loyal sons have crimsoned with their blood a hundred battle-fields. Her exalted patriotism has swelled the ranks of the nameless dead; and, oh! most fitting privilege, here to, upon the ground she helped to consecrate, her enduring tablet becomes a part of this inspiring altar of patriotism.

The battle of Gettysburg, although only one of the thousand sanguinary battles that were fought upon the strategic line of operations, was the turning-point of the war. For this reason, and because of its magnitude, it has been chosen to represent them all. Here, upon this part of the great line, is to be erected a visible diagram, so to speak, of the positions and movements of the forces. All were not upon this identical field; and yet, from this spot, the pilgrim, come from whence he may, will see the embattled hosts and hear their shouts away to the far Mississippi and the gulf. The Forty-eighth was not here, but he will distinctly hear the roll of her musketry at Antietam Bridge and Fredericksburg. Nor was the Fiftieth here, yet will he hear her battle-cry at Bull Run and Chantilly, and see her ranks of steel closing around the heights of Vicksburg. He

will see them all and hear them all; and, having learned the lesson of their sacrifice, will go hence with renewed inspiration to battle for the right.

We were actors in this drama, and now, my friends, have we, ourselves, become spectators. The smoke of the conflict has lifted. The feelings and passions which were intensified by it have passed away. A clearer vision now reveals it as a link in the chain of events connecting the past and future.

It was reserved for this continent to develop in the men who fought here the full stature of manhood. The combatants were men of the same race. They were united by the ties of a common brotherhood. They were impelled by the same motives, and guided by the same destiny. They were both the sons of the sires of '76. They were alike the descendants of the liberty-loving men who founded this great empire. And more, they belong to the same race of men who, in other lands, have for ages fought the battles of the people; the kinship to whom we trace in the very names of those who, upon either side, whether right or wrong, here fought for a principle. They were all men of exalted character—enlightened, vigilant, brave and noble men. They were men who had been reared in the fear of God, and in love for their fellowmen; men with whom the performance of duty is a privilege; men who dare to defend the right, as they know it; the kind of men that heroes and martyrs are made of. The uprising of the North, indeed the unanimity of both sections, was so phenomenal, that it could have been true of such men only. At the first overt act great armies, as if by magic, sprang to life. Political and other distinctions were put aside. Men flocked to either standard, from every avenue of life, each vieing with the other in their zeal. Such men needed not the matron's injuction to be brave, for they loved their cause better than life itself. These were the men—thrice noble men. The struggle was in accord with their character. It was a battle of giants—grand in action—mighty in result.

But whence came this demon of discord? Did not their fathers and ours together set up a home in the wilderness? Did they not share the privations and dangers of the pioneer? Did they not, with one accord, here plant the standard of religious and political liberty, under which the down-trodden millions might find refuge from the persecutions of tyranny and caste? Did they not, as brothers, side by side, from Bunker Hill to Charleston, fight the battles of the Revolution? Did not these same fathers unite in the erection of a new nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal?" And, finally, did they not, with their intermingled blood, protect and defend that nation? Whence then this civil strife? Alas! they struck the yoke from off their own neck, but permitted it to remain on that of their bondmen. Whether from policy or necessity, they placed human slavery under the safeguard of law; and thus, as if in solemn mockery, planted an aristocracy within a republic. As right and wrong, so freedom and slavery cannot dwell together in harmony. The seed of dissension speedily took root. First men then sections became estranged. And here was presented the anomalous spectacle of good and great men in angry controversy about a

principle which their fathers had declared to be a self-evident truth. A heritage, so rich in the antecedents of the sires, could not at once be lost to the sons. They clung to the Union, but the conflict was irrepressible. The breach widened. Men split hairs about the letter of the law, while they lost sight of its spirit. From antagonism came violent contention and turmoil. Demands—compromises—concessions—everything was in vain. The acrimony of debate gave way to the arbitrament of the sword. Then came the conflict, as the shock of a mighty storm. The lovers of liberty throughout the earth stood aghast. Their longing eyes had been turned toward this nation. They had witnessed its birth and dedication to liberty. They had watched with anxious solicitude its growing strength and greatness. Around it had clustered their tenderest sympathies; their fondest hope of final deliverance. For, just as this battle was the turning point of war, so was the conflict itself the culmination of a great struggle which had been going on for centuries. Need we wonder that men said "this is God's war?" Ought we not rather wonder that men indulged in doubt or despair? In that tribunal the God of battles is the arbiter, and the verdict cannot but be in accord with divine justice. Thanks be to God! the arbitrament is final. The nation has received "a new birth of freedom! and government by the people, of the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." The ordeal is at an end. The Union has been preserved. The nation has arisen purified—redeemed. Joy and thanksgiving fill the hearts of men.

From all former civil wars had uniformly proceeded the downfall of the republic. From this, the greatest of all, came the utter destruction of the wrong which produced it. With the collapse of the rebellion not only was slavery wiped out, but with it, the whole social fabric which sprang from it. The South, in upholding that wrong, had submitted its existence to the decision of the sword, and by the sword it died. The issue long trembled in the balance, but, when the verdict came, it was final.

The war for the restoration of the Union had been waged "with malice toward none—with charity for all." The same spirit continued in the return to peace. Upon the one side no unnecessary conditions were imposed; nor was there undue resentment and prolonged animosity on the other. There appeared to be an instinctive recognition of the fact, that the sins of the fathers had been expiated and purged from the body politic. The transition from war to peace was, therefore, instant—so quick that men marvelled at it. It was, indeed, a spectacle of unexampled heroism. Aye, more! it was a sublime tribute to the blessed Christian civilization of this nineteenth century. Here had armed hosts been engaged in a death struggle. For four weary years war, with its passions, had scourged the land. Homes had been broken up, and families destroyed. And yet, barely had the deadly strife ended, ere the result was acquiesced in by all. With manly dignity the combatants parted. There was no humiliation—no exultation. Quietly and sadly they turned their faces homeward. A million mailed warriors, inured to scenes of blood, at once resumed the pursuits of peaceful industry. Had not this magnanimity succeeded the triumph of arms, the victory would have been barren. Could the martyr-president have foreseen that, within one generation, both victor

and vanquished would unite in fraternal gatherings upon this very field, his mighty soul would have throbbed with joy.

A score and three years have passed since peace was ushered in. The fruitage of that peace has already been abundant. In the short interval the growth in wealth and population has been marvellous. A quickened life in the useful arts has multiplied comforts throughout the homes of the land. The development of the higher arts, also, though not so obvious, is readily discerned by the careful observer. The new birth of the republic has everywhere regenerated the elements of strength and greatness. It has been said that, as man is constituted, national greatness can come only through war; that just as the atonement was necessary for the redemption of the race, so is the shedding of human blood requisite for the making of a great history for a people; that individual sacrifice begets unity of feeling and patriotic ardor, which stimulate acts of heroism; that the achievements of the citizen form the materials for a more original and higher national art and literature. If this be so, then, surely, in the stupendous sacrifices of the American people will this western republic attain a most glorious future. Those sacrifices, be it remembered, were made for a divine principle—not in wars of aggression and conquest, but for the welfare of humanity. If lofty motives and sublime deeds are the proper incentives, American genius will produce, in art, a revelation and an epic that will be classic forever.

But after all, my fellow-citizens, these are but the more incidents of progress. We are but working out, under divine guidance, the mystery of humanity. At each successive step we ascend to a higher plane, and with us are elevated all the people. Our republic is, even now, a pillar of fire to the millions of the earth, and a constant and dangerous menace to "sovereigns by the grace of God." If we see aright, however, true and enduring greatness will be attained only when we shall have established a living faith in the people's capacity for self-government. Our fellow-citizens of other climes (for freedom-loving men are fellow-citizens everywhere) demand of us, that by our wise example, we may not impair that faith. We owe it to them, we owe to ourselves that, with knowledge to see the right, we shall have moral courage to enforce it.

If the social problem is to be wrought out in a republic, there must be developed the very highest standard of education and moral training. Wise laws and pure administration depend upon the wisdom and integrity of the people.

They, therefore, who deprecate the unlimited diffusion of knowledge, reveal a lack of faith in the people. They would remand to the few the power to make laws for the many. In the bright light of this era, such men are out of place, if not in the world, at least in a republic. They must either fall into the line of march, or they will surely be lost in the wilderness. That "the voice of the people is the voice of God," may not as yet have been fully verified, but this much has been irrevocably learned, the rights of the people are secure only in the keeping of wise and virtuous freemen. In the frailty of humanity errors and wrongs will occur; but in the practice of virtue will be cultivated the self-respect of the citizen. He will not become a cringing sycophant to those in authority, because

the government is of his own creation. He cannot be a mendicant, asking alms from the public purse, for the reason that he himself holds the strings of that purse. The king can do no wrong. From the crown descend all rights to an abject vassal. The subject slave is taught to kneel at the foot of power and crave its support, but a republic arises by, and exists in, the sacrifices of the people; is supported by the toil of the people; its majesty lies in the people.

In this nation has been hung the lamp of liberty to illuminate the whole world. The security of the nation itself is in your hands. Outward foes will not willingly assail us. While the republic is the home of peace, watchful of her own rights and considerate of the rights of others, yet have men seen that she wages war with terrible earnestness. The unequaled bearing and dreadful power of her citizen soldiery have taught a salutary lesson, which, in itself, is a sufficient guarantee against aggression. The army of the people, in a defensive war (and a republic ought to engage in no other) is absolutely invincible. We are thus happily relieved from the maintenance of large standing armies and powerful navies. These are always elements of weakness; a menace to peace, an excessive burden upon industry, and a source of danger to liberty. Our great present and greater future lie not in warlike pageantry and vain ostentation, but rather in the "more renowned victories of peace." By these shall this domain be the abode of contentment and happiness. Dangers from whatever source, must be averted. This goodly heritage is in your keeping. By you it must be handed down, unimpaired to the future. To that end, your duty cannot cease, else all these sacrifices were in vain. Zealous in war, you must, in common with your other fellow-citizens, display the same devotion in the enforcement of obedience to the laws; in the restraint of license and disorder; in the abatement of party rancor; and in the promotion of every good and wise measure conducive to the general welfare. Then, with harmony and concord, will continue the onward march of the people.

And now! my comrades! this may be our last reunion. We are exceedingly fortunate both in the event and place of occurrence. When last you saw this ground, it was the "vale of death." Then the fury and passion of war rent the earth, and the sulphurous fumes of battle stifled the air. Now these fields blossom in quiet happiness, and the air is vocal with music of birds. As the lights are hightened by shadows, as the sunshine glows more brightly after the broken storm, so do you, to-day, by the contrast, realize more clearly the benign blessing of peace. Some of you bring ugly scars, and bodies weary with wounds, but even to such this blessed scene is an ample recompense.

To us, the Ninety-sixth Regiment is something more than a name—far more than an integral part of the army. It is a brotherhood of comrades, both living and dead, linked together with hooks of steel. It is a talisman, whose power over the heart time can never impair. It means for us not only camp life, midnight picket watches, marches, battles, campaigns, toils, dangers and death; but tender sympathies, warm affections, and noble loves, which were born in the hour of danger, and which live on even after death. I know you are even now thinking of Lew, and

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

John, and Bill, and Tom, and Charley, those noble fellows, whose guileless hearts were as an open book to us, and into whose fearless eyes you so often looked, when

The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

We learned to know them so well. They were killed by our side. The last look of the eye and the quick hand pressure, beyond the power of speech, conveyed their parting message to home and us. We buried them as best we could—rudely, but tenderly. We sang no requiem, save that in the silence of the heart. We followed no ritual, for, in that awful solemnity, none was permitted—none required. They are dead; and yet, so vividly, even now, do we see them, we fain would believe their good spirits are hovering about us. With joy, and the sorrow close akin, dear, dear, departed comrades! we unveil this monument to your glory.

The camp fire begins to smolder in the embers. One by one the lights are going out. The Ninety-sixth will soon, very soon, be at rest.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

98TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN JACOB A. SCHMIDE

COMRADES and friends:—Through the kind favor of Providence and the patriotic liberality of the government of our noble old Keystone State we are permitted to be assembled here to-day, on this historic field, to dedicate this monument as a memorial to the action of the Ninety-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry in the great battle fought on these fields in July, 1863, for the preservation of our country, for the continuation of our government, for the defense of our homes and our firesides, for the defense, especially as Pennsylvanians of all and everything near and dear to us, against the invading hosts of the enemy, who, fresh from one victory, advanced boldly upon our own State capital, threatening our own towns, our own cities, our very existence.

On behalf of the survivors of the Ninety-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry it behooves me now, I believe, in connection with this occasion, to state to you, that this monument is erected here by the authority of our State government, to mark a position held by the regiment during the battle, and to commemorate the regiment's action in the great battle fought on these fields during those ever-memorable days of July, 1863.

My friends, we are glad to be enabled to inform you here, that this monument does indicate a position, as the inscription thereon truthfully states. The regiment held this position from about dusk of the evening of July 2, to the end of the battle. Actually it was in line along the road in front, the right wing somewhat refused to face the woods, but,

to conform to the wishes of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor to superintend the erection of these monuments, and the various good and sufficient reasons advanced by them therefor, our committee willingly accepted this location, although it is somewhat in rear of the line which the regiment actually occupied.

We regret that we cannot so heartily approve of the inscriptions thereon alluding to the regiment's action in this memorable battle, or, rather, we must regret the omission of any statement alluding to the action of the regiment on another part of the field, although in close vicinity.

The inscriptions are as decided for us by the State Commissioners, and state truthfully, that the regiment led the Sixth Corps on its march from Manchester, Maryland, to the battle-field and held this line from evening of July 2 to the end of the battle, but make no allusion to what else it did.

Our lamented General Sedgwick, in his report on this battle, states that he arrived, in fact reported his corps present, at Rock creek at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Ninety-eighth was the leading regiment of it.

Well, did we stay at Rock creek, a full mile or more in the rear?

Was the leading regiment of the corps left at Rock creek to rest itself, while others following, yes, while the other following regiments of our own brigade were hurried forward as fast as possible and led into action, into the fight on this identical ground?

No, my friends, the Ninety-eighth was not the kind of a regiment to be left in the rear under anything like such circumstances as took place here on that afternoon.

Although the Commissioners did not allow us a mention in the inscription of the action of the regiment between the time of its arrival at Rock creek and the time, as stated, when it was placed in position on this line, we were not lying idle at Rock creek, or anywhere else, listening to the battle from afar, yes, to the roar of battle being fought that afternoon on these identical fields, in this immediate vicinity, those very hours, my friends, were, and are to-day, and will continue to be, as long as we live, the hours most memorable to us the survivors of the Ninety-eighth in regard to our action in the battle of Gettysburg. The hours between 4 o'clock and sundown of that afternoon of July 2, 1863, were full of trying moments on this part of the field, and the Ninety-eighth got here in good time and did its duty, yes fully did its duty, and perhaps some of the work of others, and as the State Commissioners request, that in the exercises connected with the dedication of these monuments the survivors include a true, and as near as possible complete statement of the actions of their respective regiments in this battle, we cheerfully comply with that request, to the best of our ability; although in the main part it will only be a reiteration of a statement of our action as a regiment, in the battle these monuments are to commemorate as we have some time ago transmitted to them.

Yes, transmitted to them for the very purpose of having the truth of our action recognized by suitable mention thereof in the inscription on this monument, and made over the solemn affidavit of a large number of our comrades who participated with us in this eventful battle. Over the solemn affidavit of comrades who lost limbs, who became crippled for life

in that action of the regiment, a solemn statement made under oath and transmitted to them, setting forth our action, especially for the purpose of inducing the Commissioners to include a mention thereof in the inscriptions, and without a mention of which we can never look upon or consider this monument as giving to posterity a truthful history of the part the Ninety-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry took in the battle this monument is intended to commemorate.

On the evening of July 1, 1863, the Ninety-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, four hundred strong, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Kohler and Major J. W. Beamish, was in bivouac near Manchester, Maryland, thirty-eight miles from here, with the rest of the Sixth Army Corps, and shortly after dark was ordered on the march towards Gettysburg, where heavy fighting had already been going on during the day; the regiment was fortunate enough to have the leading position of the corps assigned to it for that march, a position which, in a column on a march, and especially on a march as that one was, is very advantageous, as it enabled us to reach the battle-field here in very good order and form, after marching all night and day without intermission, until we arrived at Rock creek, at a point about a mile south of where the Baltimore pike crosses said stream, and may fairly be included in the area of this battle-field.

We arrived there shortly after 2 o'clock and were halted and allowed to rest for probably fully an hour, when we were advanced, with our brigade, to the bridge on the Baltimore pike over Rock creek, being placed in line on the south bank, on the left of the pike, facing the stream. Hardly had the brigade got in line in that position when we were again ordered forward, and crossed the creek partly by way of the bridge and parly by fording the stream, doing so under our lamented General Sedgwick's personal supervision. We were at once urged forward as fast as possible and soon lost sight of and became detached from our brigade, being directed by a staff officer who accompanied us towards the left, we making a good part of the distance on the double-quick, and were brought onto Little Round Top, and by the direction of a staff officer formed in line of battle; being right in front necessitated our forming on the right by files into line.

Our right resting at a point about four hundred feet south of the road that crosses Round Top ridge, our left extending well up to what may be called the rockier part of the western slope of the hill, facing the wheat-field, with the intervening ridge and marsh directly in line of our front. This line of our regiment was formed immediately in rear of a line of others of our troops, whom we soon found were some of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and whose left was somewhat overlapped by our formation. Our other troops appeared at that time as being apparently driven from or leaving the field in our front pretty well broken up and the enemy in what seemed to us to be also rather disorganized parties, following closely after them, however, placing a couple of guns that our men were trying to save, in apparent jeopardy of being captured, from I may say almost under our eyes. Therefore, before the regiment was hardly formed in line we were ordered to fix bayonets followed immediately by the com-

mand "forward Ninety-eighth, charge," and forward we did go, advancing through the line of troops mentioned as lying directly in front of us while we formed, they apparently willingly opening their ranks to let us through; we charged through the marsh of Plum run, advancing to the foot of the ridge on the west side of the swamp; whatever there was in our immediate sight of the enemy, in our direct front, retreating before us with little firing; we however received a livelier fire from the left (Devil's Den) while crossing the swamp, which, together with the difficulty of crossing through the soft slough, had the effect to break our line up somewhat, so that the halt at the foot of the ridge, though for a few moments only, allowed those who became delayed (stuck in the mire) in crossing, to catch up.

The troops through whom we had passed, as before mentioned, also started to advance while we lay at the foot of the ridge, and on their left adjoining our right they also halted a few moments when the whole extended line again advanced, we up the ridge to and over the stone wall skirting the wheatfield, our left well into the woods on the left, driving back some and making prisoners of a number of what looked to us like disorganized straggling parties of the enemy, with little extra effort on our part. We were, however, soon recalled to the stone wall on the ridge and held that position until near dusk, when we were ordered to the right and rejoined our brigade taking position on the right of it, which brought us on this line, having sustained in the charge and the other movements just described the comparatively light loss of only one man killed and ten wounded. And in this line and position we were kept to the end of the battle without actually any further losses or becoming further engaged.

ADDRESS OF SERGEANT F. J. LOEBLE

MR. President and comrades of the Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania Regimental Association, ladies, gentlemen and friends:—Assembled here to-day, taking the allotted and average time of the life of mankind to be thirty-three years, a generation of the human family has almost passed away since first the cause made its appearance, which has led thousands to assemble to-day, on this glorious and renowned field of Gettysburg. It would take entirely too much of your valuable time, and would, I am afraid, severely tax your powers of endurance, were I to undertake to fully discuss the cause, the political intrigues and machinations of the leading politicians and statesmen, which eventually led to the secession of the Southern States from the Union.

More eligible tongues and abler pens have discussed those questions time and again, and I am confident, that the greater majority of those assembled here to-day, are quite familiar with that subject, and it will, therefore, be sufficient for me to say that after a most exciting political campaign for the election of a President of these United States, in the fall of 1860, in which that noble and never-to-be-forgotten man and martyr, Abraham Lincoln, was chosen as the executive officer of this federation of states, the country was embroiled, and stood face-to-face with the most

wicked, uncalled for and unscrupulous attempt of traitors and rebels, to overthrow the government and establish slavery on a firm and everlasting foundation. Although in his inaugural address, on the 4th of March, 1861, the President had promised not to interfere with slavery in the States where it then existed, and assurances were given by all the leading statesmen of the then dominant party to the same effect, the political leaders of the South had so worked upon the minds of their constituents the idea of establishing a separate government, with slavery for its corner-stone, that State after State recalled their senators and representatives from Congress and passed acts of secession in their different legislatures.

Could they have foreseen the unity and devotion to the flag, as exhibited by the inhabitants of the Northern States when they were once fairly aroused, I feel warranted in saying, that they would have considered and deliberated considerably longer before striking the blow against the flag of our country, by firing on Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, on the morning of April 12, 1861; but whom the gods wish to destroy they first strike with blindness, and as the Almighty Providence and father of us all, had determined to strike the curse of slavery from this fair land of ours, he let them go on in their mad career and permitted them to still further blacken their treacherous souls in the blood of their brothers.

The war of the rebellion was now fairly opened, a war which in its accursed course of four years cost the country hundreds of thousands of lives, millions upon millions of money, breaking down the health of thousands of men, and filling the land with widows and orphans; at the same time, however, bringing forth to full development the noblest traits of human character, unbounded charity, heavenly love and unsurpassed devotion. On April 14, 1861, the stars and stripes, that beloved symbol of our country and human liberty, ceased to float over Fort Sumter, and the President issued his first call for 75,000 volunteers to serve for the period of three months. The shots on Fort Sumter roused the slumbering fire of patriotism in the hearts of the Nation; stunned by this blow the country reeled like a man in his cups, but almost immediately recovered and exhibited such an intensity of feeling and readiness for sacrifices of all kind as astonished the people themselves and the world at large. Work of all kind seemed entirely suspended, the professional man suspended his calling, the artisan and mechanic stopped his machinery, the merchant laid aside his ledger, the laborer his pick and shovel, the farmer stopped his team in the field, even some of the boys flung their books in the corner, all vieing with each other which one would first reach the recruiting station, to inscribe his name on the roll of his country's defenders.

The quotas of the different States were filled almost as soon as the call had been issued, and you, my comrades, well remember how eager you were to go forth, and to do and die, so that our nation might live.

If I am allowed to do so, I would here relate to you as an illustration of the eagerness of the people to enlist, and of the surplus of men offering their services to the government, a circumstance which happened to me personally. On offering my services, the recruiting officer told me emphatically, and I thought at the time, not very politely, that he could get by far more men than he wanted, and did not propose to enlist boys.

It was at this time that our fellow townsman, John F. Ballier, a tried soldier of the Mexican war, a man of sterling qualities (who has been prevented by sickness from being with us on this memorable day) considered it to be his duty toward the land of his adoption, to again unsheath his sword in defense of the flag under whose folds millions of people have found freedom from tyranny and oppression. His services being accepted, he took the field in a very short time at the head of a regiment of volunteers known as the Twenty-first Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry. The term of enlistment of this organization expired on July 29, the final discharge being August 8. The brave and loyal commander had, however, taken time by the forelock, and secured the issue of an order from the War Department, authorizing him to recruit a regiment of infantry for the term of three years or sooner shot, as the boys used to say, the sentence, however, reading or sooner discharged; this again shows to you that even at that time, no one had any idea of the gigantic proportions this unholy war was going to assume.

Many of the discharged officers and men of the now extinct Twenty-first Regiment rallied around their beloved commander, and at once commenced active recruiting, so that by the 17th of August, the first company was mustered into the service, and was thereafter known as Company I, Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry. By the 26th September, seven more companies had been mustered in the following order, D, C, F, A, E, K and B, and encamped at Camp Ballier, near Girard College, in Philadelphia. With the exception of Company A, ninety-five per cent. of the enlisted men were of German birth or parentage; Company A, or as more familiarly known the Irish wing of the German Regiment, is however fully entitled to and proud of the name of German Regulars, by which one of the generals on the field designated them after the gallant and victorious battle of Williamsburg, Virginia, as well as those others who expressed their thoughts in the tongue of the Fatherland.

On September 30, the eight companies left Philadelphia for Washington, District of Columbia, where they were attached to the Fourth Army Corps under General Keyes. During the month of December, Companies G and H joined the regiment in its camp near Tennallytown, thereby completing the full regimental organization of ten companies.

On arrival at this camp, early in October, the colonel at once commenced a rigid course of instruction in the duties of a soldier, such as company and battalion drills, guard mount, picket duty, manual of arms, etc., as well as establishing a school for officers, and with pride every member of the regiment may say to-day, that when in the spring of 1862, it broke its camp, he belonged to a well-drilled and thoroughly organized body of volunteer soldiers, destined to make their mark in the hot work before them. In the beginning of March, the regiment hailed with joy the order to march on the enemy, ready to do battle in a righteous cause; it was, however, sorely disappointed, when, after a few days, the army was ordered to return across the Potomac and encamp again on its old ground. Meanwhile the plan of operations against the capital of the Confederacy, Richmond, was changed, and in the later days of March the army was embarked and transported to Fortress Monroe, to begin the memorable campaign on

the Peninsula. The regiment bore its share of hardships in the investment of Yorktown, holding a position near Warwick Court House, doing picket duty, building entrenchments and corduroy roads during all of April, and until the evacuation and abandonment of the rebel works.

Following up the enemy closely on the 5th of May, the long-looked for moment arrived, when the regiment was destined to receive its baptism of fire, in front of the rebel Fort Magruder near Williamsburg, Virginia. The prospect of our valor and courage must have been rather a discouraging one to our commander, after the severe march over almost impassable roads, and in a drenching rain storm, and the speaker often recalls him to his mind's eye marching down the line, uttering words of encouragement and appealing to our sense of honor and duty, to show ourselves as men who could be depended upon in the hour of trial and danger. Bravely it followed its leader, and nobly did it do its duty, so well, that after the battle was over, it was taken from the brigade, and assigned to the special, hazardous and honorable duty of following up the retreating enemy, as one of the organizations composing the advance guard under General Stoneman until we reached the vicinity of Richmond. It would take me too long, and would perhaps become too tiresome to you, were I to give a detailed account of its marches and engagements, through that terrible campaign in the summer of 1862, when, in August, this noble Army of the Potomac, found itself at Harrison's Landing on the James river, a shattered, bleeding and almost discouraged remnant of its former self, neither will I discuss the reasons for the disastrous ending of this campaign, but will simply say, that under the severest trials and experience, the Ninety-eighth was always found ready and willing to do its duty without murmuring or fault finding.

Shortly, however, the line of march was taken up again, as the rebel forces had turned their attention to the army of General Pope, who stood between Washington and Richmond. The division to which the regiment was attached was ordered to Alexandria, and, after disembarking, immediately advanced to Centerville, where it was assigned to the not very pleasant but important duty of covering the retreat of Pope's army which had been defeated in the second battle of Bull Run; this was successfully accomplished, and well may the members of the regiment feel proud of having had part in insuring the safety of the Capital of the Nation at that particular time. Then followed Lee's invasion of the north, the battle of South Mountain and Antietam, the capture of Miles at Harper's Ferry, whom the division was sent to reinforce, but who had capitulated before it reached him, the chase after a foraging detachment of rebels, and the return to the Army of the Potomac near New Baltimore, Virginia.

Here the division was attached to the famous Sixth Corps, whose fortune became hereafter its own until the close of the war. General Burnside having assumed command of the army about this time the order was given to advance by way of Fredericksburg, where, on the 13th of December, 1862, a terrific battle was fought with disastrous results to the Union arms. The army then went into winter quarters on the north side of the Rappahannock, and, with the exception of the Burnside stuck in the mud march, remained quiet until the spring of 1863.

Meanwhile the command of the army had been transferred to fighting Joe Hooker, who, on the 1st of May, crossed the river a few miles above the city with the bulk of the army, leaving the Sixth Corps under command of (that famous soldier and fatherly commander) John Sedgwick, in front of Fredericksburg, with instructions to take the rebel intrenchments in the rear of the city. This task was nobly accomplished by the corps on the 3d of May, the regiment as usual taking a conspicuous part in this action. The line of march was almost immediately taken up again towards Chancellorsville, but General Hooker having meanwhile been defeated at this point, General Lee sent heavy reinforcements against the gallant Sixth, checking our advance at Salem Church. Stubbornly fighting against superior numbers the corps steadily retraced its steps, and reached the north side of the river on the 5th sustaining a very heavy loss in its numbers. This ended the Hooker campaign and brought the regiment back to its former quarters until June 20, when it became apparent that the wily rebel leader, Lee, was planning another advance into the loyal States, but shrouded his movements in such impenetrable darkness, that his army was well on its way before the Union commander had any idea of his intentions.

July 1 found the regiment at Manchester, Maryland, while other corps had already opened the ball at this renowned field of Gettysburg where we have assembled to-day, and where the greatest struggle for mastery took place between the old, well-tried opponents, the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia.

In the evening the corps was ordered to Gettysburg, the Ninety-eighth having the right of the line. No one of the participants will ever forget that march of thirty-eight miles with but little rest. Weary and footsore it arrived on the afternoon of July 2, and immediately went into action from the position yonder where we have just rededicated one of the monuments. Nothing daunted by their weariness, or even the retreat of their comrades of other corps, who were closely followed by the enemy, they went forward at the word of command, and, after having fixed bayonets, with a Union hurrah.

Here, again, at a critical moment, the regiment fully proved that it was composed of no mean material, for had it not stemmed the current of the rebel advance God knows what would have been the result if the rebels had captured yonder heights, but the timely arrival of the regiment proved to be the turning tide of the fortunes of war in two distinct results. The retreating Union soldiers, amazed by this outburst of confidence and devotion to duty, and seeing the line steadily advancing, halted, faced about and joined in the forward movement of their brethren of the Ninety-eighth, while, on the other hand, the rebels received a check to their onward march, wheeled about and exchanged the *role* of pursuers to the one of pursued. The regiment drove the retreating foe beyond this stone wall into the wheatfield, and was, later in the day, withdrawn to this position, which it held successfully until the close of the battle.

I have shown you with pardonable pride that in several important actions the regiment fulfilled its duty to the best of its ability, and would but casually mention here, that about one year later, it was again its

good fortune to save the capital of the Nation, being the first regiment of the corps to drive the rebels from in front of Fort Stevens, under the eyes of the late lamented Lincoln, who personally tendered his thanks to the commander for the part taken in defeating the rebel designs, and assuring him that his services at that particular critical time should never be forgotten. For three long days the fate of the Union hung in the balance on this Pennsylvania field, thousands of her sons were engaged in this conflict, on her own dear soil, whilst thousands, aye millions, were praying for the success of our arms. At last the decision was rendered, the God of battles crowned with victory the Union army, and the highest tide of treason and rebellion had been reached on this very field. Henceforth the unholy cause entered upon its decline, which, while not as rapid as we all could have wished, at least showed itself in their efforts becoming weaker, for no offensive movement in force towards the northern states was again attempted.

Well do you remember, however, how stubbornly almost every inch of ground was contested, and thousands upon thousands of lives had yet to be sacrificed before the death blow to treason was struck at Appomattox in '65, the Ninety-eighth being no mean factor in the struggle to the end.

But let us now look to the immediate cause of our assemblage here to-day. Shortly after peace was restored to our bleeding country, a spontaneous movement started up to preserve to posterity the outlines of the field of Gettysburg, proclaiming as it does to-day the valor of the citizen soldiery of the American Republic.

A commission was formed, subscriptions solicited, and section after section acquired by purchase and donation until to-day nearly the whole field of carnage is owned by the Gettysburg Battle-field Association. Regimental associations showed a tendency to commemorate the position held by each of them during the terrific struggle, in marking the spots by the erection of monuments.

One after another was raised upon the field by the survivors, and well may you feel proud, my comrades, that a few years ago you put your shoulders to the wheel, and by a united effort, and with the assistance of your friends, you placed yonder memento upon this field in memory of our fallen comrades.

The efforts of the survivors of the war induced the representatives of our beloved State of Pennsylvania to give them a helping hand in this noble undertaking by appropriating a certain sum of money for a monument, to be erected upon the spot where each Pennsylvania regiment and battery fought and bled in those memorable days. To-day we have assembled to dedicate these monuments in the presence of our wives and children, our uncles and aunts and our friends in general, many a hand has again clasped the hand of comrades after an interval of years, friendships have been renewed, past hardships and privations have been brought vividly to our mind, let us also drop a silent tear for those near and dear ones who freely gave their lives for the land they loved, as we look upon this beautiful tribute of love to them, which but a few moments ago, has been stripped of the flag that hid its beauties.

May you, my comrades, remember, that the visitors to this spot, in the

years when we too shall have joined the great army above, may drop a grateful tear to our memory, and thank the Lord, that, in the hour of danger to our beloved land, there were freemen enough to stand between their loved homes and those whose aim it was to destroy the liberties of a free people. But above all else may it continue to preach to posterity for years to come, that loyalty to our country should ever be second only to loyalty to our creator, the heavenly Father of us all.

May it serve as a warning to future generations that the American citizen will allow no one, no matter who he may be, to insult his flag or attempt to wrest one single star from its place. While we welcome under its folds the oppressed of all the world, let it be decidedly understood that those who bared their breast to the murderous bullet in defense of it, are jealously guarding its interests, and will not allow it to be lowered, dragged into the dust, or used for any other but the noblest purposes of mankind.

May we so direct the education of our children, and through them again our children's children, that when they look upon these monuments, they may imbibe that spirit of devotion to country and flag which made their ancestors ready and willing to offer their lives in the defense of the Star Spangled Banner, the emblem of liberty, equal rights and national unity. O Lord, grant that it may wave until the end of time, over a nation of freemen enjoying happiness, prosperity and unity.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

99TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN ALBERT MAGNIN

COMRADES of the Ninety-ninth:—During the years that have passed since you stood among these rocks and boulders, and amid the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, you saw the glorious banner of freedom upheld in all its dignity and glory, the name of Gettysburg has been the synonym around which has centered all your thoughts of patriotism, of honor, of bravery, and of devotion to the cause for which we fought on so many other fields, and which was finally brought to a triumphant close when the sunburst of victory perched upon our banners at Appomattox. We feel proud of the fact that on this field of Gettysburg, when the cause of treason received its death blow, the Ninety-ninth was in the forefront of the battle, and here, on the extreme left of the Union lines, its gallant color guard held aloft the glorious old banner which formed the rallying point for thousands and saved the day.

We stand here the remnant of what was once the glorious old Ninety-ninth Regiment, and, as I look into your eyes and try to read your thoughts as we stand together on the field of Gettysburg, I feel that no tongue can

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

utter, no pen can write, no imagination can fathom the myriad emotions that surcharge your hearts, emotions, tender in their sternness and pure in their exultation, emotions tender in their remembrance of the noble boys of the Ninety-ninth, who upon this bloody field, over a quarter of a century ago, gave up their lives that liberty might triumph and the Union be preserved; exultant because those lives were not given in vain, and that out from these rocks, from out this field whose earth was enriched by the blood of our comrades there has grown up such a sentiment, such a love, such a regard, such a loyalty as can never be effaced as long as the name of Gettysburg remains. And Gettysburg shall be synonymous with heroism and valor and liberty as long as the human race shall endure.

Who then shall dare henceforth to lay the axe at the roots of our nationality, since those roots are nurtured by the blood of our comrades? Who shall dare utter the name of Gettysburg and treasure in his mind aught but reverence and devotion and pride for the men who fought at Gettysburg and carried the banner of the Union in triumph over the vanquished traitors?

We meet here to-day to dedicate, to devote, aye, to consecrate, this monument to the memory of our comrades, who, on this spot, gave up their lives that we might live. We know that it is not that we deem it needful to raise this pillar of stone to perpetuate their fame, for upon these fields they carved for themselves an inheritance that naught but Omnipotence itself can obliterate. In every loyal heart, in every home, in every hamlet, village, and crowded city, in every nation, in every clime, in letters of blood is written their epitaph—Gettysburg! In that one word is embodied all that ever has or ever can be written to exemplify and make manifest the noblest attributes of American manhood.

But we come here to-day as the survivors of this regiment who, upon this spot, shared the dangers of the day, and rear this shaft, not simply in their memory, but as a guide to their children when we shall have joined the silent majority on high. Here in the years to come, as in the years since those terrible days of July, 1863, this battle-field shall be the "Mecca," and this monument one of the shrines at which patriotism shall come to offer her devotions. Here our children and our children's children and the children of unborn generations shall come to pay tribute to undying valor and heroism.

> "By her soldiers' graves Columbia proves
> How fast toward morn the night of manhood moves.
> Those low white lines at Gettysburg remain,
> The sacred record of her humblest slain,
> Whose children's children in their time will come
> To view with pride their hero father's tomb,
> While down the ages run the patriot line
> 'Till rich tradition makes each tomb a shrine."

And as they read from this tablet of the Ninety-ninth at Gettysburg they will realize in all its fulness that from every blade of grass, from out these rocks, there comes from the blood of our dead comrades an exhortation which should be coupled with every lullaby song, and which every mother in this land should teach her child, that "loyalty is a virtue, and treason is a crime."

One of the gloomy fruits of the war is the blight it casts upon the loveli-

ness of nature. The regions where great armies have encamped or fought are left trampled and desolate, as if swept by a hurricane—the trees, far and wide, are scathed as with fire. But it is the restorative work of peace to hide the bloody tracks of war, and cover over with the healing sympathies of verdure, the rude gashes and dismal wastes left by the violence of embattled foes. In the hollow fragments of the bursted shells the sweet violets find soil to root and bloom; on the mounds where cannon frowned and thundered, the gentle grass is waving; the hopeful step of the reaper has supplanted the dull tramp of the sentinel; the tinkling sheep bells chime where the roll of the drum or roar of musketry shook the heavens, and where the sulphurous smoke of battle darkened and fouled the air ten thousand flowers now swing their tiny censers and exhale their fragrance before God's peaceful throne.

And so we come here to-day with our hearts filled with the memory of our comrades as fresh as when the news was young, not in anger, not in a spirit of resentment, not to renew the bitter memories of the past, but to gather and treasure the sweet tender remembrance of the fact that our comrades who sleep upon this and other fields, and those who during the past quarter of a century have been mustered out, were not animated by spirit of conquest, were not inspired by hate, jealousy, or selfish ambition, but by the single desire to maintain and defend the Government for which our mothers had prayed and our fathers had bled. We here raise this tablet and inscribe upon it the cold stern figures which there you see, that you may learn to love your country more by knowing what it cost; that you may know that it came out of the furnace fires of '61 to '65 regenerated, purified and disenthralled;—redeemed, not by silver and gold, the implements of ignoble peace, but by the blood of our brothers, fathers, friends.

Far be it from me to ascribe to the Ninety-ninth more than its full share of the glory that belongs to all the heroes of Gettysburg. That glory belongs not to one man or to one section, but to all, as each section of our country vied with the other in sending men and material to break down the rebellion, so corps vied with corps, division with division, brigade with brigade, regiment with regiment, company with company, and man with man in acts of bravery and endurance on this and other fields. But proud is the man who can say, "I was at Gettysburg, and I wore the Kearny patch, and fought with the Ninety-ninth."

But what led to Gettysburg? Shall I tell you of the various causes or grievances, or imaginary causes or wrongs that brought about the rebellion? I take it that it is not necessary here further than to say: That it was the inevitable result of an antagonism of sentiments, interests and social structure in the two great sections of the Union,—the North and the South. The foundation of these tendencies was laid before the formation of the Union, in early colonial times. The conflict commenced as soon as a close Union was attempted, and the Constitution was adopted only through the personal influence of Washington and other statesmen of that time and from the general conviction that it was essential to the protection of the new Republic from England and other European powers. Some provisions of the Constitution involved a compromise between the

North and the South, and compromises were the order of the day until the South became so arrogant in their demands concerning the institution of slavery that finally compromises became more and more disagreeable to the North, and upon the election of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, the South began to prepare for war, and on one bright morning in April, twenty-eight years ago, the people of the North, although repeatedly warned, were startled by the announcement which flashed over the electric wires, that the flag, the stars and stripes, the flag of freedom, the flag of Washington, had been fired upon! By whom? By an alien? No, but by our brothers of the South, here within the confines of our own Republic, and almost before the reverberations of the rebel guns that fired on Fort Sumter had died away on Charleston harbor, thousands of brave men, and brave boys too, had donned the habiliments of war and were ready to do and die for their country. That overt act on the part of the traitors which was meant to fire the southern heart with the spirit of rebellion against the best government the world ever saw, had a counter-effect. The loyal North was alive. Everywhere was excitement and confusion, but with it all a stern determination that this Union must and should be preserved.

Various and conflicting were the opinions as to the probable duration of the war, and few imagined that for four long, sad and weary years this land of ours was to be deluged with blood.

Let us go back to that quiet Sabbath morning when the lightning-tipped wires flashed the news, "Fort Sumter fired on." The echoes of the guns shook the hearthstone of every house in the land, it was the beginning of the fight. How we questioned one another as to the fate of the gallant Anderson and his beleagured little band. How we differed as to the outcome. Some saw the end close at hand, others saw the end afar and over a bloody chasm, all felt that the aggressor must fall. The streets of the city filled with people, here a face pallid with horror, there a face set in rigid lines by the perception of a painful duty, on all was written in unmistakable signs the horror which the thought of war alone can bring.

This was the message that flashed over the wires: "New York, April 13, 1861. The rebels opened fire on Major Anderson and his little force in Fort Sumter at daybreak on the 12th; the bombardment is still going on;" and then there was silence. The streets teem with aimless wanderers, going—going, anywhere—everywhere, alone or in couples, rarely speaking, scarcely thinking—possessed—benumbed with restless horror. The windows are full of blanched faces looking out upon the straggling crowds with wondering pity—matron, wife, child—full of the grim dread that has come into the common life. The Sabbath bells proclaim the hour of worship, within the sanctuary crowd the hushed and pallid throng. Country, blood, war, are mingled strangely with thoughts of God; Sinai's thunders and the booming guns of Fort Moultrie. That which we had learned to think could never be, had come! Then came the call to arms. The first shock was over, the bowed head of yesterday was raised to-day, buoyant and confidant, flags flying, drums beating, companies and regiments recruited, and then the cry was, "On to Richmond—on to the capital of

the traitors." Oh, what painful recollections does that cry recall. Days of preparation and delay, days of anxiety, and the days and the weeks go by and still the flag of the Confederacy waves over Richmond. The ninety days of prophecy have expired—all at once the air was full of shadow, the hot July sun looked down upon an expectant Nation, the army has started toward Richmond. Then came the clash of arms. Then the throbbing electric wires flashed forth the one fell word. "Fighting!" Then the exultant cry "the enemy falling back!" Then the electric pulse which was wont to thrill along the wires seemed to have been hushed, palsied with the woe it was called upon to bear, and then it said, "the Union army in full retreat on Washington." This was the result of the first "On to Richmond!" "On to Richmond!" does it not take you back, comrades, to the camp life, to the rough huts in the streets of Washington and upon the public squares, back to the stirring times of the beginning, when our hearts burned with new zeal as we learned of the fate of that fairest and most beloved of young warriors, Ellsworth, he of the gold-brown locks and sunny hair? "On to Richmond!" How strangely familiar the words, even now that years have passed since they possessed such dire significance. "On to Richmond!" meant on to death—on to hardships, to weary marches, to privations, to wounds, to wasting sickness, to prison, to starvation! "On to Richmond!" We break camp and fall into line and the words of the commander ring out upon the air, "Attention! Take arms! Unfix bayonets! Shoulder arms! Forward, file left, march!" and as we stepped out, at each step drew nearer to a soldier's grave. "On to Richmond!" "On to Bull Run; to the Peninsula; to Williamsburg; to the swamps of the Chickahominy; to Fair Oaks; on to within sight of the spires of Richmond!" But fate ordered that the days should roll into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months into years before the stars and stripes should take the place of the stars and bars on the capitol of the Confederacy.

Then came the seven days' fight, then Bull Run again and Antietam! Then Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and then Gettysburg.

And of the Ninety-ninth at Gettysburg! It would be a work of supererogation were I to attempt to tell you men what you did on this field, on those eventful days of July, 1863. It was my fortune then to have been a member of the Twenty-sixth Regiment who shared your glory in another part of this battle-field, but it was also my fortune to have been an eye witness to the gallantry of the men of the Ninety-ninth. Before the battle I had been detailed for duty with Winslow's Battery of the Third Corps (Battery D, First New York Artillery), and from yonder wheatfield where the battery was so gallantly supported by Ward's Brigade, I saw the boys of the Ninety-ninth as, with a heroism born of indomitable energy and love of country, they bravely stood, a wall of living flesh, between their homes and the desperate attacks of the rebels who were hurled upon them time and again with relentless fury.

But when at the battle of Cold Harbor the veterans of the Twenty-sixth became veterans of the Ninety-ninth, I then became one of you and we blended the white diamond of fighting Joe Hooker with the red diamond of the intrepid and daring Phil. Kearny, and in the interchange of thought in

the long years that have since passed I have learned in part of the doings of the brave men of the Ninety-ninth on those eventful days in July, 1863, when, under the leadership of the brave John W. Moore, they won for themselves a renown as imperishable and as inseparable from that of Gettysburg as the name of yonder "Devil's Den."

Of him who led you on that day I fain would speak, because, as you know, when, in after months, he left the Ninety-ninth, it was to become the colonel of the Two hundred and third, and when that gallant regiment stormed the mounds of that Carolina fortress by the sea, the brave, courageous John W. Moore was at its head, and with the colors in his hand he fell, pierced by a rebel bullet, and from off the heights of Fort Fisher his spirit took its flight to join the boys of the Ninety-ninth "gone before," and his life blood mingled with the sands that were swept by the waters of the great Atlantic.

Taking then, the story, as it comes to me from living and dead comrades of the Ninety-ninth, and from my position as I stood at the guns of that battery in yonder field, we go back to the long and wearisome march from in front of Fredericksburg, and on the 30th of June, on a dull drizzly morning, the regiment found itself at Taneytown, in Maryland. Then on the 1st of July, passing Emmitsburg, and having halted for dinner, you were interrupted by the arrival of an aide-de-camp with dispatches for General Birney, then commanding the division; then came the command, "Fall in!" and again you were on the march, not to rest again until the name of Gettysburg was added to the list of battles to be inscribed upon your banners. I doubt not it comes back to you as though it were but yesterday the feeling that animated your inmost soul when you learned that once again your feet rested upon Pennsylvania soil; how, with renewed vigor and quickened footsteps, every man strove to keep his place in the ranks, and as we neared this now historic field and saw the wounded as they were taken by, and learned of the death of the gallant General Reynolds, and listened with bated breath to the mutterings of deep-toned artillery in the distance, you all took firmer grip upon sword-hilt or musket and vowed, each one for himself, that come weal or woe, the rebels should find no repose until driven from Pennsylvania's soil. Night came on and in yonder peach orchard you bivouacked for the night. The first day's fight had been fought; the brave Reynolds and thousands of brave boys in blue lay cold in death's embrace, and thousands more lay mangled and torn by shot and shell, and yet the rebel army confronted us, bold, daring and defiant. Ah, what hopes and fears disturbed your fitful slumbers in yon orchard on that night, and when the morning of the 2d came we all felt that the day would decide whether we were to have a home and a country, and ere the first streakings of the morning light broke from the horizon, you, men of the Ninety-ninth, took up your position to the left of the peach orchard in front of the wheat-field, with Berdan's Sharpshooters in your front, looking out for the appearance of the enemy.

It was while here, that in response to the great demand for rations, a detail was sent out, and a beef was killed, but before it could be distributed the fight was on.

You will doubtless remember that when you left the peach orchard. you were taken to a continuation of the stone-wall, somewhat to the right of

Little Round Top, and sometime in the forenoon a detail of skirmishers under command of Lieutenant Thomas A. Kelly, were marched in the direction of the Sherfy House, and in the rear of the peach orchard and deployed as skirmishers, advancing in an oblique line through the orchard, crossing the Emmitsburg road and into the field beyond, where they discovered the rebel skirmish line advancing also in an oblique direction towards the left of our line in the direction of Round Top. Shots were exchanged, and the skirmishers of the Ninety-ninth having opened the fight, fell back to where the Third Corps was then in line of battle. After this, Berdan's Sharpshooters discovered the same line of rebel skirmishers, and to them heretofore has been given the honor of the first interchange of shots on the morning of the 2d. I think it was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that the Ninety-ninth came into the wheat-field and passed on in front of and supporting Winslow's Battery, your position being front of the grove and overlooking that valley between Emmitsburg road and Round Top. But to go on in detail and note the movements of the gallant Ninety-ninth would occupy more time than is allotted me here to-day. The fight is fairly on, the regiment moves to the left of the brigade. Shot and shell go whistling in all their terrific fury through the grove and wheat-field, the men at the batteries pour grape and canister into the ranks of the rebels who came through the gap left by the Ninety-ninth, who are by this time desperately engaged on the left of the brigade at the Devil's Den, in a desperate effort to save Smith's New York Battery, and with your colors resting against one of the guns you made it the rallying point and saved the day. It was the extreme left of the line, and here it was that the rebel General Hood found the Ninety-ninth obstructing his way to the capture of Little Round Top, the key to the battle-field of Gettysburg. And when they came out from behind those rocks at the Devil's Den, they met with terrific slaughter from the rifles held by the men of the Ninety-ninth; and right here, my comrades, you men of the Ninety-ninth, held this position until the Pennsylvania Reserves occupied Little Round Top.

The right of the line was then giving away, the rebels had forced their way through the gap that you had left near the peach orchard when you were ordered here. Winslow's Battery was without support, and the rebels were upon the guns when the One hundred and fifteenth Pennsylvania gallantly came to the rescue. But the rebels had effected a break upon your right, and under the damaging fire this position became untenable, but right nobly did you hold it in spite of all odds, and not until ordered by General Ward to fall back did you give way for the regulars under General Sykes.

All honor to the gallant Ninety-ninth. Would that I had power to depict the many acts of individual courage and heroism that made it possible for the achievements of the great results that I have imperfectly related.

The morning report of the Ninety-ninth Regiment on the 2d of July, shows that there were three hundred and thirty-nine men present, including twenty-one officers, of which there were about three hundred in line, all told. Of this number, the official reports show one officer and seventeen men killed, four officers and seventy-seven men wounded and eleven men missing in action, or a total of one hundred and ten. This report, although official, is incorrect, as a full and searching investigation shows that twenty-seven men

and one officer were killed and ninety-two wounded and missing, or a total of one hundred and twenty.

The regiment, upon going into the fight, was under command of Major John W. Moore, with Captain William J. Uhler acting lieutenant-colonel and Captain Peter Fritz, Jr., acting major. During the progress of the fight on the 2d of July, Major Moore and Captain Uhler both being wounded, the command temporarily devolved upon Captain Fritz. Major Moore resumed command the following day. Besides the officers named, Lieutenant John R. Nice of Company H was mortally wounded and died the next day. Lieutenant James Doyle, Company E, wounded and taken prisoner but escaped to our lines under cover of night. The other officers wounded were Lieutenant D. C. Winebrenner of Company A and Lieutenant William W. Bales of Company K.

Think not, my comrades, because I call by name these men who wore the insigna of rank, that they are more worthy of mention than the other men who wore the chevron of the non-commissioned officers or the plain blouse of the private soldier, for had I the genius I would rear before you a column upon which would be emblazoned in letters of living fire the names of all those brave men of the musket, whose indomitable bravery and intrepid heroism made it possible for the stars of the general to shine, and in the laurel wreath that justly crowns the names of Heintzelman, and Kearny, and Sickles, and Birney, and Ward, and all the other gallant leaders of the old Third Corps, I would have you read the names of all those immortal heroes who wore the diamond, and intertwined with the names of Fritz, and Leidy, and Biles, and Moore, and Tomlinson, I would weave the names of all the other gallant men of the Ninety-ninth.

Captain W. M. Worrall, Company D (chairman of the Monument Committee, and who is present with us to-day), who had but twenty-nine men in the engagement, left thirteen of them on the field (nearly one-half) six killed and seven, most of them mortally, wounded. The balance were never able to rejoin their company. His company lost the heaviest percentage, being in the fiercest part of the struggle, the captain making a narrow escape, fighting bravely to the last.

And with the colors of the Ninety-ninth, I would have you see in the name of Harvey Munsell and Amos Casey, the gallant color-sergeants, the name, aye, the face, the features, of all that gallant band, living or dead, who, during those years of '61 to '65, walked in the shadow of the grand old banner. Our flag—yes, our flag, we fought for it, our comrades died for it; it is our flag; it is our Nation's flag; it represents our sovereignty. It is the symbol of our Nation's life, it attracts our sympathies, it represents our joys and sorrows, our hopes and fears. It is the rallying point of sentiment and energy. With it is associated all that is grand and ennobling, and all the heroic deeds by land and sea that adorn the pages of our national history. In lines of fire upon its stripes and from out the shimmer of its radiant stars stand forth the names of all those who followed it, and fought for it, and died for it. It is our flag, born with the great Republic, and destined forever to float o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

As I watched, a few moments ago, comrades, the drapery that veiled this shaft of granite, I saw that the cords that held it were grasped by the hands

of one who, in her presence here to-day, made manifest that sterling patriotism that burns in the hearts of the men of the Ninety-ninth. With their history, as I have before said, is blended the life and death of the gallant Phil Kearny, and when your gallant comrade, Captain Abram Setley, laid aside his sword and resumed the peaceful life of the cilivian, there came to bless his home a boy and a girl, the boy was christened Phil. Kearny, and, like his great namesake, has been taken to the other shore. The girl was named Chantilla, in commemoration of the battle-field upon which Kearny gave up his life, and to-day the men of the Ninety-ninth share with Comrade Setley the pride of having this monument which speaks of the deeds of the gallant Kearny and his men, unveiled by his fair daughter, Miss Chantilla Setley, and to know that in the days to come, when we are gone, and pilgrim patriots come to this shrine, they will recall the fact in honor alike to the men of the Ninety-ninth and of American womanhood.

I have spoken, my comrades, of our living, of our dead and of our wounded comrades upon the field, but there are others, alas, we cannot name, we know not what was their fate. Going with us into the fight in all the strength of their manhood, perhaps seen to fall and that is all—missing in action—in yonder vast city of the dead, among the thousands of brave boys, whose blood went to enrich these fields, are the graves of many a poor fellow whose only epitaph is that dread word "unknown."

> "Unknown as veiled within the sheltering sod,
> Yet dear to liberty and known to God."

And among that number, my comrades, are those of the Ninety-ninth, who on that fateful day, did and dared and died that we might enjoy the priceless heritage of liberty. And of those I call to mind was Corporal James Casey of Company K, whose twin brother, Sergeant Amos Casey, now stands before me holding the dear old flag for which his brother died. On that eventful day, as our lines fell back, Corporal Casey, industriously applied himself to breaking the guns that strewed the ground to prevent them falling into the hands of the rebels. He found one that was loaded, and remarking to Major Moore that he was going to have another shot, he fired, and at the same moment was himself struck. Major Moore and Sergeant Graham attempted to bring him from the field, but he bravely told them to lay him down and save themselves, and nevermore was Corporal Casey heard of. It was a death wound. He was a brave lad, and the ghouls who robbed his body and thus prevented his identification knew it, for upon his breast he wore the Kearny Badge, and you, men of the Ninety-ninth, know none but brave men wore that.

And now, my comrades, it is to men like these of whom I have spoken, and who are but types of our gallant dead that we dedicate this monument to-day. To many of us never again will be vouchsafed the privilege of coming within its shadow, but let us take from here all the noblest aspirations that were wrapped up in the lives of our dead comrades; let us for the remaining years that we may be allowed to remain here, rededicate our lives to the cause for which our comrades died. Let us take from their memories the most earnest lessons of citizenship, and learn to regard with all seriousness the duties of that citizenship which was made so valuable by their death, and to guard

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

with vigilance the ark of our liberties brought safely through the floods of suffering. The confirmation of the Republic was the object of their efforts, and we know that the Republic can be maintained only on the eternal pillars of public intelligence, virtue and religion. Let us be warned, lest the land that cost us so dearly become only a scene where intrigue perpetually triumphs over truth, where justice is mocked, and where passions the most absurd override the sacred interests of humanity.

Keeping in view these things, let us so shape our lives and so inculcate the same virtues in our children that when the last bugle notes shall resound through the corridors of heaven and the veterans of the Ninety-ninth are called to muster, we can proudly answer to our names and say we never deserted the cause.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

102D REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN S. L. FULLWOOD

COMRADES of the One hundred and second Pennsylvania:—By the liberal action of the State of Pennsylvania, we have been brought together upon this historic ground to dedicate this beautiful monument as indicating the position occupied by our regiment in the battle of Gettysburg. It is fitting in our dedicatory proceedings that some statement should be made of the part taken by the regiment, not only in the battle but in the tactical and strategic movements preceding and associated with this great pivotal struggle of the rebellion.

On the 13th June, 1863, the Sixth Corps was upon the south side of the river at Fredericksburg, confronting the command of A. P. Hill, while the rest of our army lay along the Rappahannock river up to Rappahannock Station. Early's command was on that day as far north as Front Royal at the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, with Longstreet at Culpeper. On the night of June 13, our corps moved to Dumfries, and on the 17th was at Fairfax; 24th at Centerville; on the 24th and 25th the army crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, concentrating near Frederick, Maryland. On the 29th our corps was at New Windsor, while on that evening Stuart's Cavalry was at Westminster, eight or nine miles east, which place the corps reached early on the morning of June 30. Westminster was made the base of supplies for the army, and a detachment of about one hundred men made up of details from every company in the regiment, under Lieutenants David A. Jones and Jacob Drum remained in Westminster as a guard for the Sixth Corps' trains, while the corps, on July 1, moved eight miles north to Manchester, Maryland, forming the right wing of the army. About 9 o'clock that night the corps was ordered to hurry forward to Gettysburg, where the army was being concentrated, our regiment returning to

Westminster in charge of part of the corps' trains, where, upon our arrival that night, we were posted on picket, and as support to a Connecticut battery on the west of the town where we remained throughout the 2d and 3d. On July 2, about 4 p. m., the detachment which had remained at Westminster was sent forward to Gettysburg in command of Lieutenant R. W. Lyon (who had been up to that time acting as regimental adjutant) as a guard for the ammunition train of about forty wagons and there being urgent need of the ammunition the horses were kept at their highest speed all night, reaching Gettysburg, a distance of thirty-six miles, at daybreak of the 3d.

Upon reporting to General Wheaton, then commanding the division, the detail was ordered to report to Colonel David J. Nevin, commanding brigade, who assigned it to the Sixty-second New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton. It was placed on the left of the Sixty-second just at the time that regiment was being deployed as skirmishers, and was marched to the left to the ground occupied by the monument, where it remained on skirmish duty throughout the day, being under fire almost continually but not directly engaged. The detachment shared in all the duties performed by the Sixty-second New York, remaining in line of battle all of the 4th of July, and at dawn of the 5th the brigade was advanced across Plum Creek, our detachment leading, in pursuit of the enemy. The pursuit was continued by the Sixth Corps to Fairfield Pass, where the enemy was about to be attacked when another course was determined upon, General Sedgwick recalled, and the corps headed for Frederick, the regiment rejoining at Middletown.

While this stone is one of many to mark the general line of battle, yet the long list of engagements inscribed upon it, in many of which our regiment took a more active part than here, suggests another purpose. To the passer-by that list is but the names of twenty-nine battles, more or less famed in the history of the war, but as we read, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Salem Heights, Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Cedar Creek, we remember with sadness, and yet with a soldierly pride, that on these fields Kenney, Poland, Mooney, Large, Patterson, Kirkbride, Drum, the McIlwains, Coleman, and one hundred and seventy-one others of our comrades laid down their lives to save the Union.

The regiment has but one monument, and it is entirely proper that it should stand, not in busy city square or pleasure park, nor even in secluded cemetery, but where the gallant men it honors were always to be found, upon the line of battle. Nearly a generation has passed since President Lincoln stood on this field and uttered the immortal words at the dedication of the first battle monument erected here, "the world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here."

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

105TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CHAPLAIN J. C. TRUESDALE

COMRADES:—Twenty-six years ago you were here, and did well your part in that awful conflict that for three days raged on this plain and over these granite hills.

How these scenes around us stir the blood and revive the memories of other days. Here is the peach orchard, and there is the wheat-field; and there is the Sherfy House; yonder are the two Round Tops; yonder are Culp's and Wolf's hills, and Seminary and Cemetery ridges. All along these hills and ridges more than two hundred guns volleyed and thundered in the most terrific cannonade ever heard on this continent. Yonder, in the edge of the woods, Reynolds, "the noblest Roman of them all," fell while bravely seeking to hold the enemy in check until our forces could come up; yonder Pickett with 18,000 men made his famous charge on the center of our line, only to be mowed down as grass falls before the reaper; there Longstreet vanly tried again and again to flank us and capture the batteries on Round Top; over all this ground were the dead and the dying; there our own regiment, on the 2d and 3d of July, lost in killed, wounded and missing more than half the force that went into the fight. Here, too, on this historic ground, only five months after the storm of battle had passed away, the immortal Lincoln stood, and uttered these words, so true, so fitting:

> We have met on a great battle-field of the war. We have come to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting place for those who gave up their lives that the Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

Twenty-four years have passed away since the war closed, and now, after so many years, we, the survivors of the old One hundred and fifth, have gathered to-day around this monument to dedicate it to the memory of our dead comrades—not only those who fell here—but all the members of our regiment who died in battle, or from wounds or sickness during the war. It is well for us, the living, to plant these marble shafts all over this battle-field. They talk to us of our soldier dead; they are object lessons—silent teachers of our country's history and institutions, and of loyalty to liberty and law. When our children and our children's children shall come, and when the stranger from other lands shall come, and read this battle-record, they will know that in our time there were men who had such love for their country, and courage of their convictions, that they did not count their lives dear to them if only this "Government of the people, by the people, for the people, might not perish from the earth."

And yet, after all, how much more and better have these dead comrades done for themselves than we can possibly do for them? We erect and dedicate this monument to their memory, but they have made for themselves a monument more lasting than brass, more enduring than these rock-ribbed hills around us here to-day. We say they are dead! They died at Fair Oaks; or along the Chickahominy; or at Chancellorsville; or here on this monumental battle-field of Gettysburg; or in the Wilderness; or at Deep Bottom; or somewhere in the hospital—yes they are dead, and yet they live. You remember the song we used to sing down in Virginia and make the pine woods ring with the echo of it:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

Yes, and this grand army of our soldier dead is alive and is a living force in the world of to-day. They live in the memories and in the hearts of their kindred; they live in the memories and in the hearts of all the loyal people of this land; they live in the influence of their example; they live in the grand results that have come to us as a Nation from this war. Are not these things so? Have the father and mother forgotten the boy that went out from their home never to return? Has the wife forgotten the husband of her youth? Have the children forgotten their father who died in the war?

We remember those sad years, when God was purifying this Nation in the furnace heat of his judgments.

"The air was full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Would not be comforted."

The passing years have moderated this grief somewhat, and yet there is, and ever will be, while life and memory last, the longing

"For the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Have the loyal people of this land forgotten their soldiers? Let Decoration Day answer; let the millions our Government is paying out in pensions answer; let the soldiers' homes in all these Northern States answer; the people of this land will never forget the men who fought their battles and saved the Nation's life.

They live too in their influence. Shakespeare says: "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." No, the good lives too and helps to make the world wiser and better.

"Good deeds—noble deeds—through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glow and gleam immortal
Unconsumed by moth or rust."

Largely, human society is what it is to-day through the influence that has come down to it through the past—from the past. We are scholars of the past—the teachers of the future. A man dies but his influence does not die; a whole generation dies but its influence remains to bless or curse the living generation. Martin Luther died four hundred years ago, but the reformation

inaugurated has come down to us through all these centuries and is a living power in the world to-day. John Calvin is dead, but his vindication of God's free sovereign grace will never die. Knox and Chalmers and Guthrie are dead, but Scotland to-day has her Christian people, her Christian Sabbath, her bible in every house, her school in every parish. You look on these things, and you say these men are not dead—they live in their influence. John Bunyan is dead, but the spirit of the immortal tinker walks the earth to-day, in that wonderful book, "the Pilgrim's Progress." Richard Baxter is dead, but how many pious souls have been comforted by his "Saints Everlasting Rest;" how many unsaved ones by his "Call to the Unconverted." Robert Raikes is dead, but he lives to-day in the Sabbath schools of the world. Elliot and Cary and Judson and Morrison and Martyn are dead, but the missionary cause is marching triumphantly, grandly onward to take the heathen for its inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for its possession. Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln and Grant are dead, and yet they live. These soldier dead of ours—half a million of them—buried in the national cemetery, buried in the quiet churchyard at home, buried in the pine woods of the South, in unknown graves, yes,

> "There are little mounds on southern soil,
> Whose graves they are, God only knows,
> They are shelter to those who in life's toil,
> Met death as brave men meet their foes."

They are dead, and yet they live. In the homes and communities from which they went out to die, and in all our land to-day they live. And they live too in the grand results of the war—the Nation saved; the Union preserved; not one State gone out; not one star blotted from the old flag; slavery destroyed; other nations inspired with a respect for us and a confidence in our future such as they never had before; the liberation of the spirit of progress; the Union not only preserved, but stronger than ever; the Nation no longer half free and half slave, but free, truly free and untrammelled, to take its place and accomplish its mission among the nations. These are some of the results. In blood and treasure, in suffering and tears, we paid a goodly price for these things, but are they not worth the price?

This four year's fratricidal war was a dreadful thing, but for this Nation there was something worse than this war. The dissolution of the Union was worse; slavery was worse; and so, when the gage of battle was thrown down by those who were determined to have a government with slavery for its corner-stone, we said rather than these things, let us have

> "War, dreadful war!
> War on a hundred battle-fields;
> War by land and by sea."

We are sometimes charged with "waving the bloody shirt" when we talk about the war. Well, if stating the cause of the war—what it meant, what it was fought for, what it has accomplished—if that be "waving the bloody shirt," then, in the name of all the Union soldiers living and dead, I say "let it wave."

As to this regiment of ours, it needs no eulogy of mine; its eulogy is in the

history of what it has done. It takes no back-seat in the history of the war. In point of time, it was four years making up its battle record. In point of distance, it was from Williamsburg clear through to Sailor's Creek. To give the history of its battles would be substantially to give the history of the Army of the Potomac. In drill, on the march, in battle, in all soldierly qualities, this regiment had no superior, and repeatedly drew words of praise from such generals as Kearny, Jameson, Graham and Birney. It was mustered in in 1861, one thousand strong; it was mustered out in July, 1865, with about one hundred and fifty of its original members in it. Its depleted ranks were filled up twice; the last time, just as the war was closing. What gave this regiment its fine reputation? First, it was made up of good material—a sprinkling of Germans as you will see by their names (and they made good soldiers), but largely, our regiment was Scotch-Irish. Look at the names: McKnight, Craig, Duff, Redic, Miller, Hamilton, McKellip, McKown, Galbraith, McGriffin, McGeary, Kelso, Millen, Kennedy, Campbell, etc., to the end of the company rolls. They came of fighting stock; not so good on a dash, perhaps, but just the men for holding on and pounding away if it should take all summer. The hardest and most stubborn fighting of the war was when the Scotch-Irish regiments, North and South, were pitted against each other.

Then they were intelligent. They knew what the war was about, and they went, not for money or glory, but from a sense of duty. But this regiment, from the first clear through, had good leaders. Colonel McKnight was determined to make his regiment one of the best, and spared no pains to reach that point. Day by day, week after week, he drilled the men, he instructed the officers, until they got mad and swore like the troops in Flanders; but the colonel was right, and they found it so after a while. And then was there ever a better officer than Colonel Craig? So cool, so brave, and yet so kind-hearted. He was stern to demand of his men the discharge of all duty, and yet he could sympathize with them in any trouble. I make special mention of these two men because they had command of the regiment longer than any others. But they had worthy successors, and their equals in all soldierly qualities, in Greenawalt and Duff and Conser and Redic and Miller.

When we look at the make-up of this regiment, in its officers and men, we can understand how it came to have such an enviable record all through the war.

And now, comrades, a word in conclusion. A quarter of a century has passed away since the war. Then we were in our prime; now we are growing old. The hard tack would be harder for us now. That tender, juicy, Government beef, fattened (?) on pine leaves, wild garlic and past recollections, would be a little too much for us now. Our eyes need glasses now. You could not go in with a rush and make the speed in a charge you could then; nor could you make as good time getting out of the way if the other fellows were making the charge. Yes, we are growing old. With the youngest of us life is at its noon; but many of us stand where the shadows are lengthening; some of us are near sunset. We ought to be sober, earnest, thoughtful men. We have lived in the times and amid events that should make us so. It is natural we should look back and talk about the war and its results, but our faces must be turned, not backward, but forward. No

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

party, no people, can afford to be content with past achievements. Rather these should serve as an inspiration to greater achievements in the future.

"New occasions teach new duties."

And when these new occasions come let us be as prompt to respond to the call of duty as ever we were in the past.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

106TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES C. LYNCH

COMRADES:—The first member of the One hundred and sixth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was enlisted into the service of the United States on August 8, 1861, and the last survivor was honorably mustered out on June 30, 1865. During this period 1,020 officers and men were borne on its rolls and fought in twenty-eight engagements, losing one hundred and ninety-four by death and having three hundred and ninety-seven wounded in action. Through this long and desperate struggle to preserve the Union of the States the One hundred and sixth was always ready to answer the call of duty, and whether facing death by disease before Yorktown, or among the swamps of the Chickahominy; toiling its wearisome way through the dust and heat of a long summer day's march; freezing on the picket line knee-deep in a winter night's snow drift, or presenting an adamantine line in the front of battle—wherever and whenever the regiment or any detachment of it was directed to go it went and stayed until ordered by superior authority to leave. What regiment in the service can say more? From Ball's Bluff to Appomattox the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania preserved its honor unstained—its escutcheon untarnished—never defeated—though sometimes unsuccessful, still holding its place in the line of battle until that fateful day of the 22d of June, 1864, when, assailed in front, flank and rear, it destroyed its colors to prevent their capture and died on the field. Much of this "*esprit de corps*" was due to its first commander, Colonel Turner G. Morehead, a veteran of the Mexican war, whose soldierly qualities and steadfast bearing left their impress on the regiment.

Company "A" served as company "S" of the First California Regiment until the rest of the "Blazers" reached Poolesville when it took its proper place on the right of the One hundred and sixth. During its service with the California Regiment, Company A participated in the affair at Dranesville. The whole regiment was at Ball's Bluff, Charlestown, Yorktown, West Point, was heavily and successfully engaged at Fair Oaks—and in front of Richmond furnished details for picket which had several sharp skirmishes. The morning of June 29, 1862, found it under fire at Peach Orchard, but its first great and glorious service was at Savage Station on the afternoon of

that day when, with the Seventy-second Pennsylvania on the right and the First Minnesota on its left, it held the center firmly and without wavering—standing without protection in the open field facing the woods through which the enemy poured its legions—the "Blazers" with the "Fire Zouaves" and the wood-choppers from Minnesota presented a veritable stone wall to the advancing foe. Four several times did Anderson hurl his troops upon us including that boastful brigade from South Carolina, which imagined that one South Carolinian could whip five Yankees—but the One hundred and sixth met their fierce attacks with a coolness and intrepidity that were unconquerable. Each discharge of a musket sent three buckshot and a bullet on their errand of death, and the orders of the officers to fire low were so faithfully obeyed that the dead and wounded were literally piled in rows in front of the One hundred and sixth. Not even on this dreadful field, or in the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania, were the dead and wounded laid so close as at Savage Station, and yet it was many years after the war was closed before meager credit was awarded to the troops who so nobly held that pass; the One hundred and sixth never had any newspaper correspondent to magnify its skirmishes into battles, and even the official reports of its officers were so modestly drawn and briefly composed that some of its most important services are not recorded among the archives of the Nation, and future historians will refuse to mention them as unverified. The Commissioners appointed by the State to act in conjunction with our regimental committee in erecting the monument we dedicate to-day refused to accept the testimony of some of the actors in the fray, and declined to place on the monument inscriptions crediting detachments of the One hundred and sixth with participating in two of the most important episodes of the battle of Gettysburg. They say that Company B did not attack the Bliss House, giving as a reason that the official reports of the brigade and regimental commanders are silent on that subject. That Captain Ford and Lieutenant Irwin and the picket detail from companies C, D, E, F, G, H, I and K did not participate in the repulse of Pickett's charge, because the regimental commander did not say so in his official report—ignoring the fact that Lieutenant-Colonel Curry was on Cemetery Hill with the main body of the regiment and that the detachment was acting under direct orders of General Webb, the brigade commander, who did mention its services in his official reports. But we know that Lieutenant Smith of Company B, One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania, and four enlisted men were killed and seven men were wounded in the attack on the Bliss House, and that Captain Ford and Lieutenant Irwin were wounded and over one-half of the men of their detail were killed or wounded in repulsing the charge of Pickett on July 3, 1863. Their blood sank into the soil of yonder field and moistened the earth and stained the stones on this consecrated spot, and to-day rises up in mute witness of the valor of those from whose veins it was drawn and of their presence and services here.

After nightfall on June 29, 1862, the regiment was withdrawn from the field of the glorious victory of Savage Station and moved across White Oak swamp to Glendale or Frayser's farm where, on the afternoon of the 30th, it reaped fresh laurels on that field, so disastrous to the reputation of the Pennsylvania Reserves, so honorable to that of the Philadelphia Brigade, each regiment of which moved steadily forward through the mass of fugitives

and occupied the position assigned it—and held it against a victorious foe until ordered, during the night, to take the route to Malvern Hill, where, on July 1, the One hundred and sixth cheerfully and well performed the part assigned to it.

After a period of inaction at Harrison's Landing, it marched down the Peninsula to Newport News and took steamer to Alexandria, where, after disembarking, it made one of the most severe marches of the war and with Sedgwick's Division arrived on the field of the Second Bull Run in time to take the place of McDowell's routed corps and hold the enemy in check until other dispositions could be made to meet him and save Pope's army from further disaster.

Again at Antietam, when near the Dunker Church, the Philadelphia Brigade attacked in flank and rear by an overwhelming force, the One hundred and sixth maintained its reputation for coolness and obedience, and when ordered to leave the field it marched off backward with its face to the foe—sullenly retiring to new vantage ground, where it formed a line on which other troops were rallied. Well may the survivors of the One hundred and sixth be proud of its conduct on that fateful field.

Again at Fredericksburg did the One hundred and sixth, and all of the Philadelphia Brigade, give renewed proof of its devotion to duty and that it did not know when it was whipped. Advanced to a position within one hundred and fifty yards of Marye's Heights it remained there all the afternoon suffering fearful loss until 11 o'clock at night when General Howard came and told the men that he supposed they had run away long before. It was your conduct there which gave him so much confidence in you at Gettysbur.

The One hundred and sixth passed with undiminished credit through the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville which led to the invasion of Pennsylvania by the army of General Lee, closely followed by the Army of the Potomac, first under General Hooker and then (after June 28) under General Meade.

Toilsome marches, enlivened only by a few skirmishes, brought the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Brigade to Gettysburg, and when it was formed on this hallowed spot to do battle on Pennsylvania soil, for human rights and a nation's unity, it could proudly boast that it had never been beaten in action and brought with it a self-confidence which was a guerdon to its commanders, that the Philadelphia Brigade might die here but could not be driven by an assault on its front from the position given it to defend.

I am requested by the Commission to speak only of the part taken by the One hundred and sixth Regiment in this battle, and therefore shall have nothing to say regarding the stubborn fighting of the First Corps on July 1, 1863, which gained for it such a well-deserved reputation.

The booming of the first gun on Reynolds' front found the One hundred and sixth at Taneytown, thirteen miles away. Soon came the news of the death of that gallant son of Pennsylvania and that our own glorious Hancock, the prince of soldiers, was hurrying to the front, leaving his corps to follow as rapidly as possible. That night the Philadelphia Brigade bivouacked on the slope of Little Round Top, and by a calm and peaceful sleep

refreshed itself for the stirring scenes of the next two days in which it was destined to bear such an important part.

Early in the morning of July 2, the Philadelphia Brigade was marched some distance north on the Taneytown road and formed to the right of that road facing east towards Culp's Hill, it being at that time General Meade's idea that Lee would attempt to turn his right flank and that the Second Corps should be sent to occupy Wolf's Hill.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning, General Meade having ascertained that the country beyond Rock creek was not favorable for manœuvering, ordered the Second Corps to face to the rear and move on to the ridge facing west, forming with Hays' Third Division on the right, Gibbon's Second Division in the center and Caldwell's First Division extending the line towards the Round Tops on the left. The Philadelphia Brigade was formed on this ground in position to defend that clump of trees which was destined to attain such prominence in the history of the Nation as to be called the "High Water Mark of the Rebellion."

The Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania was in line of battle behind yonder fence, a position which it held with stubborn gallantry during the whole of the battle of the 2d and 3d of July.

The Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One hundred and sixth were held in reserve behind this crest ready to be moved where they should be most needed.

At the time this formation was effected companies A and B of the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania, under command of Captains John J. Sperry and James C. Lynch, and companies A and I of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, under Captains Cook and Suplee, were thrown to the front beyond the Emmitsburg road to act as skirmishers and watch the movements of the enemy; and shortly afterwards company B of the One hundred and sixth was, by personal direction of General Meade, entrusted with the important duty of ascertaining whether the enemy was in force on Seminary Ridge. The skirmish line of the enemy was strongly posted in a sunken road and barred the passage to the ridge, but the men of Company B obeyed the orders of their officers with such cheerful alacrity and displayed so much dash and *elan* in the advance that the opposing skirmish line was dislodged, the enemy's line of battle was disclosed, and having accomplished what was desired and shown the commanding general what he was most anxious to know, the company coolly retired to the position, as reserve to the skirmish line, from which it started; and, strange to relate, did not lose a man either in advancing or retiring.

In order to understand the importance of the movements of the One hundred and sixth on the afternoon of the 2d, it will be necessary to briefly refer to the fighting of that day on the left.

General Lee's plan of attack was to move forward his right brigade to assail General Meade's left flank and each of his brigades was to follow the movement of the brigade on its right moving in *echelon*; and in pursuance of this plan the whole of Hood's and McLaws' Divisions and Wright's Brigade of Anderson's Division had in turn advanced and become heavily engaged. Wright's Georgians performed their duty well, crossing the Emmitsburg road, charging almost to the lines held by the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania and

capturing three guns of Brown's Battery which had been advanced to a rocky knoll to the left and front of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania.

At this juncture the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania was moved forward from behind the crest and ordered to attack the exposed left flank of Wright's Brigade. Promptly and well was the movement executed—a few well-directed volleys served to check Wright's advance—when Lieutenant-Colonel Curry ordered bayonets fixed and a charge to be made which sent the enemy in full retreat. The One hundred and sixth pursued them to the Emmitsburg road, capturing Colonel Gibson of the Forty-eighth Georgia and two hundred and fifty officers and men, all of whom surrendered to the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania and were taken charge of by Captain Ford and Company I and sent to the rear; the three guns of Brown's Battery were also recaptured and sent to the rear. There being no connecting troops on the left of the One hundred and sixth and none on the right except a small detachment of the Eighty-second New York—Colonel Curry halted the regiment—deployed skirmishers to the front under Captain Ford, and on reporting the situation, and applying to General Webb for orders, he was directed to withdraw the regiment, which he proceeded to do, leaving Captain Ford and Lieutenant Irwin and a detail of fifty men on the skirmish line. Ten minutes later came a cry for help from General Howard whose Eleventh Corps was hard pressed and whose infantry had given way leaving the gunners to engage in a hand-to-hand fight with rammers and hand-spikes against the infantry of Ewell. The One hundred and sixth arrived just in the nick of time and was placed in position by General Howard himself who rode along the line speaking to the men and expressing his confidence in them and that he now considered his position secure. Turning to his chief of artillery he said "Major, your batteries can be withdrawn when that regiment runs away." He had seen the One hundred and sixth at Antietam and Fredericksburg and knew its steadfast quality. What more flattering encomium could he have bestowed?

The main body of the regiment remained with the Eleventh Corps until the morning of July 5, when it repoined the brigade.

But while eight companies of the regiment were rendering such valuable service in checking Wright's charge the other two companies were performing, one equally as important in preventing the advance of Posey's Brigade which according to General Lee's order, should have moved forward immediately after Wright's and whose charge in pursuance of Lee's plan would have taken the One hundred and sixth in flank and prevented the capture of the Forty-eighth Georgia.

I have said that Company A of the One hundred and sixth was deployed as skirmishers with Company B in support.

The right of Company A connected with the skirmish line of the Third Division Second Corps consisting of the First Delaware, the greater part of which occupied the Bliss house and barn which were on the line of Posey's advance. As Posey came forward he drove out the First Delaware, which retired except one company commanded by Captain Sparks, who gallantly held his ground to the left of the Bliss house and fought with the skirmishers of the Philadelphia Brigade. But the fire from the the Bliss house and barn when occupied by Posey's Mississippians became

very destructive to Company A of the One hundred and sixth, and Lieutenants Swartz and Casey, being both wounded, the company began to give way. At this juncture Company B of the One hundred and sixth was ordered to charge and take the Bliss house. The attempt was gallantly made and was at first unsuccessful, but General Hays sent out four companies of the Twelfth New Jersey under Captain Jobes who joined Company B of the One hundred and sixth in another charge which resulted in the capture of the Bliss house and barn and over one hundred prisoners. The result of this comparatively small affair was that Posey's Brigade made no further advance and therefore Mahone's Brigade on its left did not move, and the attack as planned by General Lee was virtually suspended. What might have been the result if the movement in *echelon* had been kept up, God only can tell. One thing is certain, Carroll's Brigade of the Third Division and the Seventy-first and One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania of the Philadelphia Brigade could not have been spared to rescue Howard.

Some doubt having been expressed about the part taken by Company B of the One hundred and sixth in the assault on the Bliss buildings, I here state that the matter was fully investigated on the occasion of the dedication of the Twelfth New Jersey monument, and that Company B was given full credit by Captain Jobes' command for its participation with them in the charge, and Major William E. Potter, the orator of the day, made a feeling and complimentary allusion to it.

On the morning of July 3, 1863, the main body of the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania was on Cemetery Hill under Lieutenant-Colonel Curry, but Captain Ford and his detail of fifty men remained on picket in front of the Philadelphia Brigade and companies A and B were in reserve to the rear of this crest, making altogether two-fifth of the regiment which participated in the repulse of Pickett's charge.

The Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania still occupied its position of the day before, but, as its ranks had been depleted by killed and wounded and by a detail for picket, two companies from the left of the Seventy-first were brought forward and placed on the right of the Sixty-ninth. The Seventy-first Pennsylvania (except said two companies) was placed behind yonder stone wall, forming a connection with the left of the Third Division, Second Army Corps.

The Seventy-second Pennsylvania was kept in reserve to the rear of the crest.

During the morning the picket detail of the Sixty-ninth made a most gallant charge, driving back the enemy's skirmishers and regaining the position occupied by the brigade skirmish line on the preceding day. About 1 o'clock General Lee opened one hundred and thirty-eight guns upon the position occupied by the Philadelphia Brigade and an hour or more later advanced a force of infantry which is conceded by Colonel Long, military secretary to General Lee, in his life of that commander, to have numbered 15,000 men, the command of which was entrusted to Major-General George E. Pickett, an officer of high reputation—trusted by his officers and idolized by his soldiers.

When formed for the charge, the front of the attacking lines was over

a mile long, the center being held by Pickett's splendid division, supported on the flanks and rear by Pender's, Pettigrew's and three brigades of Anderson's Divisions. The objective point of attack was that historic clump of trees which, as seen from the Confederate lines, rose prominently from the rear of the position held by the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and as the rebel lines came forward they seemed to shorten and converge towards the center until, after passing the Emmitsburg road, they formed a mass covering a front no greater than that of the Philadelphia Brigade. Each gray-coated veteran seemed bent on reaching that clump of trees as though to pluck therefrom a leaf as an evidence to his commander that his orders had been obeyed.

It is folly to contend that any one regiment or brigade is entitled to the sole credit of repulsing this determined effort made by fifteen thousand gallant veteran soldiers, flushed with the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and of the previous two days, and having confidence in themselves and faith in their leaders.

The infantry engaged on the Union side consisted of seven brigades, of which five had already suffered heavy losses on the preceding day. The Philadelphia Brigade with about eight hundred men in line held the center, supported by Hays' Division of three small brigades on its right, and Hall's, Harrow's and Stannard's brigades on its left—not over eight thousand men all told. There was no second line. The Seventy-second Pennsylvania, two companies of the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania, Nineteenth Massachusetts and Forty-second New York, were the only troops of Gibbon's Division in reserve. They were supporting the batteries of Cushing, Rorty and Brown.

It is not my purpose to tire you by a description of the artillery fire or of Pickett's charge. You have frequently heard them portrayed in more graphic language than is at my command, but I cannot refrain from crediting the skirmish line composed of details from the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-second and One hundred and sixth regiments with holding its ground with a tenacity which caused many of the onlookers to blame its officers for needlessly sacrificing men's lives. They but carried out the instructions of General Webb to their commander, Captain James C. Lynch, in contesting every inch of ground and holding on to the Emmitsburg road as long as possible. The men obeyed orders and when impossible to longer retard the enemy's advance they hastened to rejoin their several regiments and fought in the line of battle.

Steadfast and faithful—the name of each of that gallant band, whether from the Green Isle of Erin, or "native and to the manor born" deserves to be registered on fame's enduring tablet.

Captain Ford and his detail formed on the left of companies A and B in rear of the crest.

Meanwhile the enemy had advanced to the fence occupied by the Sixty-ninth and left of the Seventy-first, and, passing to the right of the latter, had taken it in flank and captured or forced back the right of the Sixty-ninth and two connecting companies of the Seventy-first. General Armistead, with hat on sword, leaps the fence followed by six color bearers with their flags and about one hundred and fifty to two hundred men.

At this juncture General Webb calls on his reserve (the Seventy-second and the detachment of the One hundred and sixth) and leads them forward in person to close the gap in the line through which Armistead and his followers are pouring. Glorious leader! His handsome, manly form towered for a moment a central figure between the two lines, as with sword in one hand and hat in the other his order of "forward to the wall!" rang out cheerily and strong above the noise of battle. If he should fall, Gettysburg is lost. Wounded, he still keeps his feet. His indomitable spirit is communicated to and inspires the men of the Seventy-second and One hundred and sixth. They sweep forward to the fence over Armistead's prostrate body—treading under foot the rebel standards, whose bearers have fallen beside their leader—the thousands who have reached the fence throw down their arms, and Gettysburg is won!

Captains Sperry and Ford fell almost at the moment the One hundred and sixth reached the crest, and the men dropped like ten-pins before the bowler, but there was no wavering among the survivors, and after the action General Webb praised the remnant of the One hundred and sixth in no stinted terms for their promptness and gallantry.

Colonel Hampton S. Thomas informs me that when the fighting was the fiercest he was directed to take a squadron of cavalry from Meade's headquarters to the rear of Webb's Brigade to drive up the stragglers. The commanding officer on returning reported that there were no stragglers to drive up and that his cavalry could not live there. All of the able men of the Philadelphia Brigade were in the line of battle determined to conquer or die there. None but the wounded retired behind this crest while the fight was on.

It has been claimed that the Nineteenth Massachusetts passed through the lines of the Philadelphia Brigade, and Devereaux ingeniously asked how his command could capture colors unless by doing so. When the One hundred and sixth and Seventy-second charged forward to the fence, six color bearers who had crossed that fence lay dead or disabled with their flags on the ground beside them. There was still at the fence an armed enemy, flaunting other flags in our faces. Our duty was to conquer that foe, and no brave man would at that moment have stayed his onward course to pick up a flag. I stepped on one which doubtless was "captured" by some one who followed me and who now enjoys the medal which was granted by Congress to him whose name was turned in with the trophy.

The reveille roll-call of July 4, found but eight men present for duty with Company B and Company C, and Captain Ford's detail had suffered almost as heavily.

Twelve of that gallant band should never again answer the roll-call of life's duties—they had joined that numerous army which sleeps in unmarked graves south of the Potomac, "in memoriam" of whom we here to-day dedicate this bronze and granite shaft. And oh, my friends, when the mighty tocsin of war, with its terrible vibrations echoed and re-echoed through the length and breadth of this mighty land, the roll-call found many brave young hearts wildly beating, fairly bursting with a soldier's love of fame or a boy's longing for adventure, while in the home roll-call

there was one missing. Did you ever pause to think of this—life's roll-call? From the first feeble cry of infancy, the roll-call answered by mother love, to the day when the bright uniform was donned—whether of the blue or gray—with the gorgeous glittering of epaulettes and bright encircling saber sash, or the plainer garb of the private—and the soldier fledgling answered in high spirits with all his manly pride, anticipating the day, when, risen from the ranks, the roll-call should sound his name in a higher note. Ah! but the home-nest roll-call where the mother sat in dread expectation, not knowing what moment would sound for her the roll-call of sorrow, and, saddest of all, when only "missing" told its horrible tale, enveloping her heart with its bewildering questioning uncertainty. The roll-call of duty, the roll-call of sorrow, the roll-call of fame, the roll-call of honor—life from the cradle to the grave is one succession of roll-calls. The one we are here answering to-day is the most sacred honor to the dead—unknown. The very word itself, conveys a world of pathos. It is for them first we answer the roll-call of honor! and our comrades, the madcaps whose joyous spirits made us forget the pangs of hunger, the hardships of camp life. The ne'er-do-wells, whose blundering forgetfulness enlivened the frugal meal, the tender, thoughtful ones always ready with the helping hand, and we go down into the dark aisles of memory's catacombs to find their names lovingly engraven, and even bright, despite the mist of years, as when we sat side by side around the camp fire, under the stars or, in the darker pages of the soldier's record, we stood shoulder to shoulder, and they whom we honor to-day, heard the last dread reveille, death's roll-call, with no pitying hand to soothe its terrors, no tender words to comfort its gloom, all alone to pass into the dark shadows of the mystical unseen.

Methinks from out the mist which encircled Spotsylvania's heights, emerges the stalwart form of Curry, his eagle eye burning with the fire of unquenched patriotism, and as he steps to the front of his old command, his voice rings sharp and clear as he answers, here! Ah, colonel, the boys well know you are present with us, sharing our glory as you ever did our toils and dangers, the bravest among the brave, your name shall be lovingly and proudly spoken until the last member of the One hundred and sixth shall answer death's roll-call.

And following the gallant Curry come the shades of Pleis, and Sperry, and Swartz, and Hickman, and Smith, and James, and Sloanaker, and Hickok, and Gage, and Townsend, and Clark, and Breitenbach, and Rice, and Ford, and Wessels, and Frost, and the rest of the all too numerous band of our dead heroes. To them, the known and loved, we answer the roll-call of memory's loving tribute. To the living—all welcome; those who have shared the perils of "all this gorgeous panoply of war," whether in the garb of the victorious blue or chastened gray. The dawn and twilight's tints mingled into a day so terrible; but the slumberous night of peace came and brought forgetfulness. So we are here gathered, answering the roll-call of fraternity, faith, truth and honor. Ah! and here, both among the living and the dead, what heroes are enrolled on fame's enduring tablet. How many who never left the ranks, yet whose chivalrous deeds are oft-times rehearsed where old comrades gather, and, like the unknown dead,

the unrecorded heroes, have found well-burnished niches, consecrated by grateful tears, in the dim recesses of memory's halls. Sacred to valor; 'tis to these we will first pay tribute. The brilliant pages of history, recording the known heroes, are a nation's pride that such men sprang from her soil. Their names, not only from the page of history, but from the pure white marble, emblem of purest patriotism, that love consecrated to her dead, bask in the warm sunlight, slumber in the calm moonlight, or if the heavens shed their pitying tears, it too wears the insignia of woe. The very sod is consecrated. Its memories of those dark days that made a nation's history, enrolled its heroes, blended in awful terror and mad havoc the blue and gray, yet stands out now in grateful contrast, and we feel

"'Tis best it never backward turns,
Till love its sweetest lesson learns."

And we have learned the lesson. The chasm from that Dies irae has been bridged by yearly links; from the steely one of partisan bitterness, they have merged brighter and brighter with each succeeding year, till now we forge this golden one, binding the living and the dead; in loving memory we consecrate this tomb on sod already consecrated. It is true, that here, to-day, only those wearing the blue garb of victory are commemorated, but none the less do we offer tribute to the gallant gray.

"Her generous troops
Whose pay was glory."

and whose achievements made a history of which every American may well be proud.

The terrible desolation and devastation of those years that

"Let loose the dogs of war,"

on their beautiful cities and verdant valleys, yet bear the sad fruits of poverty, inseparable and unrecovered from. In the years that form the connecting links, loving prosperity rears its stately marble effigies. Loving poverty kneels with prayerful soul and plants pure white flowers whose perfume, like incense, rises in mute supplication. Yet how generously they have answered the roll-call and joined hands in this our "In Memoriam." Throbbing hearts realize that even in every unknown grave, "Somebody's darling lies buried," and death's roll-call sounded in no measured cadence, but gathered in its insatiate greed

"The tenderest and fairest,
The best and the dearest."

Its answerings, it seems, even the recording angel would stay his hand and weep such tears as blot out forever the horrible reckonings.

"Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given.
The heart must learn its duty well,
To man on earth, to God in heaven.

Answering this roll-call, we discharge a sacred duty to those on whom "Fame's meteor beam," glanced but to slay in its electric power, laying low in manhood's prime the brave one whose soul was filled with high

107TH.PENNA.INFANTRY
1ST.BRIG. 2D.DIV.
1ST.CORPS
JULY 1. THE REGIMENT FOUGHT HERE
FROM 11 A.M. UNTIL THE CORPS RETIRED AND
THEN TOOK POSITION ON THE LEFT OF
CEMETERY HILL. IN THE EVENING OF THE
2D. MOVED TO THE LEFT TO SUPPORT THE
SECOND CORPS AND AFTER THE REPULSE OF
THE ENEMY RETURNED TO FORMER POSITION
ON THE 3D. MOVED SEVERAL TIMES TO RE-

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

aspirations and mighty courage. Yet, how many think you fell with the mute question of his own heart stilled forever: Will I live or die through this? Aye, dead to home, to mother, to those who loved him; but living in his country's records, living here in our memory, and in this vast bivouac of the dead, we consecrate this our monument, first, to the unknown dead, then to the known. Mayhap, in the long ago, it was he who shared the pleasures of our childhood, the boyish struggles of our school days, the hardships of camp life, the dangers in the day of battle. When the dread emissary of death sped on its cruel mission, mercifully sparing us, but laying low the old friend, the cheering companion, whose talks of home so often had consoled and brightened the tedium of dark days and home longings. And so, my friends, the soldier's roll-call not only enters into his life, but into that of each and every one. And while, for our comrades, whose light of life went down in the very dawn of manly pride, high hopes and youthful ambition, death's roll-call ended a career perhaps in mercy; this, the last roll-call, still triumphs in its blighting thunderings, its eternal vibrations from the very throne of God himself is still as insatiable as in the days of battle array. Others, we may, in our frail humanity, seek to evade; but this call in its mighty equalization, its scorn of rank, its contempt of power, aye, comes,

> "And our hearts though stout and brave,
> Still like muffled drums are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

107TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. F. McCOY

AFTER the battle of Fredericksburg, the One hundred and seventh established its winter camp near Belle Plain, where it spent the winter of 1862-3. On April 28, and until May 6, the regiment was engaged in the movement against Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; and on June 12, broke camp and took the line of march in pursuit of Lee's army, then on its great movement to invade the North.

It must be regarded as a striking providence that brought the two great armies of the war face to face on Pennsylvania soil. All accomplished too in accordance with the acknowledged principles of strategy that govern the movements of great armies in active war. The one starting from Fredericksburg, south of the Rappahannock, describing a grand circle of perhaps two hundred miles, the other from near the same point north of that river, making in its march an inner circle of less extent, and in its skilful movements shielding and protecting the capitol of the National Government and city of Washington, the possession of which was the principal objective point of the enemy.

After more than one year's hard service in the States of Maryland and Virginia, and honorably participating in the battles of Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock Station, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; after hard fighting and great exposure, the regiment found itself comfortably in camp on the 30th day of June, 1863, a few miles north of Emmitsburg, and in the full possession and enjoyment of the patriotic enthusiasm inspired by being upon Pennsylvania soil, the beloved old Keystone State of the great American Union, anxious to unite shoulder to shoulder with their fellow soldiers in driving the invader from her borders. This was known and accepted as a mighty undertaking but was to be accomplished regardless of hazard or sacrifice.

The One hundred and seventh Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers was the only Pennsylvania regiment in the First Brigade, Second Division, First Army Corps, commanded respectively by Generals Paul, Robinson and Reynolds. At this time, however, General Reynolds was in command of the left wing of the Army of the Potomac, composed of the First, Third and Eleventh corps, and General Doubleday of the Third Division, by virtue of his rank, was in command of the corps, in the advance in the movement upon Gettysburg. The other regiments of the brigade were the Ninety-fourth and One hundred and fourth New York, Thirteenth Massachusetts and Sixteenth Maine.

Having been greatly worn down by the long march of twenty-six miles in the mud and rain of the previous day, it was fortunate that the regiment was not required to march more than a few miles on the 30th, as the movement of the corps only extended to Marsh creek, and this brought it to within four miles of Gettysburg.

Many obscure and unknown places were made famous and historic by the movements and battles of these great armies. No imagination had even conceived that the wreaths of immortality were hanging over, and about to drop through the smoke of bloody battle upon the heretofore very peaceful community and quiet town of Gettysburg. The storm and rain from which the soldiers suffered in their recent march, had now passed away, and the heavens were clear and bright. The sun, the moon and the stars in their time and order looked down in all their beauty and glory, upon the rich foliage, the green fields, the peaceful homes, and the grand scenery of this region of the State, making a picture of beauty, prosperity and happiness, well calculated to delight the eye, and make an indelible impression upon the mind and heart of the soldier. Although upon the margin of the great field of conflict, of which they were more or less conscious, the tired soldiers rested well, slept soundly, and opened their eyes upon the new day, refreshed and reinvigorated for the discharge of its great duties.

Alas, to many of the gallant men who waked up on that morning of July 1, it was to them the last bivouac, the last camp and march this side the eternal camping ground beyond the river of death. In a few hours their life blood had reddened the green sward, having in the faithful discharge of the soldier's sacred duty, sacrificed their lives in defense of the homes and firesides of their native State, and for the preservation of the Government and the Union transmitted to us by the fathers of the Republic.

Here we are on this 1st day of July, A. D. 1863, and the sun well up in the heavens, and to this time not one shot had been fired from either army. The darkest hour is just before the daylight breaks. Though silence reigned supreme, terrible war and battle could be sniffed from every passing breeze.

General Meade, in anticipation of battle, although many miles in the rear, appreciating the condition of things at the front, issued a circular to the commanding officers, in these stirring words:

> The commanding general requests that previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps and all other commanding officers, will address their troops, explaining to them briefly the immense issues involved in the struggle. The enemy are on our soil, the whole country now looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe; our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling of millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of this army. Houses, firesides and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well heretofore—it is believed that it will fight more desperately and bravely than ever if it is addressed in fitting terms. Corps commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty at this hour.

General Reynolds spent the night of the 30th at Marsh creek, within the lines of his own beloved First Corps, and was astir early in the morning of July 1. On the 30th, Buford, the gallant and skilful cavalry commander, had passed through Gettysburg with two of his brigades of cavalry, and was in position one mile and a half west of the town. Reynolds, supposing that Buford would soon be attacked by the advancing foe, ordered Wadsworth's Division and Hall's Maine Battery in the direction of Gettysburg, and directed Doubleday to bring up his own, and Robinson's Division, close upon the rear of Wadsworth. He then mounted his horse and rode rapidly with his staff to the front. But few of his brave troops ever saw him again alive as he fell before these last divisions reached the battle line.

There is a period of time when every battle must have a beginning, and usually it is in a simple and small way. Sometimes a shell from a distant battery, a single shot from a sharpshooter, or a shot from the advancing skirmish line. It is recorded that the enemy began the battle by a single shot a little before 10 a. m., from their skirmish line. Three single shots followed quickly from the Union side from the cavalry line of skirmishers, our infantry being yet in the background. These were the sparks that preceded the great conflagration. Then very soon followed a general discharge of musketry along the swirmish lines on both sides. Thus opened the great sanguinary and world-renowned battle of Gettysburg.

The infantry columns of both armies in the meantime were rapidly coming into line of battle and approaching the range of small arms. It seems to be well authenticated that the enemy received the first infantry fire from the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel Hofmann, he deliberately giving the command, ready, aim, fire! This sudden regimental broadside is said to have been of deadly effect upon the enemy's line in their front. The battle thickens and blood flows more freely. The conflict widens and extends by the columns of infantry deploying to the right and left as they approached the battle line.

While these things were occurring the One hundred and seventh was

approaching on the Emmitsburg pike, not yet within sound of small arms, but the puffs of white smoke could be seen from the several batteries hotly engaged and the regiment was now marching to the increasing sound of artillery as battery after battery came up to good range on either side. This served to quicken the soldier's pulse, warm his blood and electrify his mortal frame with the excitement and fever of battle.

To have gone through the streets of Gettysburg would have increased the length of the march, and time was of great importance. On arriving at a point a half mile south of the town, the head of the column struck across the fields direct for the front and the raging battle, then rapidly growing in volume and intensity.

The regiment, with the brigade, was halted at the Seminary, and, with the division, was for a time held in reserve. While here General Robinson put his division in line of battle in rear of the Seminary, being on the right of the Chambersburg pike, and extending north to or near the Mummasburg road, and gave orders to throw up barricades. These defenses were said to have served a good purpose two or three hours after when it became necessary for the line to fall back.

At this time the battle had increased in fierceness, the enemy greatly outnumbering the Union troops. Reynolds had fallen two hours before this, and hundreds of our brave men were lying dead and wounded upon the extended field of battle. It was a busy time with the litter bearers, the ambulance corps and the surgeons.

It was not long that Robinson's Division was allowed to remain in its position at the Seminary. It was now ordered to move promptly by a flank further to the right. It was only in this movement, surprising as it may appear, that the necessary preparation for battle of loading the muskets was done—an order for that essentially important matter having been omitted until now. No evil consequences resulted however. When Paul's Brigade had passed over the railroad cut, and when the One hundred and seventh had reached the foot of the hill at the open part between the woods on the right and left, the order by the left flank was given, throwing the brigade into line of battle. It had long been under the artillery fire, but now it was the rattle of musketry that quickened the life blood of the soldier. The column charged up the hill in the face of the enemy, securing the position contested for, when large numbers threw down their arms and yielded themselves prisoners of war. The One hundred and seventh here gained the stone wall that the enemy fought for so desperately to regain, and failed in their object.

The enemy's line of battle, being renewed by fresh troops, was now formed in the fields beyond from which came a very severe fire, and Paul's Brigade was induced to make another charge over the fields, but was quickly charged in turn and driven back with great loss to the stone fence. "Here it was," says an officer wounded in the battle, "where our regiment made the fight, and a good one it was. We had a clear view of all that was going on in our front and right, and to our righ rear we could see all the movements of the Eleventh Corps and the enemy pushing them back. Had the regiment remained in this position it would have been better, but some excited fellows on our right pushed over the wall, and

a charge was made, our regiment joining. They were severely punished and forced back and held the old line until ordered back." "The time," says this officer, "when we got under infantry fire was 1 o'clock p. m., and left the field about 4 p. m. The brigade went into action with the Thirteenth Massachusetts and One hundred and fourth New York on our right and the Sixteenth Maine and Ninety-fourth New York on our left."

For several hours the battle continued to rage. The sound of artillery and musketry was continuous and terrific. The enemy exhibited an unyielding tenacity and determination to force the Union lines, notwithstanding their great losses in killed and wounded. Soon after 3 o'clock it became evident that the thinned lines of the First Corps could not keep up the fight much longer with the enemy's constantly increasing force, but no order came to fall back, and the battle continued to rage. The overwhelming numbers of the enemy were now seen to be advancing upon and turning the right and left of the Union line. This was unendurable, and being fully realized, the necessary line of duty and safety was plain, and the result was that about 4 o'clock p. m., what was left of the First Corps was rapidly marching through the streets of Gettysburg, to take up the new position already marked out on Cemetery Hill.

Many striking and interesting incidents occurred during the sanguinary struggle of the regiment around and about the stone fence, now marked for posterity by the erection of this granite monument by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, known only to the soldiers who fought and charged and re-charged over this now sacred field, not a few of whom reddened it with their blood. Gallant deeds were numerous by officers and men. Discrimination cannot in justice be made where all were heroes. Corporal Thomas Breash of Company C, in a charge gallantly bearing the regimental flag, was shot down, when immediately Corporal G. A. McConnelly of Company H took the standard in the thickest of the fight and speedily met with the same fate. Another raised the battle-torn emblem, and it continued to be the rallying point in all the subsequent movements. Our gallant division commander, General John C. Robinson, with his staff, appeared on the line of the regiment, and finding many of the soldiers running out of cartridges, engaged in supplying them from the cartridge boxes of the dead and the wounded soldiers on the field. One most gallant boy, bravest of the brave, now an honored citizen, said to the writer that he had received three cartridges from the general's own hand, and as the battle was hot and fierce, he under the circumstances could not do otherwise than quickly present them to the enemy. In the midst of the battle General Paul, our brigade commander, received a terrible wound in the face, destroying his eyesight, and was taken from the field. General Coulter, colonel of the old veteran "Eleventh," succeeded General Paul, bringing his own regiment with him from Baxter's Brigade. Those officers whose fortune it was to command the regiment in the three days of this great battle, thanks to a kind providence, yet survive and can testify, and have officially testified, to its gallantry and faithfulness. Lieutenant-Colonel J. MacThomson, in command on the first day, says in his very brief official report, that "we went into the fight at about 1 o'clock in the afternoon with two hundred and thirty men and twenty-five officers, the

men loading as they walked, and were in action about two hours, and captured more prisoners than the regiment numbered. I regret to report the loss of a large number of most excellent soldiers. The casualties, as far as ascertained, were lieutenant-colonel slightly, Major H. J. Sheafer severely wounded. Three commissioned officers known to be wounded and six missing. Eleven enlisted men killed, forty-eight wounded and ninety-three missing." And closes his report with these words of high commendation, "men could not have fought better and I am gratified to say that not a single exhibition of cowardice was observed during the whole engagement."

Captain E. D. Roath, being in command on the morning of July 2, in his official report, gives the further movements of the regiment in the great battle.

After falling back through the streets of Gettysburg to the left of Cemetery Hill, we threw up strong breastworks, which we occupied until next morning, being July 2. During the forenoon we were relieved by the Third Division of the Second Corps, and taken a few hundred yards in the rear to support a battery, and remained there until about 6:30 o'clock in the afternoon, when we were marched to the left towards Round Top, under a heavy and effective fire, to assist in driving the enemy back in the famous charge of the second day of the battle. After the charge we marched back to near the cemetery, and were ordered to lay in rear of a stone fence, being a protection from the enemy's sharpshooters in our front. On July 3, at 4:30 o'clock in the morning, we were posted in rear of Cemetery Hill, where we remained until 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the enemy opened upon us with a heavy and furious artillery fire. Our division was moved to the right of Cemetery Hill, and came under two direct fires of the enemy's sharpshooters and one battery. The artillery became terrific. This preceded and was preparatory to Pickett's famous charge. At this crisis our services were required to support the batteries, and the regiment was marched with others along the crest or brow of the hill in rear of the batteries exposed to this artillery fire from the enemy's batteries, the atmosphere appearing to be full of deadly missiles. After performing our duty here, the regiment was marched with the division to the left of Cemetery Hill to participate in the struggle that resulted crowning our arms with the glorious victory achieved that day. At this time the regiment was reduced more than one-half. The day was very hot and the men suffered. Three of the men were carried insensible from the field from this cause. After resting a few hours we sent out a line of skirmishers to the front, and threw up breastworks. July 4, we lay all day in this position, and did some skirmishing with the enemy's sharpshooters.

In closing his report, Captain Roath says:

The officers and the men of the regiment displayed great gallantry and determination throughout all the engagements of the previous days, and are entitled to the praise and gratitude of a free and loyal people.

At the close of these several days of combat it was found that in addition to the officers already mentioned, Captain Gish, Lieutenants Williams, Focht, Wentz, Hemphill, and Huff were wounded. Eleven enlisted men were killed and forty-eight were wounded. Captain Templeton and Lieutenants Carman, Norris, Mooney, Venai and Myers and ninety-three enlisted men were taken prisoners.

This beautiful monument unveiled before you to-day, is intended as a tribute to your gallantry and faithfulness, planted upon the very ground where your fierce and bloody struggle took place—and when all have passed away from this world of war and strife and rejoined the many comrades that have gone before, it will remain an official recognition and acknowledgment, and appreciation, of the people of your native State, for your great and noble services to the Commonwealth and the Nation.

My comrades, in the limited view entertained at that time this great battle and victory should have terminated the rebellion, and given you the happy privilege of returning to your homes in peace, but, strange to say, it only served to mark the tidal wave of the terribly raging strife and storm of battle. Nearly three-quarters of a century ago the then existing war of continental Europe was ended by the battle and victory of Waterloo. The much greater battle of Gettysburg only served to turn a point in the war of the American rebellion.

It has been eloquently said that, "This battle-field was the center and focus of the civil war. Here was the crowning moment of the whole struggle. Here the tide of rebellion was rolled back and the doom of the Confederacy was sealed. Here was settled the fate of defeat for one side and of victory for the other."

However this may have been, and without affirmation or denial of these well-worded thoughts, the war continued to rage all the same as it did after Antietam, Fredericksburg, Shiloh and Chancellorsville and other battles, south, east and west, even to a greater degree of intensity. It was Greek meeting Greek more than ever, and no thoughts entertained of sheathing the sword. The war indeed was but half over and you were destined to pass through that which was to follow with the same gallantry and devotion to the end. The war must go on. Many thousands of victims were yet to be offered upon the altar of this country. "Five hundred thousand more, Father Abraham," was the war cry. The great American Union was the price—the stake hanging in the wage of battle. We knew then, but realize more fully to-day, that it was worth the sacrifice whatever it might be. Regardless of hundreds of millions of treasure and rivers of blood, the war did go on. The old flag of the Union was destined to wave victorious over other great and historic fields. In their short sightedness at that time the army and the loyal people too would have rejoiced to terminate the war at this period, but in taking a retrospect of the past we clearly see that this was not possible, nor would it have been just or wise. It was fully realized by the loyal statesmen of that day, that it was not possible to have secured the objects involved in the struggle. The Government and the Union could not have been preserved at this stage of the contest, and without this the great sacrifices of blood and treasure would have been practically useless and vain. The progress of civilization would have been stayed. The evident designs of Providence would have been thwarted. The history of the greatest rebellion on earth would have been incomplete. Great contending armies were in the field north and south, east and west. The name, fame and glory of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were yet to culminate in grand and magnificent achievements. No, no! the war could not end here. The Wilderness was to be passed through, with its jungles, its gloom and slaughter, and bloody ways. The mighty struggles of Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor, with the long wearisome and eventful siege of Petersburg, the battles of the Weldon Railroad, Hatcher's Run and the Five Forks; Sheridan's brilliant achievements in the Shenandoah, and Sherman's victories and grand march to the sea, with scores of other fights and battles, on the land and upon the sea, were necessary to the complete subjugation of the foe, and ending of the great

rebellion, and before the white flag appeared upon the field of Appomattox Court House, where final defeat overtook the enemy and triumphant and lasting victory crowned our arms, preserving the Government and the Union, thus vindicating the violated and cherished laws and principles embodied in the Republic, and in all its beauty and glory, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the gulf, from the Aroostook to the Rio Grande,

"The old flag flies and rules again."

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

109TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF MAJOR MOSES VEALE

UPON the first call of the President for three months' troops, Henry J. Stainrook answered the call and served as captain for the full term in the Twenty-second Regiment, and immediately upon his return to Philadelphia, offered his services for three years or during the war.

His services were accepted, he was commissioned as colonel, and authorized to raise the One hundred and ninth Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry Volunteers—Curtin Light Guards—so called in honor of the patriotic and gallant War Governor of Pennsylvania.

December 20, 1861, the regiment was mustered into the United States service, and from then until May 9, 1862, was drilled and disciplined for the field, and on this date received marching orders, arriving in Washington May 10, 1862. From this date until May 24, 1862, continued drilling and discipline was maintained; and when the officer detailed by the War Department to inspect the troops encamped around Washington, for the purpose of selecting those who were found to exhibit sufficient drill, discipline and soldierly bearing to be forwarded to the front, the One hundred and ninth was immediately selected and ordered to march.

While in Washington the regiment was in the Military District of Washington, Department of the Rappahannock. On May 25, 1862, the regiment arrived at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and was assigned to Cooper's Brigade, United States forces at Harper's Ferry.

May 27, an advance was made by Cooper's Brigade, consisting of One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, Sixtieth New York Infantry, Seventy-eighth New York Infantry, One hundred and second New York Infantry, Third Maryland Infantry and Second District of Columbia Infantry, as far as Bolivar Heights; and on the afternoon of May 29 Stonewall Jackson's Division appeared in front, advancing from Charlestown.

General Cooper opened artillery fire upon the advancing column, and

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

the enemy replied, maintaining for the period of one hour or more an artillery duel, the infantry remaining simply in support; this was the baptism of fire of the One hundred and ninth, the first sound of the enemy's guns, but a sound which the regiment was destined to hear without intermission until the close of the war.

On June 2, 1862, Cooper's Brigade was assigned to Sigel's Division, Department of the Shenandoah. After marching through Charlestown, Winchester, Kernstown and Middletown to Cedar creek, it was assigned to First Brigade (General Cooper), Second Division (General Sigel), Second Corps (General Banks), Army of Virginia (General Pope).

July 5, 1862, the division marched to Front Royal, through Manassas Gap to Warrenton, Virginia, and from there to Little Washington, where the regiment encamped until August 1, 1862, when orders were received to march, and they crossed Hazel river, through Culpeper Court House to Cedar or Slaughter Mountain, where, on August 9, 1862, the battle of Cedar or Slaughter Mountain was fought.

In this battle the One hundred and ninth was not to be a mere spectator or held in support of artillery, but was to engage in the real and fierce contest of war. The battle was opened by the artillery and continued for nearly an hour, when the infantry were ordered to advance; and, although the first battle in which the One hundred and ninth had engaged, the order was obeyed by the men and most of the officers with the spirit and determination of veterans. During the artillery firing, Colonel Stainrook was severely wounded, but refused to leave the field, and remained in command during the entire battle. The advance was made, and the order given "fire at will;" the First Brigade, at this time commanded by General Prince, was on the left of the line, the division being commanded by General Augur and the corps by General Banks. The One hundred and ninth was flanked on the right by the Third Maryland. The advance was commenced late in the afternoon, the entire brigade in line, with steady march and deliberate firing; but soon as the enemy was brought into closer contact and the sheet of flame from their line of musketry became continuous, the firing of our troops became more rapid, and the smoke and flame of the two lines became commingled. At this time the One hundred and ninth was without adjutant or field officer, except the wounded colonel, but there was no wavering; the line was steady and the firing continuous. Soon darkness commenced to settle upon the field, and yet the One hundred and ninth maintained its ground.

At this time the regiment received an enfilading fire from the right, and the colonel, supposing the fire was from the regiment of our own brigade on the right, which in the darkness and smoke had misdirected its fire, dispatched an officer with orders to stop this enfilading, when it was discovered that the entire corps on our right, including the regiments of our brigade had fallen back and that the One hundred and ninth was flanked on the right by the enemy and unsupported on the left. The colonel gave the order to fall back, and all obeyed the order except a few —more rash than wise—who attempted to advance with the colors; some of these paid the penalty of serving in Libby prison.

This battle was to the regiment like fire to silver—it purged it of its

dross, and purified the remainder by the blood of their dead and wounded comrades and their own tried courage and patriotism.

After Cedar or Slaughter Mountain, Banks' Corps fell back to Culpeper and from there was, with the Army of Virginia, withdrawn behind the Rappahannock; and the One hundred and ninth, with other commands, for a week or ten days were engaged in guarding the fords of the river, repulsing all attempts of the enemy to cross. They were then withdrawn across Bull Run, forming the rear-guard of the army, destroying an immense amount of ammunition, burning wagon-trains and cars. The regiment crossed Bull Run September 1, 1862.

During the battle of Antietam, the regiment was not actually engaged, but its commanding officer, Colonel Stainrook, was in command of the brigade, which—with the exception of the One hundred and ninth—was actively and severely engaged. Colonel Stainrook displayed, as he did in every battle, great bravery and skill.

After the battle of Antietam, the One hundred and ninth crossed the Potomac into Virginia, passing through Frederick, Maryland, across South Mountain and Antietam, and from thence to Loudoun Heights.

Under the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac in September, the regiment was assigned to Second Brigade, Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, and remained in Second Brigade until November, 1862, when it was assigned to Third Brigade, Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, and stationed on Bolivar Heights, and remained here until December 10, 1862.

Receiving orders to join the army at Fredericksburg, passing through Leesburg and Fairfax to Dumfries, Virginia, where, after a slight skirmish, they returned to Fairfax Station, on Orange and Alexandria railroad, the One hundred and ninth went into camp until January 17, 1863, when orders were received to join the army at Fredericksburg, making the march to Aquia creek over roads which would ordinarily be considered almost impassable; the artillery and wagons sinking to the hubs, and horses and mules sometimes almost lost to view in their struggles to draw the wagons and artillery through the mud.

In April the regiment was assigned to Second Brigade, and on April 27, 1863, all leaves of absence and furloughs were recalled, and orders were given to march. This line of march was commenced with haversacks and five days' rations, sixty rounds of ammunition, and knapsacks, overcoats and extra shoes; but the second day's march found overcoats and extra shoes lining the roads or piled in great heaps, hundreds of them being burned to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. After a tiresome march, the Twelfth Army Corps crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford and the Rapidan at Germanna Ford. On April 30, 1863, the One hundred and ninth Regiment had a skirmish with the pickets of Anderson's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. The Rappahannock and Rapidan were crossed before the enemy was aware of the army's presence.

On May 1, 1863, the Second Brigade, Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, consisted of Twenty-ninth, One hundred and ninth, One hundred and eleventh, One hundred and twenty-fourth, and One hundred and twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry Volunteers. This brigade was placed on the

right of the plank road, and ordered to make trenches and erect breastworks which they did with the aid of bayonets and tin plates. The One hundred and ninth had but one field officer, the colonel. On the right of the One hundred and ninth was the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, and on the left the One hundred and twenty-fourth and One hundred and twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

On the morning of May 1 the brigade advanced beyond its line about one and a quarter miles, and formed in line of batte with the Third Brigade on the left, and the left of the Third Brigade resting on the plank road. In this line of battle they advanced through a dense thicket and undergrowth for almost one mile, when the brigade passed into an open plain and received a brisk fire from a battery of the enemy posted in a wood. This attack was replied to by Knap's Battery. The Brigade crossed over the open space to a road which passed to and around the right of the army line, upon ground considerably elevated above the line of temporary breastworks. General Kane, commanding the brigade, desired making a stand, deeming the position an important one, commanding the right of the line, and consequently communicated his views to General Geary, but orders were received by him to cover with his command the withdrawal of the division. So well convinced was General Kane of the importance of this position, and so anxious was he to give the enemy battle, that three distinct orders were received before he retired. The enemy, seing our troops falling back, poured into them rapid volleys of infantry and artillery shot, but Kane's Brigade covered the withdrawal in a most masterly manner, and—in the words of General Geary's report—"prevented the least confusion in the ranks in a movement always requiring great tact and delicacy, united with firmness of will and purpose." Our line having been regained, a line of skirmishers was sent out under command of Colonel Stainrook, of the One hundred and ninth, supported by the Second Brigade, with orders to ascertain the exact whereabouts of the enemy and check their advance. This brave and skilful soldier most admirably handled this line, and advanced until superior numbers drove him in, but not until he inflicted upon them severe loss.

During the night the earthworks were strengthened, and—owing to the scarcity of intrenching tools—sabre-bayonets, tin plates, pieces of boards, and in some cases the bare hands were used to scrape up the dirt. On the morning of the 2d indications of a movement of the enemy were visible, which continued during the day. About 5 p. m. the One hundred and ninth with the Second Brigade was ordered to proceed forward on the right of the plank road, and after advancing about two hundred yards the enemy's fire was drawn and our advance was made through the woods under a severe and galling fire. When a distance of some five hundred yards was reached, the enemy was discovered drawn up in line of battle in heavy force, but in a short time orders were received to fall back within the lines, which was done in good order.

About 6 p. m., May 2, Stonewall Jackson, taking advantage of the unguarded position of the right, passed along the road and, falling upon the Eleventh Corps, drove them in a demoralized condition from their position, the enemy being checked only by the Twelfth Corps standing firm. During

the night heavy and continuous firing was kept up along the front, and about 8 o'clock a. m., May 3, the One hundred and ninth, with Second Brigade, was in the trenches, exposed to a terribly raking and enfilading fire of the enemy's artillery. At the same time attacks were made upon front and flank by his infantry. The One hundred and ninth, with Second Brigade, being in such an exposed position, received this fire with most damaging effect. Some of the solid shot from the artillery literally scooped the line of the One hundred and ninth, but they maintained their position without wavering until ordered to march out by the left flank, which they did with the steady march of troops on parade, and this without a field officer. After marching some distance to the rear, the One hundred and ninth was ordered to again take position in the front, and, countermarching, they took position with the Second Brigade in a line of defense in a woods to the north of the Chancellorsville House.

On May 4 orders were received to change position to the vicinity of the headquarters of the general commanding the corps, and to erect and strengthen breastworks. During this and the following day, this position was occupied. On the morning of May 6 the One hundred and ninth crossed the Rappahannock at United States Ford, and the battle of Chancellorsville passed into history. This was one of the most brilliantly conceived campaigns of the war, and executed to a certain point with consummate skill, and yet a most impotent conclusion. During this fight, while Colonel Stainrook, commanding the One hundred and ninth, was speaking words of encouragement to his men and exposing himself to great danger, a ball from the enemy entered his breast and with a few words he fell dead. A braver soldier never lived; a truer patriot never breathed. Had he lived until experience developed his natural ability, there would have been few if any more skilled officers in the army. General Geary, in an official report, says, "I notice the death of Colonel Stainrook, of the One hundred and ninth, who gallantly fell while encouraging his men. A brave and accomplished officer, his loss is one over which I cannot but express the convictions of my most heartfelt regret." Truth compels me to record an incident of this battle which occurred at the time of the colonel's death. The senior captain, with a number of the men, including the then color-sergeant, ran ignobly from the field, taking with them the colors of the regiment. They did not reappear upon the field until the fighting was over, when the captain was compelled through shame to resign, and the color-sergeant received condign punishment from his comrades, suffered disgrace, and had the colors taken from him. This does not disgrace the regiment nor the brave fellows who were not participants in it; but it only makes their deeds the brighter.

The One hundred and ninth returned to Aquia creek and there remained until General Lee commenced his offensive-defensive campaign by invading Pennsylvania.

On June 13, 1863, commenced the pursuit of the army under General Lee, and on June 30 the advance of the Twelfth Army Corps encountered a portion of Lee's army near Littlestown, Pa., resulting in a skirmish. June 30 the One hundred and ninth encamped at Littlestown, and on the morning of July 1 marched to the Two Taverns, and halted until about 2.30 p. m. the same day, when General Geary, commanding the division, received

orders to march. The One hundred and ninth was in the Second Brigade of Geary's Division, the brigade being in command of Colonel Cobham.

On arriving within two miles of Gettysburg on the Baltimore turnpike, the One hundred and ninth with the Second Brigade was halted and remained until the morning of July 2, 1863. Although the One hundred and ninth was within supporting distance, it was not actively engaged in the battle of Gettysburg on July 1.

In the history of the United States the first, second and third days of July, 1863, will ever stand as pivotal days, and the battle of Gettysburg not only as a pivotal battle of the rebellion, but as having the most important bearing and influence upon humanity and the world's history. It is not excelled, if equaled, by any human event since the world's creation. Every event helping to make up the great historical event of the battle of Gettysburg is important, and its mention is justifiable.

General Geary, after placing his division on the line of march from the Two Taverns on the Baltimore turnpike, with two staff officers rode rapidly ahead towards Gettysburg, and arrived at Cemetery Hill, where stood General Hancock in command of the troops then on the field, being the First and Eleventh Army Corps. General Geary dismounted and saluted General Hancock. General Hancock said, "General, where are your troops?" and General Geary replied that two brigades of his division were then advancing on the Baltimore turnpike. General Hancock then said, "Do you see that knoll or hill?" pointing to Little Round Top, "that is the key to this position, and if we can gain position on it before the enemy, we can form a line and fight a battle, but if the enemy secures it first, we will be compelled to fall back about seven miles to Pipe creek. In the absence of General Slocum, I will order you to take possession of that hill." General Geary turned to one of his staff, an officer of the One hundred and ninth, and gave orders to have the troops with one battery of artillery (Knap's) leave the turnpike, and double-quick diagonally across the fields and take the position. When Geary's troops arrived some of the enemy's cavalry were on the opposite side. The One hundred and forty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers and Fifth Ohio took position on Little Round Top, and the other regiments of the First and Third Brigades to their right, and to the left of the Eleventh Army Corps. About 5.30 a large body of infantry was seen advancing on the Emmitsburg road, and when nearly opposite the position of the One hundred and forty-seventh Pennsylvania and Fifth Ohio, went into bivouac. These troops wer discovered to be General Sickles' Third Army Corps. This speedy formation of the left of the line to Little Round Top frustrated the enemy's design, which would, if successful, have proven disastrous to the entire position.

This position was maintained until 7.30 a. m., on July 2, when General Sickles, with Third Army Corps, relieved the First and Third Brigades of Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps. These brigades being relieved moved to the right of the First Army Corps, where they were joined by the One hundred and ninth with Second Brigade. The Third Brigade was formed in line, left resting on the right of First Army Corps, at nearly a right angle with First Army Corps, on a steep rock mount which was a continuation of Cemetery Hill. The One hundred and ninth was formed with

its left on the right of the Third Brigade, at an angle of about forty-five degrees forward, conforming its line to the crest of the ridge, and the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania on the right of the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania. Breastworks were immediately thrown up along the entire line. Skirmishers were thrown out to the creek, where the enemy's pickets were encountered.

During July 2 very little fighting was done on the right of the line, but about 4 p. m. the enemy opened a most fierce attack on the left and center of the line. Between 6.30 and 7 p. m. the One hundred and ninth with Second Brigade and First Brigade were ordered to the right across Rock creek, as was supposed for the purpose of reinforcing the left and center of the line which was so fiercely attacked; but after marching a long distance to the right, and away from a short and direct line to the point needing reinforcement, the One hundred and ninth with the First and Second Brigades were halted on the Baltimore turnpike, with the left of the line resting on Rock creek, and right on the turnpike.

General Greene with the Third Brigade had been ordered to attenuate his line, so as to cover the entire Twelfth Corps front; the enemy, however, discovering the withdrawal of the First Division from the extreme right, and two brigades of the Second Division, made a most vigorous and furious attack upon General Greene; his front and right were attacked before he had succeeded in occupying the Second Division entrenchments, and the enemy succeeded in occupying the entrenchments evacuated by the First Division.

The enemy seemed desperately determined to roll up General Greene's little brigade, and occupy the entire entrenchment of the Twelfth Army Corps, and thus secure the vantage-ground of the right of our army line. But General Greene and his little command were equal to the occasion, and with the most determined courage and gallantry, during an incessant attack of two and a half hours from vastly superior numbers, repelled four separate and furious charges, without losing a foot of ground.

The First and Eleventh Corps sent the gallant old general support. The enemy, meeting this determined resistance, discontinued their attack about 10 p. m., July 2. The One hundred and ninth with the Second and First Brigades had continued in position on the turnpike and Rock creek from 7.30 until 9 p. m., when the One hundred and ninth with the Second Brigade was ordered to return to its original position. On entering the woods, and within two hundred yards of the breastworks, the One hundred and ninth and Second Brigade was met by a sharp fire. Without replying the brigade was withdrawn to the turnpike in the rear of, and past General Greene's right, where it was again met with a volley, showing conclusively that the enemy was occupying the entrenchments to the right of Greene.

During General Greene's engagement with the enemy to meet the attack on his flank, the One hundred and thirty-seventh New York, which held the right of his brigade, changed front, forming a right angle to the rifle-pits, thus covering the right of the entire brigade.

It being injudicious to attack the enemy in the night in their new position, the One hundred and thirty-seventh New York was relieved, and the Second Brigade was formed in double line at right angles with the Third Brigade, the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania taking position with its left

resting on the Third Brigade, and One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania on the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania's right.

Between the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania and the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania and the enemy in their front, was a shallow ravine. Before daylight on the morning of July 3, the First Brigade was placed in position on the right of the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania, and in extension of the line of One hundred and ninth and One hundred and eleventh, the brigade's right extending almost to the turnpike. General Geary, by a staff officer of the One hundred and ninth, reported the situation to General Slocum, and on July 3, between 1 and 2 o'clock a. m. had posted in position opposite the center of the line of the Twelfth Army Corps, and slightly to the right of the Second Division's right, so as to command the ravine formed by Rock creek, six twelve-pounder pieces of "F" Battery, Fourth United States Artillery, four twelve-pounder pieces "K" Battery, Fifth United States Artillery, and six guns of a Maryland Battery. Lockwood's Brigade, composed of the First Eastern Shore Maryland Regiment, and the One hundred and fiftieth New York, was placed in a position to support the artillery. About 3.30 a. m., July 3, the artillery opened from every gun a most furious fire, and continued without interruption between ten and fifteen minutes. At the same time the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania, with infantry of the Second and Third Brigades, made a most furious attack.

This tremendous assault of infantry and artillery at first seemed to stagger the enemy, but they soon rallied and with three divisions, Johnson's, Rodes' and Early's, charged heavily on our front and right, yelling in their peculiar style. They were met at every point by the unswerving line and deadly fire of the One hundred and ninth and the Second and Third Brigades, these troops not yielding an inch of ground; line after line of the enemy broke under the steady fire, but the pressing masses from behind rushed forward to take their places. After from twenty minutes to a half hour the artillery again opened fire with shell, and continued rapidly without ceasing for fifteen minutes, the infantry firing continuing. At about 5 a. m., the One hundred and forty-seventh Pennsylvania on the right of the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania charged and carried a stone wall occupied by the enemy. About 8 a. m. the enemy redoubled their efforts, massing all their forces with the intention of carrying the position at all hazards, so that they could take the Baltimore turnpike. General Slocum, fearing the overwhelming force of the enemy might prove too much for the Second Division of the Twelfth Army Corps, secured reinforcements from the Sixth and First Army Corps. These reinforcements were not however called into active service, except a part of Shaler's Brigade.

About 10.25 a. m., two brigades of Johnson's Division having formed in column by regiments, charged upon the right occupied by the One hundred and ninth and Second Brigade. General Geary, in an official report, says of the charge:

> They met the determined men of Kane's little brigade, which, though only six hundred and fifty strong, poured into them so continuous a fire that when within seventy paces, their columns wavered and soon broke to the rear. This was the last charge; as they fell back our troops rushed forward, driving the rebels in confusion over the entrenchments, and ending every attempt of the enemy to obtain possession of the right

of the line and the Baltimore turnpike. The enemy's loss was very severe, as nine hundred were buried by our troops in front of the line of the Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps.

At 10.30 a. m., July 3, the One hundred and ninth was relieved and marched out, taking position near the Baltimore turnpike, where they remained until 10.30 p. m. They then returned to the position, on right of the Third Brigade, which they first occupied in the breastworks. General Geary, in an official report, says of the Second Brigade, "It sustains the most excellent reputation as a high-toned brigade." They retained this position in the breastworks until the morning of July 4, when it was discovered that the enemy had withdrawn and was retreating.

On July 5, the entire army was in pursuit of General Lee, and after crossing South Mountain, on July 12 found him occupying a position on the heights of Marsh run in front of Williamsport. The Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, of which the One hundred and ninth was a part, held the extreme left of our army line, which place was directly opposite the right of General Lee's army facing us in front of Williamsport. The Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, took position about 12 o'clock m. on July 12, and pickets were ordered to be thrown out; Captain Ralston of the One hundred and ninth was in command of the division picket-line. One of General Geary's staff officers, an officer of the One hundred and ninth, requested the privilege of passing outside of the picket line on reconnaissance, and with one orderly passed on the road to the left of the line leading to Williamsport. When a considerable distance inside of the enemy's vidette line, he called at a farm house not far from the road, and inquired whether any Confederates had been there, and was answered, yes, several officers had taken dinner there but a short time before, and that not far from the road a short distance further on, "a field was full of cannon." In this field the enemy had massed their artillery before crossing the river. Here was General Lee with the swollen waters of the Potomac in his rear, and without means of crossing his artillery, pontoons having been swept away. And here defeat must cause the surrender of his entire army. The staff officer returned to division headquarters, and reported what he had heard to General Geary, and General Geary, accompanied by this staff officer, reported to General Slocum, commanding the Twelfth Army Corps. When General Slocum had heard the staff officer's statement he said "Geary, take your division, make an advance and feel the enemy." As Geary was about to leave General Slocum's quarters to carry out this order, a staff officer from General Meade reported to General Slocum, with General Meade's compliments, that General Meade would hold a council of war. General Slocum then said to General Geary, "Don't make any movement until I return from General Meade." No advance was made until July 14, when General Lee had constructed a pontoon bridge of lumber collected from canal boats and the ruins of wooden houses. The advance on July 14 was a failure, as the last of General Lee's army had crossed when we arrived at the river.

After this the line of march was taken for Catlett's Station, Virginia, where the One hundred and ninth regiment arrived July 29, having marched from Gettysburg, since July 5, two hundred and four miles. The regiment remained at Catlett's Station until August 5, and from August 5 until Sep-

tember 18 it was on duty along the Rapidan, and from September 18 until September 28 it was on duty near Brandy Station, Virginia.

On September 28 the regiment was relieved from duty with the Army of the Potomac, and with the Twelfth Army Corps and Eleventh Army Corps, under General Hooker, ordered west to the relief of the army at Chattanooga, and reached Murfreesboro, Tennessee, October 6, and operated against Confederate cavalry from Nashville to Murfreesboro. During this time the Confederates held possession of the east bank of the Tennessee river from Chattanooga to below Kelley's Ferry, holding both Brown's Ferry and Kelley's Ferry, and preventing the furnishing of supplies to the army at Chattanooga by the Tennessee river. To supply the army at Chattanooga was becoming difficult and almost impossible, and the opening of the Tennessee river became a necessity.

October 25, the regiment was ordered from Stevenson, Alabama, to the front. They arrived at Bridgeport, Alabama, October 27, crossing the Tennessee river, and struck the Memphis and Charleston railroad near Lookout Mountain. At about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of October 28, they camped in Wauhatchie Valley. The Eleventh Army Corps encamped about three miles in advance, near Brown's Ferry. The troops encamped in Wauhatchie Valley, near Lookout Mountain, consisted of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, Seventy-eighth New York Volunteers, One hundred and thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, One hundred and forty-ninth New York Volunteers, and four guns of Knap's Battery.

The Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers was posted on picket. About 11.30 p. m. the pickets were partly driven and the troops were at once placed in line. The One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers on the right, the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers on the left of the One hundred and eleventh, the One hundred and thirty-seventh New York on the left of the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the Seventy-eighth New York on the left of the One hundred and thirty-seventh New York, and the four guns of Knap's Battery were placed in the rear of the One hundred and eleventh and One hundred and ninth on rising ground, so as to fire over the infantry and be supported.

The firing on the pickets at 11.30 proved to be a feint, and the troops lay upon their arms. At 11.45 p. m., on October 28, the enemy charged, firing with tremendous fury, driving in the pickets, and then commenced one of the most furious and important battles of the war. The Army of the Cumberland was then on short rations, and supplies were impossible except by the Tennessee river. These fourteen hundred troops of the Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, covered Kelley's Ferry. This must be maintained or the enemy would command the Tennessee river. From three to five thousand of Stonewall Jackson's old troops were thrown against us for the purpose of either capturing our little command, or annihilating it, and gaining possession of Kelley's Ferry. They poured into us three concentrated fires, from front and right and left flanks, but this little band of brave and tried Army of the Potomac troops fought with steady and determined desperation, not giving way a single foot. The One hundred and ninth fought without a

field officer, under the command of a captain, but every man realized the importance of the fight and his own individual importance, where so few were fighting against so many.

From 12.30 to 3.30 o'clock, this desperate fight continued. At one time it did appear as though the enemy would gain the rear of our right and capture the guns of our battery, but by a most timely movement, one piece was thrown across the road on the right, which gave the enemy a raking fire and saved the flank. As the guns of the battery flashed the enemy would pour such a deadly fire into them that both commissioned officers were killed, twenty-four of the men out of forty-eight were killed or wounded, and thirty-seven of the forty-eight horses were killed. At the end of three hours the enemy retired, leaving in our hands one hundred and fifty-three killed, including six commissioned officers and fifty-two wounded, including three officers, making the enemy's loss in killed and wounded, according to the statistics of most battle-fields, about one thousand. In the fight the One hundred and ninth added another page of honor to its history, of which every man engaged in this battle might feel justly proud. General Geary, in an official report, says:

> The enemy precipitately hurled their main body without skirmishers upon the left where the One hundred and thirty-seventh New York, the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania, and the two left companies of the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania met them with intense and well-directed fire. And the actual fighting throughout the battle was sustained, in conjunction with the artillery, by the One hundred and thirty-seventh New York, the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania, the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania and a portion of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, numbering eight hundred and fifty officers and men.

General Geary further says of the conduct of the One hundred and thirty-seventh New York, the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania and One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania, in sustaining the brunt of the battle:

> I cannot speak too highly, they acquitted themselves in a manner deserving all the commendation that a commander can bestow upon them, and which I take pleasure in mentioning officially.

Previous to the battle of Lookout Mountain, the Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, maintained a line extending from the confluence of Lookout creek and the Tennessee river on the left to the top of Raccoon Mountain on the right.

On the morning of November 24, 1863, the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania and Seventy-eighth New York were placed on the right of these defenses, while the balance of the division was withdrawn to charge Lookout Mountain. Although the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania was not actively engaged in the fight, its position in reserve was exceedingly important, and the War Department authorized the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Ringgold inscribed upon the colors of the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers. These battles therefore become a part and parcel of the history of the One hundred and ninth.

About 4 o'clock on the morning of November 24, 1863, the Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, with some other troops temporarily assigned, under the command of General Geary, crossed the railroad at Wauhatchie Junction and marched to a point about two and one-half miles up Lookout creek, and here the entire command massed behind a hill which effectually

secured it from view from the mountain. Throwing a bridge across the creek at this point, the skirmishers and picket-line crossed, surprised and captured the enemy's picket-line without firing; forty-two pickets were captured.

Four pieces of light artillery, twelve-pounders, were placed on Bald Hill near the junction of the creek and river, and four pieces of artillery on a hill opposite Lookout Point and behind Bald Hill. Two pieces of twenty-pounder Parrotts were placed in the gap to the right and one section of howitzers commanded the approach to the lower bridge, and four pieces of Knap's Battery were posted on an eminence to the left of Kelley's Ferry road from which it commanded the sides of Lookout.

About 8.30 o'clock, the entire column commenced to cross the bridge. The Second Brigade in advance moved rapidly up the hill-slope by the right flank in a direct line from the crossing to the wall of the crest; the Third Brigade followed and joined the Second Brigade's left. General Whitaker's Brigade crossed, followed by First Brigade, Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps. The line of battle as formed, faced to the front, was Second Brigade with One hundred and eleventh and Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania on the right; Third Brigade with four regiments in the center; First Brigade on the left in *echelon* with Sixty-sixth Ohio and three companies of Fifth Ohio in reserve. This constituted the front, covering the slopes from the crest of the mound to Lookout creek. The Eighth Kentucky, Thirty-fifth Indiana, Ninety-ninth and Fortieth Ohio respectively, in order from the right of Whitaker's Brigade, formed the second line in support, about three hundred and fifty yards to the rear of the front line, his right resting opposite Second Brigade's center; about one hundred yards in the rear of the supporting line were the Ninety-sixth Illinois and Fifty-first Ohio, also of Whitaker's Brigade. This formation and distances were maintained until the farthest point gained on the mountain. A heavy line of skirmishers had been advanced and covered the entire front through the day's movements, and the flanks were kept so intact that the supporting line was perfectly secure, excepting from sharpshooters on the crest.

About 9 o'clock the whole line moved forward, the right, held by the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, kept in close contact with the ragged precipice of the summit; the left was instructed to govern its movements by those of the front line on the right, the extreme left resting near the creek, the guide being the upper curvature of the mountain. The movement was quite rapid over the steep sides of the mountain which sloped at nearly an angle of forty-five degrees, breaking into numerous successive ravines from fifty to a hundred feet in depth, overcome by clambering almost perpendicular ascents and descents. When the right and center had progressed about one mile and a quarter, the enemy's pickets were encountered and driven back upon their main advance body, a mile beyond a part of a series of fortifications, rugged nature and artificial, occupied by a brigade of the enemy. With fixed bayonets our troops charged at double-quick over all obstructions, regardless of the active work of the sharpshooters in the gorges and from the crest and the heavy musketry in front, and with wild enthusiasm made a sudden and vigorous assault. The Third Brigade and the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania, closing in with the enemy, and the

Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania on the right, hurled themselves upon their flank with furious effect. The enemy offered a sturdy but brief resistance, and soon yielded and threw down their arms. This was the first success in the charge upon Lookout Mountain. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded, and the balance of the brigade were taken prisoners, with small arms, camp equipage and four rebel flags captured by the One hundred and forty-ninth and Sixtieth New York regiments. The prisoners were sent to the rear to be disposed of by General Whitaker's command.

The command, without halting upon the site of the victory, pressed eagerly forward in original formation. Many were the obstructions now surmounted at every step, ravines, precipices, immense boulders, abatis, slashings and carefully-constructed works. Keeping the right firm against the barrier of the mountain top, the right, having the shorter line, made more advance with less marching than the balance of the line.

Before reaching the next line of the enemy, the right of the line encountered the almost perpendicular pyramid of Lookout Point, the line being obliqued to the right so as to keep the rock for the right to rest upon. This brought the line to the most elevated accessible point of the mountain, short of the most elevated peak. At this point a rebel regiment was observed making a hasty descent through a pass from the westerly crest upon our flank. The Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania changed front to rear and succeeded in capturing the entire rebel regiment and thus counteracted this flank movement of the enemy. At this time our artillery opened upon the enemy's fortifications, the missiles flying over our troops into their lines. The artillery ceased and the Third Brigade and left of the Second Brigade charged the fortifications, who offered a stout resistance, but the Third Brigade pressed them hotly while the right of the Second poured in its flanking fire with such vigor that the enemy sullenly fell back from work to work until they were driven from each strong lodgment.

During this time the enemy opened with three pieces of light artillery from the crest and for twenty minutes made every effort to enfilade our lines, but their guns could not be sufficiently depressed to reach our ranks, and their missiles burst with trivial effect over the heads of the First Brigade, which, unseen by the enemy, was sweeping up the rough declivity just below the plateau. Being baffled with their artillery they hurled shell and hand grenades from the cliffs, but our lines moved so rapidly that they were mostly ineffective. Our lines still pressed on, pushing the enemy with such vigor that they could not recover, and their front wavered more and more each stand, until their falling back became a flight.

This was about 12 o'clock noon. The Second Brigade advanced about eight hundred yards around the point so as to command the enemy's flank and protect our own. At this point the brigade passed the mountain side at almost a perpendicular angle, and when the brigade's right reached the desired point, their column was closed up, and with backs firm against the acclivity, presented a front toward Chattanooga creek. At the same time the Third Brigade charged through the Peach Orchard taking the works encircling it and driving the enemy from a stone wall parallel with our line. The One hundred and thirty-seventh and Sixtieth New York dashed through the yard of the "White House," where the enemy had two pieces of artillery

in position, capturing them and their gunners, throwing the colors of the One hundred and thirty-seventh New York on the guns as token of capture.

Our troops wer fired with enthusiasm and on they went over the successive belts of ramparts inclosing the level area which the rebels reluctantly yielded. We had progressed about five hundred yards beyond the "White House" with our right, and in front of the mountain road, when the routed rebels rallied upon a large body of the enemy, three brigades being covered by the woods and rocks. Our men were imbued with irresistible ardor and vigorously engaged them. Whitaker's Brigade was halted at the stone wall of the "White House" and several of his regiments were formed about two hundred yards to the rear and left of it. A part of one of his regiments moved up to the support of the left of the line but was soon withdrawn. The enemy made several charges and were as often driven back to their original line. While the Third Brigade combatted the massed forces in front, the Second Brigade opened an oblique fire on the enemy's flank which enfiladed their lines and made their situation untenable. The impenetrable fog, which had for some time lingered above, now settled down upon and below the Third Brigade and it became impossible to direct fire upon the enemy unseen without endangering our own men; the fog prevailed during the balance of the day. The left of our line was still striving for the old road leading from the mountain into Chattanooga Valley, when, at 12.30 an order from General Hooker commanded a halt along the crest. We had gone already beyond the intended point. The ground occupied by our line was very abrupt. The Second Brigade flag floated from the highest point yet gained on the 24th. The officers and men manifested an eagerness to go forward. At about 1 o'clock the enemy made an assault in force upon our left, but our men stood firm and soon forced the enemy back to cover. From 2 o'clock p. m., of the 24th, and during the afternoon, night and early morning of the 25th, the Second Division was relieved at different times by Colonel Grose's Brigade, General Whitaker's Brigade and General Carlin's Brigade. During the night of the 24th and morning of the 25th but little firing was done, but the men suffered considerably from cold. Before daylight of the 25th General Geary gave orders for small reconnoitering parties to gain the summit with ladders and plant the colors on top had the enemy evacuated. The colors of the Eighth Kentucky ascended on the eastern side of the ridge and the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania on the western. They stood upon the summit about the same time, but the Eighth Kentucky having the shorter line was the first to unfurl the flag from the gigantic cliffs, but almost the same instant the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania unfurled their flag and the "white star," the symbol of the division which carried Lookout Mountain. The enemy had evacuated, and from ten thousand throats burst forth the wildest shouts of patriotic enthusiasm. The victory was complete and without measure in its importance.

At shortly after 10 o'clock on the morning of the 25th, pursuant to orders from General Hooker, the Second Division, preceded by Osterhaus' and Cruft's Divisions, marched down the mountain toward Mission Ridge, upon the left of which the rebel troops withdrawn from Lookout and Chattanooga Valley had been placed in position in extension of the entire rebel line. Our troops descended into Chattanooga Valley taking the rebel route. The

enemy disputed the advance of the column with artillery for a short time, but was driven back and one of their guns captured. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon our column turned to the left and followed the base of Mission Ridge.

Osterhaus moved down the eastern base and Cruft was getting a foothold to sweep along the crest line, when our division advanced along the western base with five batteries and parallel to the enemy's front and toward their right. The First and Second Brigades were pushed forward along the base and the Third Brigade in support of the artillery opened a battery on the enemy's flank and rear, compelling them to fall back; at the same time continuing a brisk artillery fire upon them. The division was then formed in column of brigades with the First Brigade in front and the Second Brigade in second line. They scaled the craggy sides of the ridge, moving obliquely to effect a junction with the right of General Palmer's Fourteenth Corps. The rebel retreat at this time had fairly started, and our effort was made to cut them off. The descent of the ridge was a difficult work, but was accomplished in good order amid shouts and cheers. As our line of battle gained the summit Johnson's Division of the Fourteenth Corps attained the adjoining cliff on the left. At 6 p. m. our junction was complete and the left of the ridge was ours.

The balance of the army was successful and the entire range was taken from the enemy. Pursuant to orders we descended to the western base of the ridge and bivouacked for the night in the enemy's winter quarters. Several hundred prisoners were taken.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, under orders from General Hooker, our division marched through Rossville Gap, following the line of retreat of the left of the enemy's army on the road to Graysville. The main body of the enemy retreated rapidly. Our division having passed Pea Vine creek and Chickamauga swamp at 10 p. m. it was ascertained that the enemy had forces on Pigeon Hill. Osterhaus' advance commenced skirmishing; our First Brigade was hastily moved to the front, doubled on Osterhaus' column, and formed in line at right angles with the Ringgold road. The Second Brigade was drawn up in line in an open field about three hundred yards to the rear. Skirmishers were immediately thrown to the front, scaled the hills and drove the rebel rear guard from the ridge. Our division was within four miles of Ringgold. We bivouacked for the night at the foot of Pigeon Hills.

At daylight on the 27th we marched from bivouac, in rear of Osterhaus' Division. At 8 o'clock we marched rapidly through the town of Ringgold under a musketry fire from the ridge beyond. A short distance beyond, the Western and Atlantic railroad ran through a gap in Taylor's Ridge, running in the same general direction as Mission Ridge; through this gap the whole of Bragg's retreating army had passed towards Dalton up to the time of our arrival, leaving one division in position on the ridge to dispute our passage. At 7.30, Osterhaus, in advance, had formed his line at the foot of the hill, and assaulted the ridge under severe fire from the enemy. About 8 o'clock our First Brigade passed to the left to scale the mountain and if possible gain the summit, attack the enemy in flank and charge with vigor along the ridge. The brigade was formed about three-quarters of a mile

from the gap parallel with the railroad in two lines in *echelon;* the Sixty-sixth Ohio and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania in front, and the Seventh Ohio and One hundred and forty-seventh Pennsylvania one hundred yards in rear. The movements were made with rapidity, passing across a large open field to the foot of the ridge, under a severe fire from the summit. The two lines were here deployed into a single line of battle, throwing the Seventh Ohio and One hundred and forty-seventh Pennsylvania on the left. About five hundred feet above was the enemy pouring down a rapid deadly fire. The brigade steadily ascended the steep sides of the hill. Our fire was withheld until about half way up, when the whole line opened upon the enemy on the summit and pressed on.

The Seventh Ohio on the right of the regiment on the extreme left was compelled to move through a ravine. The enemy massed at this point, and poured into this regiment a most deadly enfilading fire; it received and returned it unflinchingly and pressed on until within twenty-five yards of the summit, but the enemy, strongly reinforced, was overpoweringly superior, with advantage of position. The regiment, having lost its gallant colonel, and twelve out of its thirteen officers and nearly one-half its men, was retired. The One hundred and forty-seventh Pennsylvania on the extreme left gained a position near the top, but both flanks of this regiment were endangered by the falling back of the Seventh Ohio. The Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania and Sixty-sixth Ohio, well protected on the right, held their ground about forty yards below the crest line, and engaged the enemy, but, owing to the overpowering strength of the enemy, they could not advance and were ordered to form on the line below. These brave troops had contended for two and one-half hours against overwhelming numbers and against the enemy in almost impregnable position.

As soon as the First Brigade was moved to the rear and left, the Second Brigade was brought up and massed behind a large stone depot on the confines of the town, toward the ridge. The Third Brigade was halted in reserve four hundred yards in the rear in the main street of Ringgold.

The Second Brigade had remained but a few minutes under shelter, when the enemy with artillery and musketry was pressing back some of Osterhaus' regiments on the right. The Second Brigade moved to his support on the double-quick, crossed the railroad under severe fire and took position in front on a mound to the left of the railroad and gap, facing the ridge. The advance of the enemy's line was checked and hurled back towards the ridge.

The Third Brigade was brought up as soon as the Second was sent to the relief of the right, and was disposed in column of regiments, *en masse*, behind the stone depot.

The fight raged in front and at 10.40 a. m. Osterhaus on the entire right was giving way. The Third Brigade was at once ordered to the right at double-quick. The troops in compact order swept over an open swampy space of nearly half a mile, while the enemy poured into them grape, canister and musketry. Arriving at the point of the right of the Second Brigade, the line was formed with One hundred and thirty-seventh New York on the left joining the Second Brigade on the right, and One hundred and forty-ninth New York on the right of the brigade. They at once engaged the enemy

and compelled them to recoil, and soon to seek protection upon the ridge in the sides of the gap. About fifteen minutes after retiring, the enemy advanced artillery to the edge of a belt of woods at the mouth of the gap with infantry support, and at the short range of one hundred yards commenced hurling shrapnel into our lines. A detachment of sharpshooters from the One hundred and forty-ninth New York succeeded in driving the enemy with the artillery from their position, after the enemy had sustained a considerable loss. At about noon, one section of Knap's Pennsylvania Battery and one section of Landgraeber's howitzers, were placed in position on the right of the Third Brigade, and in front of the gap. They soon silenced the enemy's guns and drove back their infantry. At this same time one section of Knap's Battery opened from the line near our left upon the enemy which had massed in front of the First Brigade. At 1 o'clock Osterhaus scaled the mountain, and our Third Brigade pushed their skirmishers into the gap, the One hundred and forty-ninth New York capturing two flags. The enemy were driven back, and after five hours contest, the ridge was in our possession. On the morning of December 1, the Second Division marched from Ringgold to their old encampment in Lookout Valley. For the distinguished and most gallant service of the Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, of which the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania was a part at the battle of Lookout Mountain, General Grant, who was then in command of the army at Chattanooga, ordered a special review of this division, at which all of the distinguished officers serving at this place under General Grant took part. This was a distinction granted to very few, if to any other, divisions during the war.

Shortly after this the One hundred and ninth marched from Wauhatchie Valley to Bridgeport, Alabama, and went into winter quarters. On January 20, 1864, the regiment re-enlisted for three years, and thus, under the orders of the War Department, became a veteran regiment, and left Bridgeport for Philadelphia on thirty days' veteran furlough.

On April 4, 1864, the regiment was brigaded with Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, Seventy-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, One hundred and nineteenth New York Volunteers, One hundred and thirty-fourth New York Volunteers, One hundred and fifty-fourth New York Volunteers and Thirty-third New Jersey Volunteers, forming the Second Brigade, Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps. The regiment returned from veteran furlough and rejoined the division at Bridgeport, Alabama, on May 4, 1864, and on May 5 commenced Sherman's celebrated campaign against Atlanta, Georgia. On May 6 the regiment advanced with the division near Ringgold, Georgia, and on May 8 it was engaged at Rocky Face Ridge, Dug Gap, Georgia. The Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, was ordered to make an attack at Dug Gap in order to divert the enemy from Buzzard's Roost to Dug Gap, to insure a successful assault by a large part of the army on Buzzard's Roost, the objective point being the turning of Dalton.

Rocky Face Ridge extends for a long distance along a mountain range through which is Snake Creek Gap and Dug Gap; the rocks are almost perpendicular and very high; from the valley or tableland below to Dug Gap, the side of the mountain is quite steep and covered with timber, and the only road of approach to Dug Gap is a tortuous wagon road. Up this hill, and

through this timber, was the Second Division ordered to charge, and assault Dug Gap, and most bravely was it done.

To carry this gap by an assault was practically impossible, nor was it intended to be carried, but the charge was made with the same heroic determination as though success was assured. The Second Division almost scaled these rocky-faced ridges in the enthusiasm of the charge. The charge resulted in securing the object intended, so that the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania with the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, is entitled to the inscription of another victory on its banner.

On May 12 the One hundred and ninth passed through Snake Creek Gap in an advance on Resaca, and on May 14 and 15 the battle of Resaca was fought.

May 15, at 3 o'clock a. m., the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania and Second Brigade, formed on the left and rear of the Third Brigade, which held the position on the extreme left flank of the army covering the Dalton road. At 7 a. m., a strong reconnoitering party of the Second Division was sent out and returned at 11 a. m. At this hour the division received orders to move to the right about three-quarters of a mile and form a column of attack.

This movement was made with the First Division of the Twentieth Corps. Owing to the nature of the ground and the small compass within which the entire army was to operate in the first charge, the Second Division was formed in column of regiments. The Third Brigade was formed in advance, the Second Brigade following and the First Brigade last. The position occupied by the enemy was one strongly intrenched on an irregular line of hills with spurs running in every direction. On most of the elevations the enemy had batteries protected by earthworks. The hills, steep and rough, were thickly wooded.

Everything being in readiness the advance was ordered. The Third Brigade crossed a ravine and a hill, swept by the enemy's artillery and musketry fire, and drove the enemy from another hill, and, turning a little to the right, charged with ringing cheers for the capture of a battery, which, from a key position, was dealing death on every side. At the same time, on the Third Brigade's left, a portion of the Third Division, Twentieth Corps, was advancing for the same deadly prize. The advance of both commands reached the battery nearly together.

The One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania of the Third Brigade led, and forced its way until the men had their hands almost on the guns and their colors on the earthworks, from which part of the gunners had been driven, and many killed. This earthwork was a sunken one at the crest of the hill opening towards its rear. Twenty yards in its rear was a line of strong breastworks, from which a deadly fire poured around and into the battery, rendering it impossible for men to live there. Colonel Cobham, commanding the One hundred and eleventh Regiment, formed his little line, now augmented by the One hundred and ninth and other portions of the brigade, within fifteen yards of the guns, where, by the formation of the ground, his men were sheltered from the terrible fire. Three regiments were formed in this line, and the balance of the Scond Brigade posted in reserve. Three regiments of the Third Brigade advanced gallantly, driving the enemy from

two hills from the left of Colonel Cobham, and were ordered to report to Colonel Cobham. Orders were given Colonel Cobham to make every effort to secure and bring off the battery in his front. To this end Colonel Cobham was reinforced from the First, Second and Third Brigades, until his command numbered ten regiments. In the isolated position held by Colonel Cobham, it was impossible to erect even a slight barricade without receiving a terrible fire from the enemy, fifty yards distant. The only route of communication with Colonel Cobham was by way of ridges which were swept in most places by artillery and musketry fire from the enemy's main line. About 5 p. m. a division of the enemy's infantry debouched from the woods in front of the left of the Second Division, and charged in column, with the effort to gain possession of the ridges in our front. If successful, it would have exposed Colonel Cobham to attack from every side, and forced him to abandon his position, but the attack, though a spirited one, failed. About 9 o'clock p. m., in the darkness, Colonel Cobham's men, with picks and shovels, dug through the works in front of the guns. This work had to be silently and carefully done. The men crept on hands and knees to the little dug fort, and after digging through the earthwork and removing the logs and stones, ropes were attached, and manned by brave men, while their brave comrades, with pieces aimed at the crest of the hill, covered them in their work. At about midnight four guns were removed and in our possession, but the enemy, on the alert, discovered the movement and springing over their breastworks, furiously attacked Cobham's line. Cobham held his position, drove back the enemy, and sent four twelve-pounder brass pieces to headquarters. The enemy was pursued from Resaca, and the Oostenaula river crossed May 16. An advance was made on Cassville, May 18, and May 19 there was considerable skirmishing on the Cassville road. From May 19 to May 23, manœvrings were carried on near Cassville. On May 24 an advance was made to Euharlee creek on Alabama road. A skirmish occurred at Owen's Mill, Pumpkin Vine creek bridge, May 25. The advance on this road was by the troops of the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, without support, the First Division, Twentieth Army Corps, being upon another road with the Fourteenth Army Corps, as it was supposed a large body of the enemy would be encountered by the Fourteenth Army Corps. General Hooker and staff were riding at the head of the Second Division with General Geary and staff, and upon the approach of the troops to Pumpkin Vine creek bridge, it was found that the enemy had fired the bridge. When General Hoker and staff and General Geary and staff attempted to put out the fire, the enemy's videttes, concealed in the woods on the bluffs upon the opposite side, fired at Hooker and Geary, but missed their aim. General Hooker ordered General Geary to throw across one regiment to dislodge them, and the Fifth Ohio was thrown across. They formed a regimental front and charged, but it was received with such a volley that forty-eight men were killed or wounded, and a staff officer of the First Brigade killed. The whole division was then thrown across, and they found, after considerable loss, that the enemy was in too strong a force to be routed. Orders had been sent as soon as the enemy was found in force in front, by the major-general commanding the corps, to march the First and Third Divisions to the point where the Second Division was engaged.

By 5 o'clock p. m. all three divisions were massed, with the Second Division in the center, the First Division on the right, and the Third Division on the left. Each division was quickly formed for attack in column by brigades, the First Division leading, the Third Division next and the Second Division in reserve. Between 6 and 7 o'clock p. m. the Second Division was ordered to push forward. The division moved rapidly through a dense woods, swept by a very heavy artillery and musketry fire; the discharge of canister and shell from the enemy was rapid and terrific.

The One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania, with portions of the Second and portions of the First Brigade, engaged the enemy at short range, driving them until after dark, when the Second Division was halted close under the enemy's batteries.

Breastworks were thrown up during the night, and when dawn came the position held by the Second Division was found to be a ridge of considerable natural strength, confronting another ridge at the distance of eighty yards on the left, and three hundred yards on the right, on which was the enemy's main line.

The operations were continued near New Hope Church until June 1, and from June 1 to June 5 the One hundred and ninth with the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, made a movement on the left of the army, and on June 7 took position near Acworth, Georgia. On June 10 an advance was made to Kenesaw mountain, and on June 14, 15 and 16, a series of engagements took place at Pine Knob on Kenesaw range. On June 15 Pine Knob was carried by a charge. On June 16 captured the enemy's skirmish line. Skirmishing occurred on June 17 and 18 in front of Kenesaw and at Noyes' creek. On June 22 there was an engagement at Kolb's house, near Marietta, on the Powder Spring road.

On June 27 an assault was made on Kenesaw, south of Little Kenesaw, and General Hood, who had been placed in command of the Confederate army, was pursued toward the Chattahoochie river on July 3. Demonstrations took place along Nick-a-jack creek, at Turner's Ferry, July 4. The division skirmished with the enemy at Paice's Ferry, July 5, on the Chattahoochie river, and on July 16 they crossed at Paice's Ferry. On July 17 had a skirmish at Nancy's creek, and on July 19 the One hundred and ninth, with the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, covered the troops while constructing a bridge for the purpose of crossing Peach Tree creek. Here quite a spirited action took place; our troops succeeded however in crossing, and, on July 20, was fought the battle of Peach Tree creek. At 10 a. m. the skirmishers moved forward, supported by the First Brigade and followed by the Second Brigade. They crossed two timbered ridges and, after a sharp engagement, drove the enemy's skirmishers from a third ridge in the woods, and from a corn-field on the right of it. The position gained at 12 m. was at once occupied by First Brigade in line. A section of Bundy's Battery went into position on the left of the division, in the edge of the wood, and opened an enfilading fire upon the enemy. The Second Brigade was now placed in two lines, in support of the First Brigade, and all the artillery of the division posted on the First Brigade's line, the Third Brigade massed on the ridge behind the Second Brigade. In front and to the right of the division was a high, narrow, timbered hill,

about three hundred yards in advance of the main line, on which rested the right of the division skirmish line.

The Thirty-third New Jersey of the Second Brigade was directed to occupy this hill; the skirmish line advanced a short distance, when the enemy, heretofore concealed not more than seventy-five yards in front, advanced in heavy force and poured into the skirmish line a deadly and continuing fire, forcing the skirmish line and the Thirty-third New Jersey back to the main line with considerable loss. Scarcely had they rejoined the main line, when the enemy in immense force rapidly and fiercely burst upon the right flank of the First and Second Brigades and pressed their flanks to their rear, at the same time charging upon the First Brigade, front and right.

The Sixtieth New York of the Third Brigade, and One hundred and nineteenth New York, Seventy-third Pennsylvania and the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania of the Second Brigade, stood by and supported the artillery fighting with the batteries on all sides holding the hill, while the balance of the division quickly changed front and formed in the midst of the battle, connecting with the First Division, Twentieth Army Corps. This was done by changing front to the right of the First Brigade and deploying the Second and Third Brigades in one line, connecting the Third Brigade's left with the First Brigade, and the Second Brigade's right with the First Division's left. During these changes the battle raged on every side with terrific fury. The One hundred and ninth and the four other regiments throughout all this times were holding the hill with artillery. That hill was the key position of the entire battle; once gained by the enemy the day was lost. The enemy perceiving its importance surged in immense masses against it, while the division (excepting the One hundred and ninth and the other four regiments mentioned) was changing front and rectifying its line. But the One hundred and ninth and these four regiments and batteries stood firm as rocks, and mowed down column after column of that vast struggling mass that charged them from three sides. General Geary, in an official report, says, "I have never seen more heroic fighting." For three hours the fury of the battle could not be surpassed.

On July 22 our line advanced with frequent skirmishes, driving the enemy into the city of Atlanta, Georgia, and establishing a siege of the city. On July 30 the One hundred and ninth with the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, advanced a picket line and captured one hundred and twenty prisoners.

Heavy skirmishing was engaged in August 5 and 6. August 25 and 26 they took position at Chattahoochie bridge, Paice's Ferry, and engaged the enemy.

On September 2 the One hundred and ninth, with the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, were the first troops to enter and occupy the city of Atlanta. From September 2 until November 15 they were on duty in the city of Atlanta, and on November 15 commenced the celebrated march of Sherman to the sea. On the 15th an advance was made by Decatur, Stone Mountain, Social Circle and Madison, toward Milledgeville. On the 19th we were at the railroad bridge, Oconee river, and on the 22d they occupied Milledgeville. Sandersville was occupied on November 26. During this celebrated march to the sea one of the most

important services rendered by the troops, and one with the most disastrous results to the military strength of the enemy, was the destruction of the military lines of railroad. On November 27, 28 and 29 the One hundred and ninth with the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, accomplished a most important work in the destruction of the Georgia Central railroad, and from December 1 to December 8 the destruction of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. This work of destruction was unique and complete; the rails were twisted and tied into knots, making their further use impossible without re-rolling.

The war seemed to have developed this special mode of destroying the military strength of the enemy. On December 10 Montieth swamp was reached, and on this same day commenced the siege of Savannah. The Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania, in the siege of Savannah, occupied the extreme left of the army line, resting on the Savannah river. The siege continued from December 10 until December 20, when the city was occupied.

Remained on duty in the city of Savannah from December 21, 1864, until January 26, 1865, when the campaign of the Carolinas was commenced. The One hundred and ninth and Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, marched through Georgia and crossed the Savannah river as Sister's Ferry, February 7, into South Carolina, and advanced toward Barnwell. They crossed the North Edisto river on February 13, and the South Edisto, at Jones' bridge, February 14, and advanced to Columbia, South Carolina, February 16. Saluda river, at Mount Zion Church, was crossed February 19, Broad river, at Freshley's Mills, was also crossed, and Alston occupied February 20. We entered Winnsboro, South Carolina, February 21, and the same afternoon General Geary, commanding the Second Division, Twentieth Army Corps, received a communication from General Wade Hampton, commanding the Confederate cavalry. This communication was addressed to the commanding officer of United States troops occupying Winnsboro, requesting a safeguard of said troops to be placed upon the property in Winnsboro, and to remain until General Hampton should enter Winnsboro, when the safeguard would be returned to their command in safety. The request was complied with and the promise of General Hampton honorably kept. The communication was received by an officer of the One hundred and ninth at the division headquarters, and a detail of the One hundred and ninth constituted a part of the safeguard which remained on duty.

The Catawba or Wateree river was crossed at Rocky Mount February 23, and arrived at Hanging Rock February 26. There remained until February 28, when an advance was made, crossing Lynch's creek at Hortons, March 1. On March 3 they skirmished with the enemy and occupied Chesterfield. The Great Pee Dee was crossed at Sneedsboro, North Carolina, March 5. From here they marched upon Fayetteville, North Carolina, and occupied it from March 12 to 14, and on March 16, arrived at Averasboro. From here they marched to Bentonville, and from Bentonville they marched and occupied Goldsboro, North Carolina, from March 21 to April 10. On April 10 they advanced to and occupied Smithfield until April 11, and from April 11 to April 13 they marched to Raleigh.

Here the One hundred and ninth was consolidated with the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania. On April 26 General Johnston surrendered. The division marched to Washington, and on May 24 took part in the Grand Review. Remained in Washington on duty at the old Capitol prison till July 19, when the officers and men of the old and well-beloved regiment were mustered out and sent to their homes, after a continuous service of three years and seven months.

The total enrolment was one thousand and fifty-five, the killed and wounded was two hundred and thirty-nine, and those who died of disease and otherwise while in service, fifty-eight. The total loss during service, killed, died and wounded, amounted to two hundred and ninety-seven. Nearly one-third of the entire number enrolled lay down their lives or were wounded during their term of service. From May, 1862, until the surrender of General Lee, the One hundred and ninth was constantly at the front, and an order during a fight which detailed them on duty away from the line of battle was received with disfavor and protest.

The dangers of battle are over. The trials and hardships of the march have passed and the monotony of camp life has become a memory; history alone is busy with the deeds of valor and actions of bravery of the One hundred and ninth Pennsylvania.

This monument of granite which we this day dedicate is a page in the regiment's history. Monuments will add no lustre to the deeds of the dead, nor confer virtue upon their actions, but simply keep in remembrance those who, in the time of our country's peril, offered their lives to avert the danger and save, for the benefit of posterity, a government founded upon the consent of the governed, and dedicated to the principles of human freedom and personal liberty.

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

110TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF SERGEANT-MAJOR EDMUND SHAW

LADIES, comrades and friends:—An army of more than one hundred thousand men splendidly equipped, carefully drilled and led by a courageous soldier, a thoroughly trained officer and a brilliant commander, had been beaten on a field of their own choosing by an inferior force and was compelled to seek safety by flight. Under these circumstances it was not difficult for the mind of the commander of the armies of the South in Virginia, to reach the conclusion that the independence of the South as a nation must soon be acknowledged by the North. And to hasten the time of that acknowledgment he determined to move his army northward.

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

Temporary success in the affairs of men is frequently mistaken for permanent good. No sooner had General Lee completed the burying of his dead and the replenishing of his cartridge boxes, than he put his army in motion, believing that a few more victories such as that achieved by him at Chancellorsville awaited him in the near future, and to secure these was now the business of the Army of Northern Virginia. But before breaking camp on the south bank of the Rappahannock he graciously accorded to General Hooker the privilege of returning to the battle-field of Chancellorsville and removing such of his wounded as had been found by the enemy unable to march to the South. This privilege, as a matter of course, General Hooker accepted and thereby necessarily encumbered his army with the care of more than 2,000 disabled soldiers and removed an obstacle from the road over which General Lee desired to move part of his army. With this obstruction out of the way, Lee's path was clear for a leisurely march northward. The ending therefore of the battle of Chancellorsville may be considered as the beginning of the battle of Gettysburg.

The march of the two armies from the South was a spectacle of magnificent proportions, but weighted with momentous responsibilities which soon found their proper places on this field. It was a spectacle highly pleasing at the time to the Southern mind, but humiliating to the last degree to the Union sentiment of the North; and whilst this movement may have had the appearance to the Southern mind at home of a grand holiday parade, in which General Lee was recognized as chief marshal, appointed to conduct the Northern soldiers home, it had no such semblance to those who composed the moving hosts that were hourly approaching each other to renew the bloody work commenced and left unfinished less than sixty days before.

Desolate indeed was the camp of the One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers at Stoneman's Switch after the battle of Chancellorsville. The regiment had gone into that battle with about three hundred men, of which number one-half had been killed, wounded and taken prisoners in that battle. The commander of the regiment, Colonel James Crowther, had been shot dead on the field, the major, D. M. Jones, had been wounded and taken prisoner, the sergeant-major (he who addresses you to-day) had been severely wounded and taken prisoner. In fact all of the field officers there on duty were gone—excepting the adjutant. The line officers and their commands had met with losses in almost the same proportions. But it was not in the camp of the One hundred and tenth alone that despondency and gloom reigned supremely. The other regiments of the Third Corps, and especially those of the Third Division, had been so much depleted as to make necessary a reorganization of that corps, and a consolidation of the divisions and brigades of which it was composed. Major-General Whipple, who commanded the Third Division, had been killed and the regiments of that division had suffered so severely in killed and wounded as to practically obliterate that division; so that in the reorganization of the Third Corps it was reduced from three to two divisions. By this consolidation the One hundred and tenth became a part of the Third Brigade, composed of the Third and Fifth Michigan, the Fortieth

New York, the Seventeenth Maine and the One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was commanded by Brigadier-General Philip R. De Trobriand, and was placed in the First Division commanded by Major-General David B. Birney.

The Third Corps as in the past was commanded by Major-General Daniel E. Sickles. Thus reorganized the Third Corps was again prepared to enter the theatre of war and to play its part in the bloody drama soon to be enacted.

The line of march taken by the One hundred and tenth brought the regiment to Potomac creek, Bealton Station, Bull Run, Centerville, Gum Springs, Chantilly, Edwards' Ferry, Monocacy Junction, back again to Edwards' Ferry, back again to Monocacy Junction, Frederick City, Taneytown and Emmitsburg. To this latter place the regiment had advanced by July 1, 1863, and was there resting whilst the main body of the Third Corps had been advanced along the Emmitsburg pike in the direction of Gettysburg, in support of the First Corps which had advanced a day's march beyond the position designed by General Meade for giving battle to General Lee in the struggle which all knew was near at hand.

The First Corps was the vanguard of the Army of the Potomac, and was commanded by Major-General John F. Reynolds, who had been ordered forward with this corps to reconnoitre the enemy, ascertain his position and strength and to engage him with such energy as to prevent his proceeding farther to the North, and by attacking and retreating to induce him to follow up and to accept battle on the ground selected by General Meade fifteen miles south of here.

But early in the day this corps suddenly found itself engaged, not in manoeuvering and in the execution of movements of attack and retreat to decoy the enemy into the trap set for him by the commander of the Union armies, but in an effort to protect itself from a storm of battle which had broken upon it with such fury and by such overwhelming numbers in front, flank and rear as to obliterate all matured plans of battle and to compel the immediate presence of the entire Army of the Potomac to save from utter destruction on the following day the remnant of the hitherto invincible First Corps of the Union army, and making necessary other and improvised plans of battle by General Meade for the contest now entered upon and so unexpectedly begun.

So that on July 1, 1863, instead of the corps, divisions, brigades and regiments, which composed the Union army, coming together and taking their places in orderly lines of battle on the banks of Pipe creek, as was intended, they were seen in the evening of that day and were heard during all of the night of that day, and were seen again in the gray morning of the following day, by hurried pace and steady tread, gathering into the fields and groves and valleys and upon the hills, which form the never-to-be-forgotten battle-field of Gettysburg.

As already stated, on July 1, 1863, the One hundred and tenth had been halted in Emmitsburg, where it was resting when the report of the death of General Reynolds and the disaster of the First Corps was received. Let me stop here to remark that history has recorded the fact that early in the morning of July 1 the Third Corps, commanded by Major-General

Daniel E. Sickles, had been halted near Emmitsburg by an order from General Meade, who was then directing the formation of a line of battle on the line of Pipe creek, between Middleburg and Manchester, in the State of Maryland, and that at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of that day General Sickles received the report of the disaster to the First Corps. He could not communicate with General Meade, ten miles away, without a delay that might be fatal to the head of the National advance, so he took the responsibility of pressing forward to the relief of the sorely smitten First Corps, in violation of the orders given in the morning, or rather without orders from the commander of the army, and came upon the field at Gettysburg with his advance division just as the shattered columns of the First Corps were forming in line on Cemetery Hill, where he was joined before next morning by the balance of his corps, excepting two brigades, which had been left at Emmitsburg to hold the place.

An intelligent and prompt comprehension of what was the right thing to do and the courage to do it in all previous emergencies, had characterized the course of General Sickles and had made to shine brightly the stars upon his shoulders up to that time, and, assuming the responsibility of moving his corps without orders to the support of those needing help, has made lustrous the record of that officer, and has placed his name among the most faithful, courageous and patriotic commanders of American soldiers, and in brilliant contrast with that of other officers in high command, whose conduct in similar emergencies on other fields, have brought humiliation and disgrace to the army of the Nation—through disobedience of orders, cowardice or envy, or through all combined. And whilst weak Congressmen and weak Senators, with the approval of a sympathizing President may, by legislation, restore a name to the army rolls, and compel payment by an unwilling people, of a salary unearned, they can never remove the stigma which such conduct has justly entailed, nor remove a judgment pronounced by an enlightened and discriminating public conscience. And it is to the honor and glory of the One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers and to that of the other regiments which composed on that day the Third Corps of the Union armies, that they had for their leader a commander such as that found in the person of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles.

The Third Brigade and one from the Second Division had been left at Emmitsburg to hold the place whilst the balance of the Third Corps had been hurried forward to Gettysburg on the afternoon of July 1, and it was not until 2 o'clock in the morning of the next day that General De Trobriand received orders to proceed with his brigade to Gettysburg, and at break of day the troops of his brigade were in motion. These two brigades were therefore the last of the Third Corps to leave Emmitsburg and the last to reach Gettysburg. The One hundred and tenth was the rear regiment in the line, and was, therefore, the rear guard of the Third Corps. Company C, of this regiment, was detailed to march in the rear and to drive before it all stragglers from the army. Captain J. C. M. Hamilton, who is with us to-day, was in command of this rear guard, and delights in telling some very interesting stories incident to this march.

It was 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day when General De Tro-

briand reported to General Birney for duty with his brigade on the field at Gettysburg, and it was probably two hours later, or 12 o'clock noon, when the One hundred and tenth turned off the Emmitsburg road and passed over the field and through the groves of timber which lie at the foot and on the west side of Round Top, and came to a halt in the grove of timber near the foot on the west side of Little Round Top, and there became a part of the assembled thousands then and there marching and counter-marching with hurried pace to find their places in the line of battle then assuming shape.

It was here that the address of General Meade to the army was read to the regiment, and it was an hour later—or 1 o'clock—when Captain Hamilton's company left the Emmitsburg road and filed down the narrow road at the north side of the peach orchard and joined the regiment, then advancing in the direction of the peach orchard to support the skirmish line, now hard pressed but holding on, a short distance north of the Emmitsburg road. The line of battle was being formed in the direction east and west along this road.

At this hour the forces of the enemy were passing around the left of the National line and in the direction of Little Round Top, under cover of the woods beyond the Emmitsburg road, and were protected by a heavy line of skirmishers. This movement of the enemy had attracted the attention of the commanders of several batteries of artillery stationed in the peach orchard and on the elevations in the ground north and in the rear of the peach orchard, and these batteries were firing at frequent intervals, under cover of which the One hundred and tenth took position immediately south of the Emmitsburg road and inside of the peach orchard fence, where it remained but a few minutes, when it was moved by the left flank and to the right of the "Rose House" yard, and about fifty paces in advance of the line of battle subsequently held. In this position it remained until 3.30 p. m., when it was ordered into line on the ground we now occupy, marching by the left flank over the ridge here to the north of us, and passing down into this ravine and taking position on the right of the Fifth Michigan Regiment then in line.

This monument is supposed to occupy the center of the line, or the spot on which the color-bearer stood, and the flank-markers the right and left of the regiment while in the line of battle. In less than thirty minutes the picket line was driven in, followed by a heavy body of skirmishers, quickly followed by columns of infantry, and the battle began.

It was, therefore, about 4 o'clock p. m. when the One hundred and tenth met its old antagonist in the line of battle on July 2, 1863. Captain Rogers, who commanded the regiment after Major Jones was wounded, in his report of this battle, says that: "The battle continued with a determination to conquer or die until 6 p. m., when the enemy in our front fell back and the order to cease firing was given." It is impossible for any one to state correctly all of the incidents connected with a scene such as was enacted here between 4 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon of July 2, 1863, and, therefore, a description of the conflict should not be attempted.

Those who may desire to draw pictures of this landscape as it appeared at that time, will find abundance of materials from which to indulge their

fancies by scanning the list of killed and wounded, of those whose duty it was to defend and maintain the integrity of this portion of the Union lines, and remembering that from the field of carnage at Chancellorsville, the One hundred and tenth could bring only sixteen officers and one hundred and thirty-six enlisted men to this field, a total of one hundred and fifty-two.

Of this number, there were killed and wounded in this contest fifty-three, more than one-third of the entire number. The killed were: Company A, first sergeant, Joseph H. Con; privates, Benjamin F. Barto, John Stoddard; Company C, first sergeant, Samuel Tobias; private, John Walker; Company H, privates, H. M. Kinsel, Charles T. Gardner; Company I, first sergeant, Thomas M. Bell. The wounded were: Lieutenant-Colonel David M. Jones; Company C, Lieutenant Charles Copelin; Company E, Captain William H. Hill; Company E, Lieutenant Francis Hoquet; Company H, Captain Francis Cassidy; Company H, Lieutenant Frank B. Stewart; Company A, privates Thomas Meaher, Adam Weight, John Troxell, John Warfield; corporal, John Bezzner; privates, Richard Newman, Emery E. Wilson; sergeant, Francis M. Burley; privates, Enoch W. Edward, Benedict E. Miller; Company B, privates, Moses Miller, James M. Walls; Company C, sergeant, John Moore; corporal, Samuel Kinley; privates, Thomas J. Greenland, Martin Gates, John E. Miller, Josiah Holsinger, George Lammison, Alexander Y. Hayes, James Irwin, Henry Powly; Company E, privates, Patrick Conly, William Thomas, John Moran; Company H, sergeant, George Herrick; corporal, Joseph Eckley; privates, Henry M. Beigle, Daniel Moore, John Fry, Jacob R. Bossert, Samuel Myer, James Harding, Peter Davis, Samuel Stiles, Henry Pryor, John H. Ermine; Company I, privates George Howard, John Doyle.

In giving honor to whom honor is due, in the matter of courage or bravery between the killed and wounded on the one side and the uninjured on the other, comparison must not be made. All came here and faced the enemy upon this line, on the same level, and offered their life blood in their country's cause. Of some the blood was demanded, and it was given. The others were no less willing to give, but the sacrifice of all was not required. All were of the

"Ten thousand scores of loyal
Men unused to war's alarms,
Who laid aside the charms
Of peace to learn the art of arms.

"Who knew that home and love
And life are only dear to those
Who make a nation's sovereign
Will supreme above its foes."

From the position occupied by the One hundred and tenth in the line of battle, the regiment was not driven, and only withdrew when the line had been pierced on the right and on the left. It was an orderly retreat over the side of the hill eastward from here to a grove of timber beyond where the monument has been erected to the memory of General Zook. Here the regiment halted, stacked arms and bivouacked for the night.

Early in the morning of the next day—July 3—preparations for a con-

tinuance of the struggle were hurriedly being made by the commander of each army, for in the contests of the two previous days neither was satisfied with the result.

In the course of this preparation, the One hundred and tenth was moved, from the position it occupied during the night, a short distance to the right, and near the headquarters of the Third Corps, where it remained about forty minutes, when it was moved to the position it occupied the day previous before going into action, or near the foot of Little Round Top. From there it was moved hurriedly, at the hour of 1.30 p. m., to the rear of the line of battle formed by the Second Corps, commanded by Major-General Hancock and in support of that line.

From this position the surviving members of the One hundred and tenth who were so fortunate as to be present heard the roar of the two hundred pieces of artillery and witnessed the ever-to-be-remembered and desperate assault of Pickett's Division of the army of Lee upon the Union lines on July 3, 1863.

The Third Corps was not called upon to assist in the repulse of this assault, and, consequently, the One hundred and tenth was not required to make ony further sacrifices, excepting that it was here that Lieutenant Charles Copelin and Captain Hamilton were wounded by a shell which exploded near them.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, the Third Brigade, under the command of General De Trobriand, was moved forward and relieved a portion of the Second Corps and formed the picket line during the night.

The One hundred and tenth occupied that part of the line immediately left of the clump of trees in the center of the Union lines.

Here the regiment remained until July 6, when it took up its march with the army in general in pursuit of Lee's army now in retreat.

Briefly told, this is the history of the One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers in the Gettysburg campaign.

But in this connection it is proper for me to answer the inquiry frequently made as to who were these men who composed the One hundred and tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers and whence came they?

Giving names would not satisfactorily answer the inquiry. These may be found on the muster rolls and amongst the archives of the government. I will, therefore, add that a majority of these men were of the very young men of our country of that day. They were the beardless boys of 1861, whose rollicking manhood and patriotic courage urged them to put on the habiliments of war in response to their country's call in a time of need for courageous men.

They were the sons of the mechanic, the farmer, the laboring man, the merchant and the professional man of that day. They came from the city of Philadelphia and from the towns and villages and farms of Bedford, Blair, Centre, Clearfield and Huntingdon counties, and were the sons of the sturdy, industrious and patriotic people of those localities, who had no silver or gold with which to employ substitutes or to pay exemption from the military service, but who tendered their own flesh and blood in the performance of a public duty.

And let me linger here for a moment to remark in the language of Eng-

PRINT: JULIUS BIEN & CO. NEW YORK

land's great novelist, Charles Dickens: "That if household affections and loves are graceful things, then they are graceful in the poor.

"The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of true metal and bear the stamp of heaven.

"The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; his associations with them are associations of pride and wealth and triumph. The poor man's attachment to the tenements he holds, which strangers have held before and may occupy again to-morrow, has a worthier root struck deep into purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold or precious stone. He has no property but in the affections of his own heart, and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil and scanty fare, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

"In love of home the love of country has its rise, and who are the truer patriots or the better in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood and stream and earth and all that they produce, or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?"

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

111TH REGIMENT INFANTRY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1889

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN J. RICHARDS BOYLE

COMRADES of the One hundred and eleventh Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers:—I salute you! Out of a thousand heroic memories, as veteran soldiers of the Union, as the remnant of a battalion on whose escutcheon there was never a stain, I salute you! In the name of Cedar Mountain, where you were the last to leave the unequal field; of Antietam, on whose ground you received a stand of colors for gallantry from your brigade commander; of Chancellorsville, where, with equal coolness, you withstood the foe in front, the enfilading batteries from the right, and the panic at the rear; of Gettysburg, where, in unprotected line, you wrenched the enemy from your own breastworks; of Wauhatchie, where, at the midnight hour, you held at bay more than thrice your own number; of Lookout Mountain, where you beat the same enemy in the clouds; of Ringgold, where you marched and fought without rest or food; of the four months' campaign from Resaca to Atlanta, which culminated with the surrender of the Gate City to your own commanding officer and the unfurling of your bullet-ridden colors from its city hall; of the jolly jaunt "from Atlanta to the sea;" of Bentonville; of the grand home-coming to the welcome of a grateful people, and of your final, honor-

able discharge from military duty—I salute you! As surviving comrades of the noble dead left on these scattered fields; as citizens of a great Nation, which your service helped to rescue, retain and perpetuate; upon this spot, sanctified by patriot blood; and on your reverent errand to this shrine to-day—from a full and glowing heart, respectfully, lovingly, proudly—I salute you!

More than twenty-six years have passed away since you stood shoulder to shoulder on this historic field, at the very crisis of our great civil war.—Then, the lurid air shrieked and the affrighted earth reeled under the shock of contending arms. Sheets of devouring flame burst from compact lines of battle. Death leaped from the mouths of a hundred massed batteries. Trees were denuded by rifle balls, and harvests were reaped, and the very soil was furrowed by exploding plowshares of destruction. Every shrub and rock was a magazine of fire, and for three awful days the elements were ablaze with eruptive energy.

The darkened heaven veiled its face while the struggling hosts rose to the frenzy of battle over a nation's life, baptized with the spirit of war, and transformed by it, one hundred thousand men were dowered with heroic resolution. A spell of invincible power came upon them. The weak became strong, the sick were well, the strong were giants. Every man on both sides was a hero. Thought burned at white heat. Years of nervous energy were accumulated and expended in a single hour. A lifetime was compressed into a day. Supernal defiance was in every heart, and all things became possible, as two civilizations waited for their lives. Men felt not their wounds. They saw not death, or seeing, shouting and gladly died, or they lived, they knew not how, seemingly immortal. The awful majesty of conquest was upon them, they felt themselves invincible, until out of the fiery tempest of death the greater army prevailed and the nobler cause sat in victory upon the incarnadined field.

"Ah, never, shall we, my comrades,
Never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gushed warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save!"

To-day we stand here in the stillness of peace. The verdure that was blackened by the sulphurous storm, the soil that drank the flowing blood, the hills that shook in the blast of battle, the lines of resounding defenses, the little village, the over-arching skies, are all here, but in undisturbed repose. The echoes of war have fled from the wheat-field and Round Top, from the plain over which Pickett charged, and from the wood where Reynolds fell, and the great battle-field is as silent as the sleep of its victims on yonder hillside. The demon of strife has given place to the angel of peace, and his cruel wounds are healed by a heavenly touch. And it is our lofty privilege to return to this fateful and glorious spot, that we may, with bared heads and unsandaled feet, offer homage to the God of battles and render the tribute of a grateful affection to the memory of our departed and heroic comrades.

Gettysburg was not the Waterloo of the rebellion—although perhaps it could have been—but it was the pivot upon which the contest finally

turned. It was the logical conclusion of the war. Until its date, it was the most important and decisive of all our battles, and in its moral effect it was not surpassed by any subsequent engagement. In every respect it affords a spectacle of intense interest to the student of the war, and one which, at this hour, cannot but engage our thoughts and fill our hearts.

The forces participating in that battle were very evenly matched. They were men of one blood, and on each side were moved by a similar intensity of motive. They had met before on many a well-contested field. They were, in each case, thoroughly toughened and seasoned by prolonged campaigning, and were all veteran soldiers. Two months of rest after Chancellorsville had put them in superb condition. And if these regimental organizations were skeletonized—as they were—by the casualties of extended service, the men actually present for duty were in the highest state of efficiency. The disparities between them, which have been so frequently noticed, were apparent only. If the Army of the Potomac were numerically the stronger, the Army of Northern Virginia had the more compact organization, being compressed into three strong corps against our seven weak ones; and our advantage in numbers was still further neutralized by the fact that Lee, the beloved and trusted leader of the rebels, was at their head, while Meade had assumed our command but three days before the battle. On the other hand, if Lee's army was inspired, as it was, by the audacity of a Northern invasion, the army of Meade, Antaeus like, took new strength from the touch of its native soil.

All things considered, therefore, the opposing forces were in substantial equipoise, and at their best. The conviction that the crucial hour of the national struggle had arrived was universal, and the battalions that converged upon Gettysburg on July 1, 1863, swung into line to meet it.

A formidable host, consisting altogether of eighty-eight battalions of infantry, fourteen of cavalry, and one hundred and thirty-four batteries of artillery came thus into collision. The battle began at 8 o'clock on the morning of July 1 on Willoughby run, west of the village and beyond McPherson's Ridge, where Buford's cavalry met Heth's Division of A. P. Hill's approaching corps, and where, for two hours, his dismounted troopers held the enemy in check. General Reynolds arrived at 10 o'clock and brought his three divisions into action against Hill with brilliant success, until he gallantly fell at their head. Meantime Howard had come and his weak divisions were placed in line on the north to resist Ewell's heavy corps, which was appearing on the Heidlersburg road. Throughout the afternoon the conflict raged upon McPherson's and Seminary Ridges until 4 o'clock, when the Union forces retired to the south of the town and occupied Cemetery and Culp's Hills on the right and the Round Tops on the left which they began to fortify. Here Hancock met the engaged troops and took command, and, assisted by Warren and others, formed and protected the final line of battle. That night the First and Eleventh, and one division each of the Third and Twelfth Corps were on the ground, while all of Hill's and Ewell's commands were present, and Longstreet, excepting Pickett's Division, was at Marsh creek, only four miles away. The next morning all the remaining troops of both armies were concen-

trated upon the field except Sedgwick's Sixth Corps, which did not arrive until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when it took position on the left.

The situation compelled Lee to assume aggressive action, and he determined to attack Meade's left at Round Top, with Longstreet, using Ewell on the Union right as a diversion. Unexpected, and for us fortunate, delays, however, prevented the movement until between 3 and 4 o'clock p. m. About 3.30 Longstreet, in two divisions, and with great vigor, assaulted, and attempted to turn, Meade's left flank, and a desperate engagement of two hours ensued. The angle in the Union line at the peach orchard was broken in, the wheat-field was threshed over with human flails. The Devil's Den was carried, a terrific hand-to-hand encounter occurred on the sides of Little Round Top, Humphreys' Division was pressed backward to Cemetery Hill, Birney's Division was exhausted, and Sickles was badly wounded. General Meade was present and had his horse shot under him. The battle had been fierce and deadly, but was thus far undecisive. Still the Union lines were maintained, and General Longstreet himself acknowledged that "little had been accomplished towards victorious results."

Meantime Ewell's troops had been engaged at the other end of the line. Johnson had attacked Culp's Hill and Early and Rodes had attempted to carry Cemetery Hill. On the latter eminence the lines were penetrated and a hand-to-hand fight raged with great fury upon the hillside, but, after an hour's determined conflict, the rebels were driven from the field. That night the left was strengthened, some minor dispositions were made at other points on the line, and in a council of war held at headquarters, General Meade resolved to await another day's developments before assuming the offense.

The last and the decisive day of the battle was Friday, July 3. Lee, with a spirit that must ever challenge admiration, had planned three separate assaults on so many parts of our lines. First, Longstreet was to repeat his demonstration against Round Top with the purpose of turning it. Secondly, Ewell was, at daylight to attack Meade's right, and, thirdly, after a concentrated cannonade had prepared the way, Cemetery Ridge and the Union center were to be charged. As a matter of fact, however, Longstreet's attempt on the left was abandoned, Ewell's movement against the right was unexpectedly checked by events that will be recited presently, and the general engagement of the day narrowed itself to Pickett's famous attack upon the center, and the subsequent cavalry battle between Gregg and Stuart on Meade's right flank.

Nothing more thrilling and dramatic in battle can be conceived than was this spectacular climax of the series of engagements which took place on the field of Gettysburg. The day was cloudless, the summer was at its full, and the ripening harvests gleamed in the valley between the invested heights. Massed along Seminary Ridge for two miles one hundred and fifty rebel cannon were trained upon the Union center. Facing them, on Cemetery Hill, were half as many Federal guns. Under the protection of this tremendous body of artillery Lee proposed to hurl 15,000 men against this part of Meade's line. Pickett's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, consisting of 5,000 strong, fresh, eager troops, were personally

selected by the rebel commander to lead the charge. They were to be supported by two equally strong divisions from Hill's Corps. At 1 o'clock the artillery duel opened, and for two hours two hundred and thirty guns volleyed their thunders. Then, on order, the Union batteries slackened fire, and Longstreet, thinking they were crippled, with deep emotion and an oppressive sense of his responsibility, silently signaled Pickett to lead his men forward. I confess my admiration for the splendid courage with which that order was obeyed. Fourteen hundred yards stretched between those opposing lines, but into that open space, into the teeth of the murderous batteries in their front and from Round Top on their right, those brave men marched, in closed column, as if on drill. On they went, through smoke and shot, and shell, into cross-currents of fire, into a cyclone of death that tore their ranks asunder; on, across the fields, up to the trenches, up to the batteries; on, against the Union line, which quivered, and bent, and rebounded before their fierce impact; on, still, into a supreme moment of accelerated fire and desperate man-to-man grapple, in which every struggling form seemed about to be annihilated, until they were at length flung back, a few helpless, bleeding fragments upon their paralyzed support and dismayed reserves! "More than two thousand men," says General Longstreet, "had been killed or wounded in thirty minutes."

It was the last magnificent effort of an over-matched foe! Incredible valor had been met by invincible valor! The great crucial battle was over. Lee at last was beaten. His invasion of the North was ended, and Gettysburg became the inspiring watchword of the Nation's hope!

And now, gentlemen, what part did you take in those forever memorable scenes?

At the date of this battle your regiment belonged to the Second Brigade, Second Division of the Twelfth Army Corps. That brigade is generally assigned by historians of the battle of Gettysburg, to the command of the late Brigadier-General Thomas L. Kane. Technically it was General Kane's Brigade, but as a matter of fact that officer had been absent from his post on sick leave for several weeks before Gettysburg, during which time the brigade was commanded by Colonel George A. Cobham, Jr., of the One hundred and eleventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. On the morning of July 2 General Kane arrived upon the field, still disabled and in an ambulance, just as the brigade was taking its position, and resumed command for a few minutes only, when, because of his physical disability, he returned it again to Colonel Cobham, who led the brigade in all its operations during the battle—the general remaining gallantly but inofficially upon the field. It is but simple justice to the memory of a modest, brave and meritorious officer whom we all honored, and who, fifteen months later, at Peach Tree Creek, Georgie, fell gloriously while leading his regiment, that record should here be made of Colonel Cobham's services at Gettysburg, and I do it gladly. His efficiency at the head of the brigade was officially noticed in the report of his superior officer, General Kane, who also recommended him for a promotion—that came, alas! too late to reward him on earth.

On July 1 the regiment marched with its division from Littlestown, Pa., via the Baltimore turnpike, and at sunset was established in position by

General Geary, just north of Little Round Top, on the extreme Union left, in support of a battery. Here it lay all night on its arms. Early the next morning the division was moved to Culp's Hill to join General Slocum's other troops at the opposite extremity of the Union line, where, at 6 o'clock, it went into position on the right of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, and immediately on the left of General A. S. Williams' division of the Twelfth Corps. Here a substantial breastwork of logs and stone was completed by 9 o'clock, within which the command remained undisturbed while Longstreet's battle was raging around the hill crest we had vacated early in the morning. In the evening twilight the brigade was moved from its works one mile to the rear along the Baltimore turnpike to the point where that road crosses Rock creek, but was at once countermarched to its position on Culp's Hill. That fruitless movement out of the line was most ill-timed and unfortunate. While the command was gone, the enemy were concentrating and advancing their forces across Rock creek and up the face of the hill, and finding our unoccupied entrenchments, took possession of them. As our brigade re-approached its works through the woods and in the darkness, with the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania in front, it was fired upon from its own trenches. Not knowing what had occurred in his absence, and uncertain whether the volley came from our own troops or from the foe, Colonel Cobham withdrew the brigade to the turnpike, and advancing thence to the rear of General Greene, who had not left the works, led his men back into line at a right angle from their old position. From this refused line, Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, commanding the regiment, at 11 o'clock, was ordered to replace the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania in the trenches. Two companies on the left hand entered the works, when a sharp volley from the right and rear, at a distance of one hundred feet, checked the movement, and disclosed the facts to our officers. Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, with his usual coolness and precision, instantly formed the remaining companies of the battalion at right angles with the entrenchments, to face the fire, and sent forward scouts to reconnoitre his front. They found the enemy sheltered in our rifle-pits, and the regiment remained where it was until 3 o'clock the next morning, when an effort was made to withdraw the general line slightly to the rear, under cover of the darkness that preceded the dawn. Lieutenant-Colonel Walker was thus retiring his men, one at a time, with the utmost caution, when the vigilant enemy detected the movement, and, supposing the position was being vacated, opened fire. The volley was promptly returned by the One hundred and eleventh Regiment, which then took its position in the new line, and remained there alert but undisturbed during the half hour that intervened before daylight. Thus passed the night of July 2.

When day broke on the eventful morning of July 3, the situation on Culp's Hill was as follows: Ruger was upon the Union right, his line extending well down the hill towards the turnpike. Geary, with our division, occupied the crest of the hill, in the center, facing the northeast, and Wadsworth was on his left, his line bending westward and connecting with Robinson on Cemetery Hill. Close before these troops, and on the eastern slope of the hill, was the rebel General Johnson's command which had

been reinforced during the night and now numbered seven strong brigades. It was a detachment of these troops that had seized the vacated trenches of our brigade on the previous evening; and it was they who were to make the first offensive movement on the 3d. At day-dawn firing began on the picket line and the enemy's column, closed in mass, came on with a defiant yell. They were halted with a heavy fire and compelled to seek shelter behind the trees and boulders with which the hill was covered. A stubborn struggle for six hours resulted when a desperate bayonet charge by the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss, and the foe was forced finally beyond the breastworks. During this period, as the various regiments exhausted their ammunition, they were relieved, one at a time, to refill their cartridge boxes and clean their rifles. Twice the One hundred and eleventh Pennsylvania Regiment expended all its cartridges, and at the close of the conflict it was found that it had used one hundred and sixty rounds of ammunition per man! At 10 o'clock Shaler's Brigade of the Sixth Corps relieved Cobham's exhausted men and they withdrew for food and rest. At 2 o'clock the command again took its place in the trenches and maintained a desultory fire throughout the afternoon and evening. But the battle on Meade's right had ended with the repulse of the enemy's charge in the morning, and at daylight on the morning of the 4th Johnson's force had disappeared from our front.

Upon the field where this determined and important—but not exploited—engagement took place, General Kane reported that five hundred dead were found, and, within an area of two acres, 1,803 stands of abandoned arms were gathered up. Some of the rebel dead lay on line with our own, showing how close and desperate had been the in-fighting, and at the close of the war, one military writer has declared "that the scene of this conflict was covered by a forest of dead trees; leaden bullets proving as fatal to them as to the soldiers whose bodies were thickly strewn beneath them."

It was this gallant and successful defense of Culp's Hill, so early in the day, that led to the miscarriage of the second of Lee's principal movements of the 3d of July, to which I have referred, viz: His extended assault of the Union right, in force, by Ewell's Corps.

Of our regiment's share in the engagement Lieutenant-Colonel Walker says in his official report:

> In this fight about half of my regiment was in open line, fighting a desperate foe behind the very rifle-pits we had built for our own protection. I am proud to say my men fought feeling that they were Pennsylvanians in Pennsylvania. * * * I wish to mention as deserving praise for great bravery and coolness, Captains Woeltge, Thomas, and Warner; also that Sergeants Henry Dieffenbach, George Selkregg, Andrew W. Tracy, Andrew J. Bemis, John L. Wells and Mills F. Allison, and Privates John Hughes and Orrin Sweet deserve mention.

We lost five men killed, viz: Sergeant Ebenezer F. Allen, Company C, and Privates Charles Miller and John M. Richardson, Company B; John Sheemer, Company B, and Orlando S. Campbell, Company K; and sixteen were wounded, of whom Theron P. Swap, of Company H, died on the 6th. These casualties may now appear slight, but they represented about one-fifth of the brigade's loss out of a total number engaged in the brigade of only six hundred and thirty-two men.

The 4th day of July, 1863, the eighty-seventh national anniversary, was

spent by us in burying the dead in our front; and on Sunday, the 5th, the regiment returned to Littlestown to join in the pursuit of Lee's retreating army; and thereafter to continue in active service in the east and west, during two additional years, throughout which it failed not to add to its early honors on many another hard-fought field.

And now, at an interval of nearly a quarter of a century after the war for the Union closed in complete triumph, we, representing the survivors of our gallant and beloved battalion, meet here to-day for the performance of a tender and patriotic duty. Upon the exact spot where our command expended one hundred and sixty rounds of ammunition per man, on July 3, 1863, we propose to unveil this beautiful monument to the service of the regiment and to the memory of other comrades who then and here yielded up their lives to their country.

Our thoughts in this hour are, therefore, of necessity, in the first place personal. We have recalled before us those young men of whom the fortune of war demanded the highest sacrifice, and to-day we write the story of their heroism upon this shaft for the perusal of coming generations. These brave men died while the great issue was yet undecided. They felt not the thrill nor shared the acclaim of the final victory. For them there was no glad home coming, no return to wife or mother, no civic crown, no earthly applause. They fell in the thick of battle, sustained only by their faith, rewarded only by the consciousness of duty done. It is little, indeed, that we can do to requite their sacrifice, but by this act to-day we affirm they shall never be forgotten! Henceforth forever here stands a visible altar from which the incense of that sacrifice shall perpetually ascend to mingle with that of other similar altars and make this field, from Culp's Hill to Round Top, a fragrant temple of the Nation's dead! With the twenty-five hundred others who fell within the Union lines in this battle we canonize these men in the paradise of National heroes, and this monument is the symbol of their apothesis! There let it stand, and while its granite finger points upward let the American people confess their debt to those whose valor it commemorates!

And not to them alone do we dedicate it. From first to last our regiment lost by death two hundred and seventy-five officers and men. Their dust lies to-day in widely separated graves, many of them unmarked and unknown. From the Potomac to the Cumberland, from the Cumberland to the Savannah, and from the Savannah back again to the Potomac, they sleep upon their arms, on well-earned fields. Theirs was the devotion and theirs the sacrifice of the men who fell here! They are all equals in fame. Is there not a sense, then, in which this, our only battle monument, is for them all? The meaning of this shaft intensifies before this thought; our obligation heightens in its presence, and I am sure I do not transcend your purpose when I say that we dedicate this memorial column, not alone to our comrades who died at Gettysburg, but to the whole body of our regimental dead! To us it shall stand a monument to their several and united virtues and sacrifices, and while it endures the least and humblest of them all shall not lack a tombstone or an epitaph!

So, also, this monument while it commemorates our dead, voices as well the services of the living. Battles are not won solely by those who die

in them. There is a necessary and prevailing heroism, that, escaping personal death, braves the accumulating perils of the contest and forces victory from them! A heroism, whose privilege is endurance, and whose test is active faithfulness. Gettysburg, therefore, has heroes other than those whose graves crowd her national cemetery, and the One hundred and eleventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers had, in that battle, many a Spartan-hearted soldier whose life was not then required of him. In addition to its men who died, it had there living men who closed their ranks with sterner resolution as their comrades fell; men who peered vigilantly into the darkness the night through, with their dead at their feet, and the breath of the foe upon their cheeks; men who delivered their fire for six hours into the serried ranks opposing them; men whose hearts the rebel yell could not dismay, nor the bayonet charge appal; men who, in one word, had the opportunity and the nerve to stand out the battle! It had such men there, I say, with shoulder straps and without, and upon these men, and their fellows, whom death spared, devolved the final issue of the struggle, and bravely, grandly, they met it. I submit that their service is interwoven with that of their fallen comrades, and that this monument stands here from this day to attest alike the sacrifice of the dead and the prowess of the living upon the field!

But, my friends, the setting up of this monument means vastly more than all this. That shaft is not only an expression of our respect and affection for the men, living and dead, who served in our regiment in this battle—it is a sacred memorial, as well, of the cause for which they fought! It commemorates an issue that involved our land in four years of relentless war, and that cost, besides nearly three billions of money, more than three hundred thousand human lives! That sacrifice was appalling. It draped the Nation in garments of woe, and in its effects is not yet outlived. And it was justified by the crisis. The issue at stake more than paralleled the cost of, and explains and recompenses the sacrifice; and this is the significant and ultimate proclamation of these battle-monuments. Distance has already mantled the rugged outlines of the war period with a softening indistinctness, and time is obliterating the sharpness of their impress from the public mind. The agonizing days when the fate of earth's newest and best civilization trembled in the balance over the abyss of destruction; when, from the great genius whom God had placed in the chair of state to the humblest child in all the land, every loyal heart throbbed and prayed and struggled for the Nation's life; when, every ten minutes, for four awful years, some human life was demanded and given, and when the tumultuous tides of public feeling, sweeping away all other intents, poured into the issue with the promise of the last dollar and the last life—these days of intense, vicarious, desperate suffering and devotion, are passed away. The throes of the struggle are ended, and a new generation that felt them not and cannot comprehend their reality has appeared. It is well that this is possible, and we are thankful that it's true. But never while time endures and the emblem of the American Republic floats, can the Nation permit the issues of that contest to be forgotten, nor their ethics to be misunderstood. The facts that precipitated the war of the Rebellion are historic, and are written in letters of

blood. The principles upon which that rebellion was incited are fundamental to our civilization and government, and can never be abdicated nor compromised. The results of that contest are supreme and final, and must be acknowledged and accepted throughout the land forever! A thousand centuries of time can neither vary nor explain them away, and men must not—and by the sacred memory of the Nation's dead, they shall not—multiply or overturn them!

There is, at least, one body of men among us whom neither the lapse of time nor the sophistries of foolish or selfish sentimentalities can cheat in this matter—the veteran soldiers of the Republic. To them the war for the preservation of the Union can never become ancient history or a questionable expedient. It was, and is, to them the holiest incident of their civil life. It was, and is to them, a defense almost to the limit of the Nation's resources, of all that is vital and precious in free institutions, against premeditated treason and armed and vindictive rebellion. It was, and is, and ever shall be, to them the execution of an invincible resolve that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth." And, therefore, while the Union veteran does not now feel, and has never felt, one impulse of resentment towards those who were lately in arms against the government—for the issue was not personal between him and them; and while he accords to the mass of the Southern people perfect sincerity of purpose during the years 1861-65, yet does he insist that the men who then made war against the constituted authority of the United States, or incited others so to do, were, by that act, either misleading or misled rebels, and as such, were guilty of the highest offense known to the State. Free citizenship is by its very nature vested with the responsibility of personal loyalty to the authority conferring it, and that responsibility cannot be abdicated without crime. But the South did this thing. She declared the Republic dissolved. She reviled it. She renounced her allegiance to it. She marshalled her armies against it. She made war upon it. She attempted its destruction. The volunteer soldiery of the Nation were called forth to prevent the consummation of this fratricidal wickedness. By the help of the God of righteouness they did prevent it, and hence they believe and declare in the words of the late President Garfield, himself their comrade, that, "The war for the Union was right—everlastingly right! The war against the Union was wrong—eternally wrong!" Every Union soldier's oath of enlistment, every dead soldier's grave, every living soldier's scars, every man that wore the blue in all the land is a proclamation of this inevitable fact, and when the last living witness thereto shall have passed away, then will these battle-tombs and the glory of the saved Nation declare it to all the world forever.

And if the successful war which our soldiers waged for the Union was right, then the results of that war are final and just. These results comprehend the affirmation, first, that the national fabric is indestructible. It is the unit of our political structure, and cannot be dissolved. Secession from it is impossible and rebellion within it is excuseless because its organism provides evermore for the peaceful and lawful correction of all civil imperfections. Its government reverts perpetually to the people. They are sovereign, and their will cannot be subverted. Despotism or tyranny is

impossible, justice is inevitable, and, therefore, there can never arise a true motion for assaulting the State by violence, and no argument for civil war can ever again be formulated among us. A rival nationality can never be carved out of our territory.

The results of the war mean, secondly, the absolute civil equality of all men before the law. Slavery died in the Union trenches. The bondman became at once a freeman, a patriot soldier, and a legal citizen under the transfiguration glory of the mighty conflict. His loyal heart and his shed blood proclaimed him worthy of the proud investiture, and the pen-point of the immortal Lincoln knighted him in the chivalry of manhood. His right to himself is henceforth to be unchallenged. His political rights are as sacred as those of any other citizen. The United States of America have guaranteed to him freedom, peace, and protection in the exercise of every personal and civil function, and the mandate of the war is that wherever the starry flag floats he shall enjoy these gifts. This enlargement of human liberty won by the great contest is abridged, it is denied, wherever the impartial prerogative of every citizen, white and black, North and South, is in any sense restricted or overthrown. The Nation is pledged to universal manhood suffrage, and its promise must be redeemed to the letter, and in the spirit of the pledge, or it is dishonored!

The results of the war imply, finally, the acceptance, in good faith, of this new political order by the Southern people. That conflict was decisive, it was, in its issue, absolute. The rebellious armies were conquered. The idea which animated them was exploded. It no longer exists. The whole scheme of a "Southern Confederacy" has collapsed and perished. There remains not even a "lost cause." The Union was literally and unconditionally vindicated, and it therefore had the right to impose terms upon the vanquished. You and I remember when not only the defeated South but the civilized world listened with bated breath for the announcement of those terms. What were they? The punishment, by death or exile, of the leaders of the rebellion? The imposition of hard conditions upon the people? The demand of a war indemnity? Not at all. Other nations might thus afflict their prostrate enemies, but it remained for General Grant at Appomattox to parole Lee's soldiers to their homes, and bid them retain their animals for individual purposes; it remained for the United States Government to pardon every man that had drawn his sword against it, on the simple condition of his swearing allegiance to the Constitution, and with the insurrectionary States to resume their suspended civil functions, and so to welcome again their representatives to the halls of legislation! That was magnanimity unparalleled. It was Christianity exemplified. It was the spirit of the forgiving and gentle Lincoln nationalized! It was the holy and fitting climax of a contest which from the beginning had been waged "with malice towards none, with charity for all," and of no act of the Nation during the war period am I more proud than of this. It was an appeal to fraternal impulse which could not be in vain, and it made the basis of restored Union complete. Thereafter there could be no sectionalism, much less any alienation, among the real manhood of the Nation, for nothing less could be asked, nothing more could be given.

If there were friction and injustice in the process of restoring the civil equilibrium of the rebellious States under the new order, as there were, it may be said that these things were not intended, and their avoidance was not possible. The spirit of the Government was humane and magnanimous from first to last, and is worthy of all praise.

The South has been, and is, on its honor before these conditions. As it meets them frankly it attests its worthiness. Its task has been difficult, it's true, but it must be wrought out, and he is no friend who would beguile it from its duty. The South has no grievance against the United States. Its grievance is against the misguided and wicked men who led it, despite its judgment, into rebellion. The issue of the war was the salvation not only of the Nation but of the Southern people. It rescued them from the burden of a fatal domestic iniquity. It opened to them the door of a real and great prosperity. It gave them the impulse of a new and better life. It perfected their national homogeneity. Their loss is gain, and every dictate of wisdom and patriotism binds them to the new present. Loyalty to the Nation is loyalty to themselves. It is the pledge of their peace and the promise of their prosperity.

The South, the real South, I verily believe, understands this and is honestly following forth this lesson of the war, and therefore it is that the service we perform here to-day is indicative of an additional and final fact—that of national reconciliation. Surely the grave is the end of earthly strife. The tomb mutely reconciles all human differences—it heals every wound and lulls all storms at last. Within its solemn portals all bitterness decays, and from it faith, and hope, and love, find their resurrection. Beneath these memorial monuments are sunk the graves not indeed of our fallen comrades but, let us fondly hope, of disunion and sectional alienation. These latter evils, and not the brave men who charged these hills, were our real foes, and let us thank God they died. And above their resting-place let North and South clasp hands in indissoluble brotherhood. Never again can the one be arrayed against the other. Their wounds now unite them. They each see the right. They feel the throb of kinship and destiny. Separating barriers have melted in the fierce heat of battle; chasms are closed; for the first time the American people are one people, and their united strength will perpetuate and enlarge and ennoble the Nation forever. The bow of peace spans the national sky and the song of concord is in the national heart. At New York, in April last, the blue and the grey kept step to the music of the Nation's centennial, and men who fought at Gettysburg were rivals only in patriotic boasts. From the nettle war we have plucked the flower peace, and this lovely flower in all the beauty of its perfect bloom we lay upon our unveiled monument to-day. The dream which cheered the hearts of our brave boys as they fell asleep, the hope which sustained the courage of their fellows as they pushed on through the weary years of the contest; the consummation for which wise men planned and devout men and women prayed are realized! All has fully come! The work was not done in vain. It has fruited in universal benediction, and to this achievement, as well as to the heroism of the struggle itself, do we dedicate this impressive memorial. While it abides let it attest a Nation's salvation, a peace bravely won, a

lesson manfully heeded, and a civilization unified, enlarged and perfected.

And now, having rendered this office of love to those of whom, and that of which I have spoken, let us turn hence with our faces toward the future. Our earthly sun seeks the western sky, but our day is not yet done, nor is our discharge from duty gained. As our martyr President said on this field while the thunder of conflict was still upon it, the brave men who died here dedicated it more sacredly than can any poor words of ours; and it remains for us only to dedicate ourselves, by the inspiration of their example, to the work that still lies before us. So let us do to-day, and carry from this place of tender and thrilling memories, a new devotement to all that pertains to an enlightened patriotism and an intelligent faith.

Y0-BTL-094